Collier's
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RONALD McLEOD

BEGINNING **WAR WEDDING** A NEW SERIAL
BY MARGARET CULKIN BA

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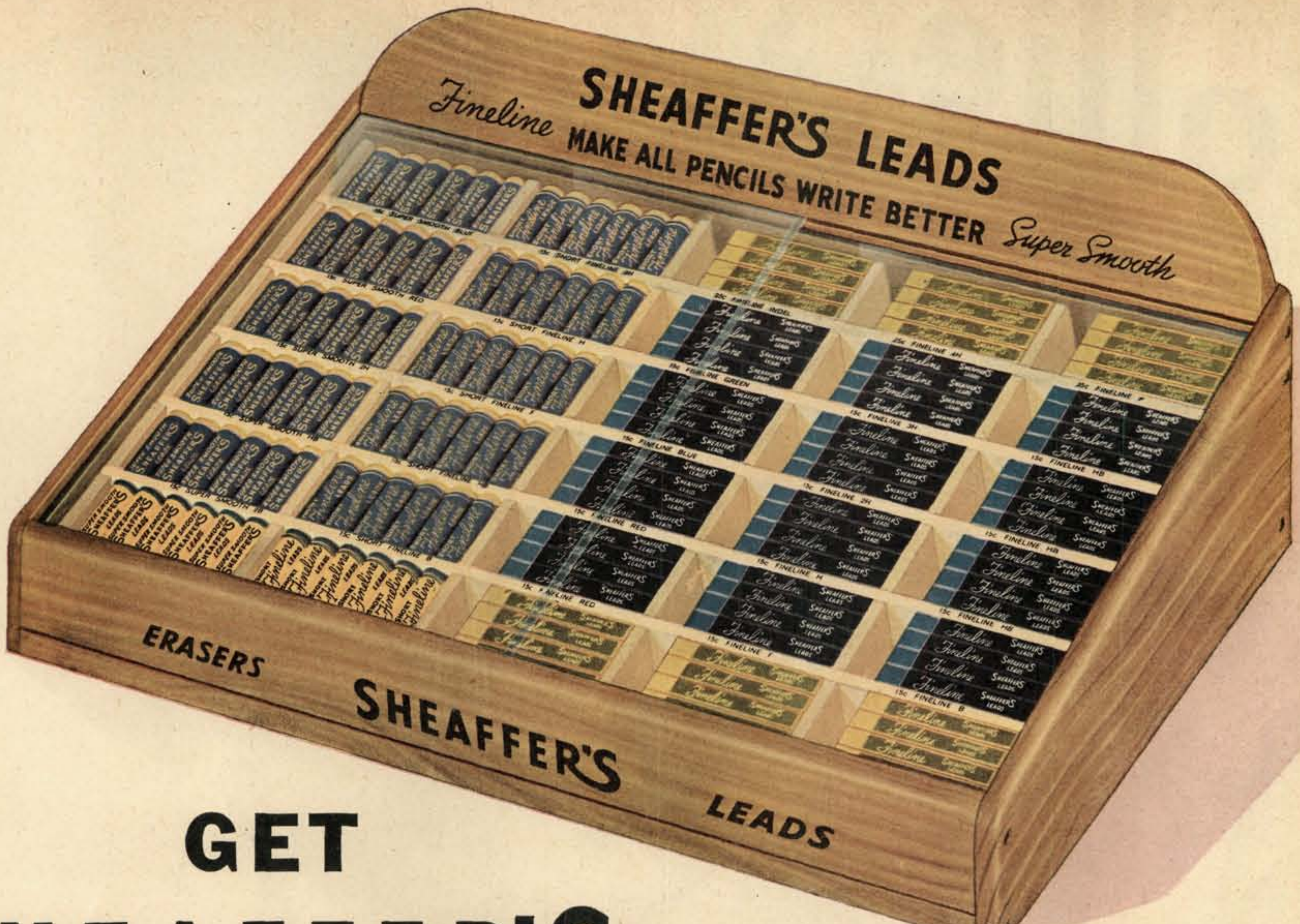
SHEAFFER'S LEADS
Fineline MAKE ALL PENCILS WRITE BETTER Super Smooth
ERASERS
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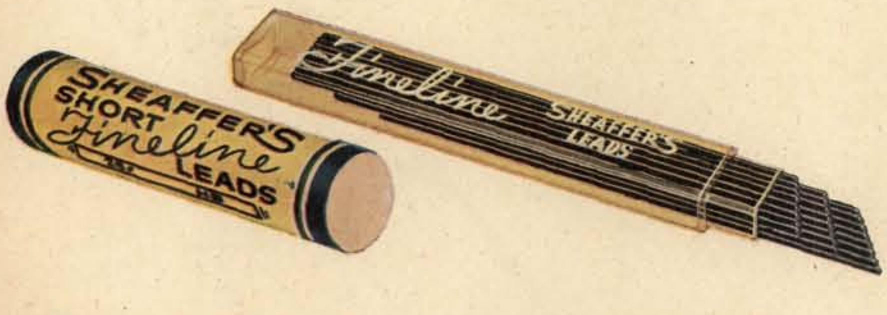
GET SHEAFFER'S QUALITY

WHEN YOU BUY LEADS, ERASERS


SHEAFFER'S SHORT Fineline LEADS
Fineline SHEAFFER'S LEADS

LOOK FOR THIS DEPARTMENT

at your Dealers

Your Sheaffer dealer has this complete Sheaffer lead and eraser department to service your requirements. Regardless of make, or model, there's a Sheaffer lead to fit YOUR pencil.

Buy Sheaffer's leads because they're *stronger, smoother-writing, longer-lasting!* Made from finely milled ingredients, they eliminate shaggy lines and "fade-outs" . . . enable every stroke of your pencil to register clearly and evenly. And—Sheaffer leads, through special processing, are free of grit—the cause of coarse, roughriding pencils. They give more words, less breakage per stick than cheaper leads. Both Fineline and Super-Smooth leads were developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Company.

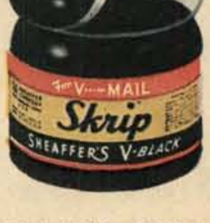
ALL COLORS—LENGTHS—TWO DIAMETERS—GRADES B TO 4H

Fineline and Super Smooth Leads

FINELINE—*Original thin* .036" diameter lead! Insist on Fineline for more intensity, smoothness, stronger reloading.

SUPER-SMOOTH—If your pencil requires the .046" diameter, you'll find less wobble, more accuracy in Sheaffer's.

THE BOTTLE WITH THE TOP-WELL!


V---MAIL
Skrip
SHEAFFER'S V-BLACK

Only SKRIP offers you the TOP-WELL bottle . . . prevents soiled fingers . . . lets pen get last drop of fluid. All others are BOTTOM-WELL bottles—difficult and messy to use. SKRIP makes all pens write better, last longer! Keeps pens clean by not allowing them to get dirty! Easiest on metal and rubber pen parts. Buy the DOUBLE 4-oz. SIZE—twice as much for only a dime more!

Listen to SHEAFFER'S WORLD NEWS PARADE *with* UPTON CLOSE *NBC Complete Network*—Sundays, 3:15 P.M. E.W.T.; 2:15 P.M. C.W.T.; 1:15 P.M. M.W.T.; 12:15 P.M. P.W.T.

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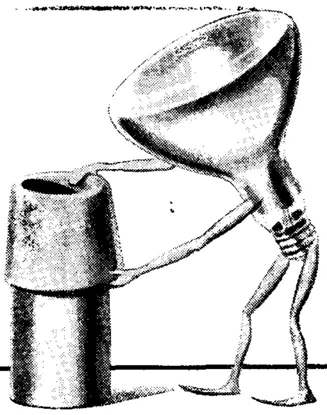
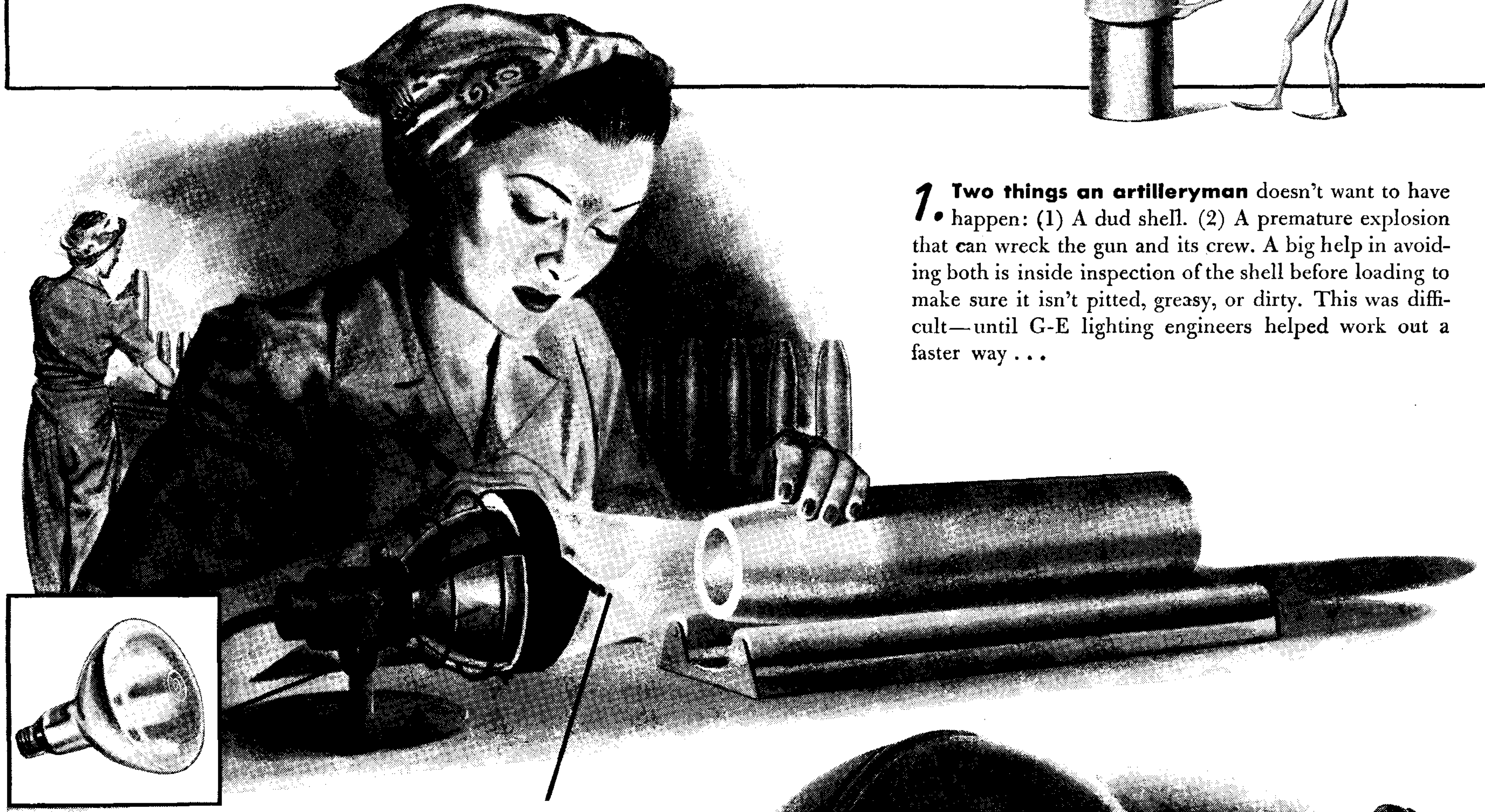
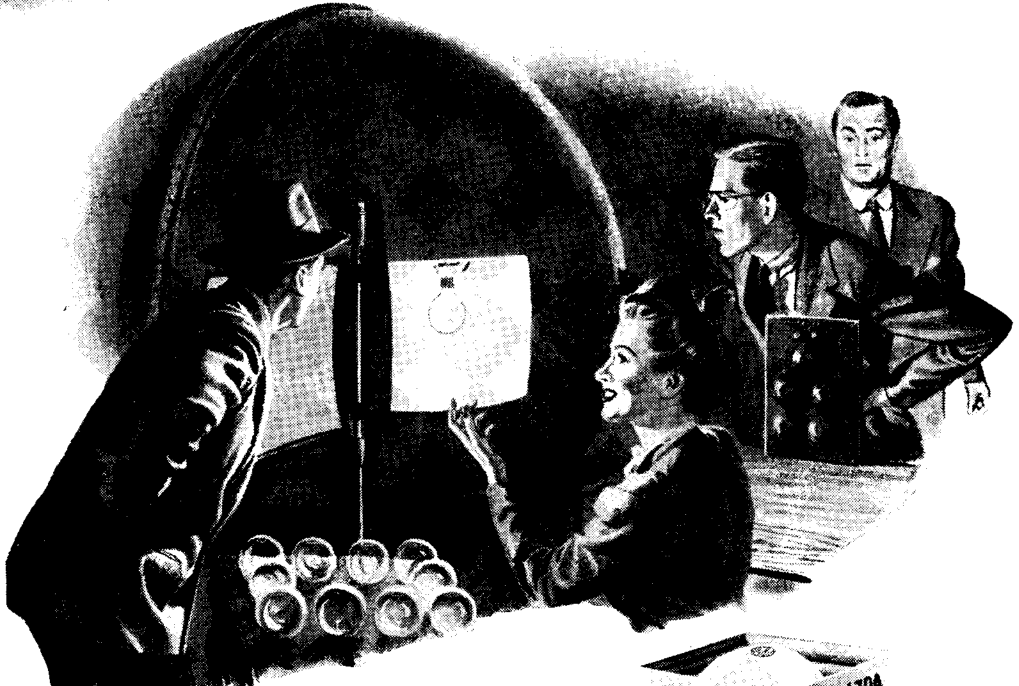
THE G-E LAMP THAT TURNS SHELLS INSIDE OUT





1. **Two things an artilleryman** doesn't want to have happen: (1) A dud shell. (2) A premature explosion that can wreck the gun and its crew. A big help in avoiding both is inside inspection of the shell before loading to make sure it isn't pitted, greasy, or dirty. This was difficult—until G-E lighting engineers helped work out a faster way . . .

2. **Here's the gadget** that "turns a shell inside out." A standard G-E reflector lamp with a mirror arrangement, that works something like a dentist's mirror. As the girl spins the shell on rollers she sees every bit of the inside. This is just one instance where G-E has had the lamps and the know-how acquired in peacetime, to solve war problems quickly.

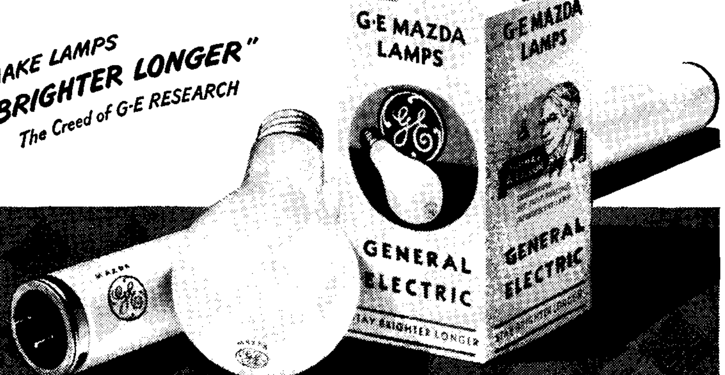


3. **And speaking of inspections,** this giant electric eye which measures light output is one of 480 tests and inspections to make *your* G-E lamps "stay brighter longer". Don't waste light from these good bulbs. Share your reading lamp with others. Keep bulbs, shades, and reflectors clean. And turn off lights not in use.

"TO MAKE LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"
The Creed of G-E RESEARCH

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY ANOTHER BOND THIS MONTH!

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

P. 6. 5 '44

Pistol Packin' Mama*

I'M GOING GUNNING FOR THE MAN WHO TOLD ME OTHER KINDS OF TISSUES WERE "JUST LIKE KLEENEX"! (from a letter by A. W. C., Atlanta, Ga.)

*Copyright 1943, Edwin H. Morris & Co., Inc.

One and Only

THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX! AND I'VE LEARNED THAT THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE COME IN THE BEST PACKAGES, TOO! (from a letter by K. W., Highland Park, Ill.)

Uncle Sam needs paper—that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex Quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

Only KLEENEX* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box

Pull a Tissue - Up Pops Another

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Collier's

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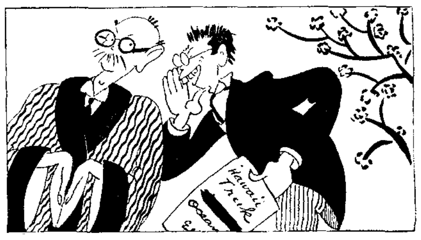
ANY WEEK

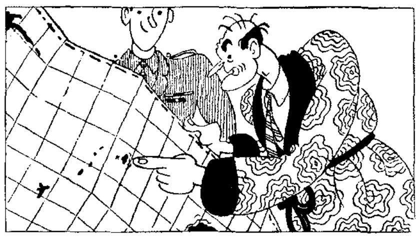
NOBODY has asked us—at least no one who can do anything about it—but in the event we are asked what's wrong with American censorship, we're saving a letter from a Marine who, at the time, was at Pearl Harbor. Moreover, it's V-mail and just couldn't escape censoring. Our Marine speaks of Hawaii, the Carolines, Truk, New Guinea and Japan. But the only thing blacked out of his letter is the name of the ocean in which these islands are located. We understand it, of course. That letter might be left carelessly around where some Jap agent might see it and tip off his employers about the whereabouts of—well, say, Pearl Harbor.



WHAT we had to say recently about that elegant statesman, former Senator Henry Fountain Ashurst of Arizona has brought in a number of reminiscences. For example: Once, an irate citizen, displeased by something the senator had done or not done, wrote to him to say that it was widely known that Mr. Ashurst was "the biggest ass in the nation." Mr. Ashurst read the letter mournfully. Then he called in his secretary. "Dear Mr. Blithett," he dictated, "Thank you for your interesting letter. *Fraternally* yours, Henry F. Ashurst."

AND a lady writes us as follows: "I have written a large number of very fine stories. What I want to know is: Do you pay us writers when we put stories in your magazine or do we pay you? Also how much either way?" Furthermore, here's one from another irate taxpayer who threatens to get out of hand. He is Mr. Lawrence Araam of Roanoke, Virginia. He has read somewhere that while in Teheran with Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Harry Hopkins called upon his host in the American Ministry for a Scotch and soda. That apparently was just a touch too much for Mr. Araam. "In the first place," demands he, "where does this Hopkins get off to be traveling around on the dough that I pay this government to win the war with? Also, is my money going to buy Scotch for this guy when I can't buy a bottle for myself? I have written to Hopkins about it and have no reply yet. It seems to me that if they can take my dough to pay his fare to Teheran and to buy him whisky, they might go the rest of the way and buy him a three-cent stamp with my money." There is more about Mr. Hopkins, but it is rather personal.

AND Miss Laura Ingrid MacSween of Chester, Pennsylvania, overheard a stout, gray gentleman exhorting a bus driver to membership in some war organization. The driver didn't seem to be too impressed. Presently the exhorter said in a loud voice, "Do you know what I ask myself every day? I ask myself every day what will my boy think of me when he comes back from fighting this war." The driver looked up drearily and replied, "Oh, guess about the same's he did 'fore he left—meanin' no offense." Otherwise, there's not much here except a letter from a young woman who asks, "Do you want a story about my baby which will be born in March?"



ANYWAY, we've just said goodby and good luck to a soldier who has gone back to the fighting after ten days' furlough. He was a little wistful. "If we could only win in the field like my old man wins the war every night at home after dinner!" he sighed. "He gets into his slippers, gets out his maps and—" We merely reminded him that that's what the old man was for, and anyway, it saves us the trouble of talking about our own old man, of whom you're possibly a trifle weary. We understand that, too. . . .

W. D

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COVER RONALD McLE

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Modern "MOHAWKS" on the Warpath

New Dual-Purpose Locomotives Speed War Traffic on the Water Level Route

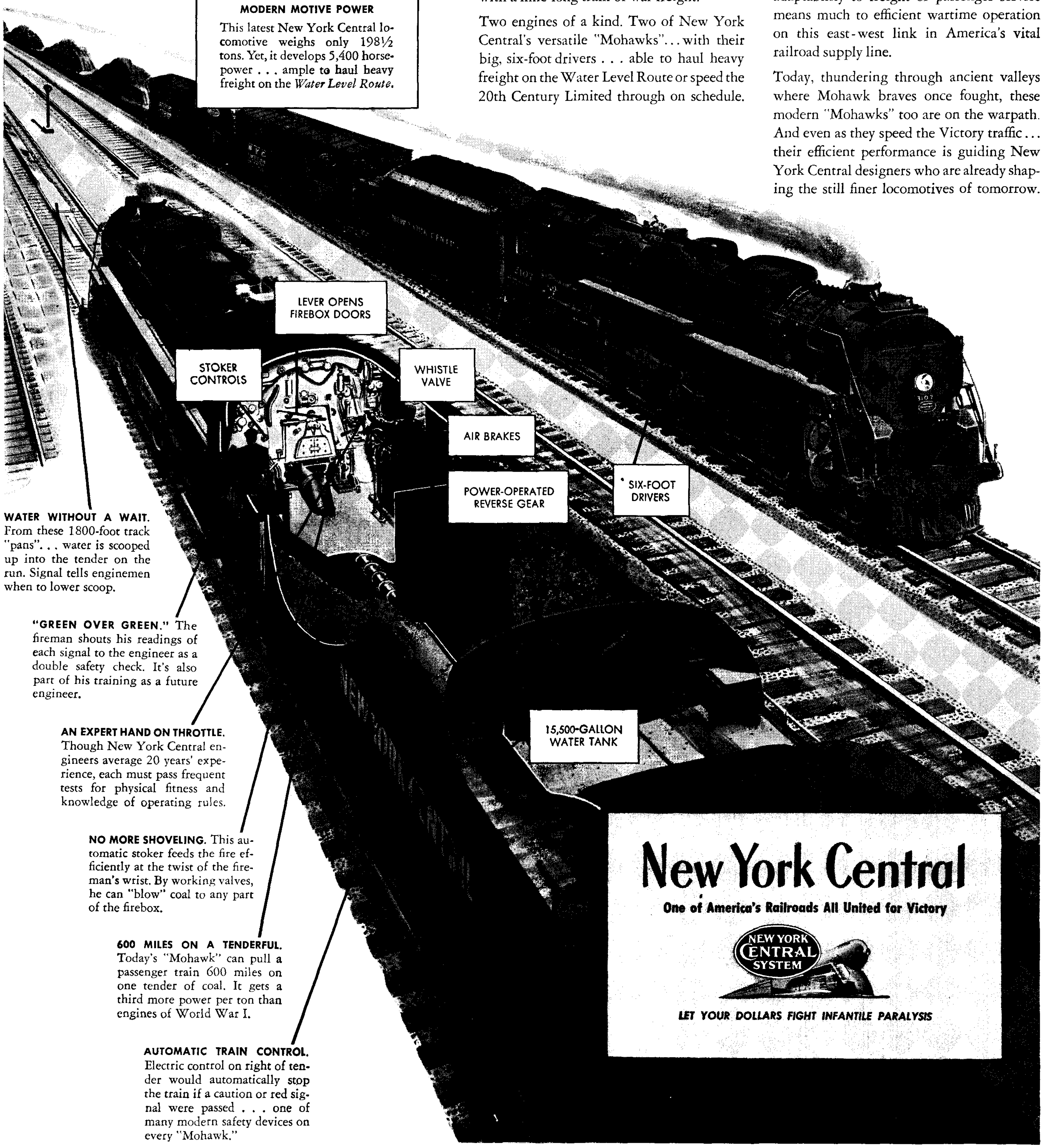
THERE'S a full-throated roar from her stubby stack as "Mohawk 3112" swings into the straightaway with a string of troop-filled Pullmans in tow. There's an answering roar from her twin locomotive, eastbound with a mile-long train of war freight.

Two engines of a kind. Two of New York Central's versatile "Mohawks"... with their big, six-foot drivers . . . able to haul heavy freight on the Water Level Route or speed the 20th Century Limited through on schedule.

Made possible by an almost gradeless right of way, "Mohawks" are the newest among the vast fleet of specially-designed steam, electric and Diesel locomotives that wear the New York Central emblem. And their instant adaptability to freight or passenger service means much to efficient wartime operation on this east-west link in America's vital railroad supply line.

Today, thundering through ancient valleys where Mohawk braves once fought, these modern "Mohawks" too are on the warpath. And even as they speed the Victory traffic... their efficient performance is guiding New York Central designers who are already shaping the still finer locomotives of tomorrow.

MODERN MOTIVE POWER
This latest New York Central locomotive weighs only 198½ tons. Yet, it develops 5,400 horsepower . . . ample to haul heavy freight on the *Water Level Route.*



WATER WITHOUT A WAIT. From these 1800-foot track "pans"... water is scooped up into the tender on the run. Signal tells enginemen when to lower scoop.

"GREEN OVER GREEN." The fireman shouts his readings of each signal to the engineer as a double safety check. It's also part of his training as a future engineer.

AN EXPERT HAND ON THROTTLE. Though New York Central engineers average 20 years' experience, each must pass frequent tests for physical fitness and knowledge of operating rules.

NO MORE SHOVELING. This automatic stoker feeds the fire efficiently at the twist of the fireman's wrist. By working valves, he can "blow" coal to any part of the firebox.

600 MILES ON A TENDERFUL. Today's "Mohawk" can pull a passenger train 600 miles on one tender of coal. It gets a third more power per ton than engines of World War I.

AUTOMATIC TRAIN CONTROL. Electric control on right of tender would automatically stop the train if a caution or red signal were passed . . . one of many modern safety devices on every "Mohawk."

New York Central

One of America's Railroads All United for Victory

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

LET YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Ever try to comb a sailor's hair?
Look what sun, wind and salt spray can do to it!
Scalp dry as a bone...hair balky as a mule!
but... 5 Drops a Day keeps DRY SCALP away
...HAIR STAYS WELL-GROOMED!
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Top favorite with service men in America... see what it will do for you!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp, keeps hair well-groomed because it supplements natural scalp oils. No wonder it's first choice with men in the armed services all over the country! See what it will do for your own hair. Just shake a few drops daily on your comb or apply directly to your scalp. Then before each shampoo massage with *plenty* of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Get a bottle today. Your scalp will feel better... your hair will look better.

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of every 100 persons, 40 are susceptible to seasickness and five develop intractable cases that are cured only after several days on land. This malady has even continued until the victims have died of dehydration and starvation.

As Poland's naval and merchant vessels are recognized under international law as sovereign territory of that country, the Polish Postal Service has recently made its headquarters aboard one of these warships and issued a new series of Polish stamps. Used by such Free Poles as seamen on the vessels and soldiers and airmen in Great Britain, these stamps are valid in all countries that are members of the Universal Postal Union.

A recent scientific study discloses that a person who works in a standing, instead of a sitting, position expends an extra 18 per cent of his energy, on the average, to maintain himself on his feet.

Since 1917, when the U. S. Senate adopted a cloture rule to check further filibustering, about 10 attempts have been made "to talk a bill to death" by a member reading aloud any handy publication from the Bible to a bartender's guide. In the last filibuster, staged in 1942, the delegated speaker devoted most of his time to selections from a mail-order catalogue.

Photographs taken with very fast cameras clearly show that most of the upkick of a gun when fired occurs after the bullet has emerged from the muzzle and, therefore, this upward movement in itself cannot be responsible for poor shooting.—*By Frances Wilson, Fresno, California.*

Unlike India's army, the Royal Indian Navy forbids its officers and men to maintain their usually very strict racial and caste differences while in its service.

In America, the time required to produce a ton of soft coal is 100 man-minutes, while in Great Britain it is 450 man-minutes, owing to the greater depths of that country's bituminous mines.

The danger of ice forming on an airplane is not in the extra weight but in the changes that the ice makes in the shape of the wings, thus decreasing their lifting power even to the point where they are no longer able to keep the plane in the air.

International law is such an unprofitable profession that probably not over 75 attorneys in the world today are sufficiently versed in it to be classed as expert international lawyers.

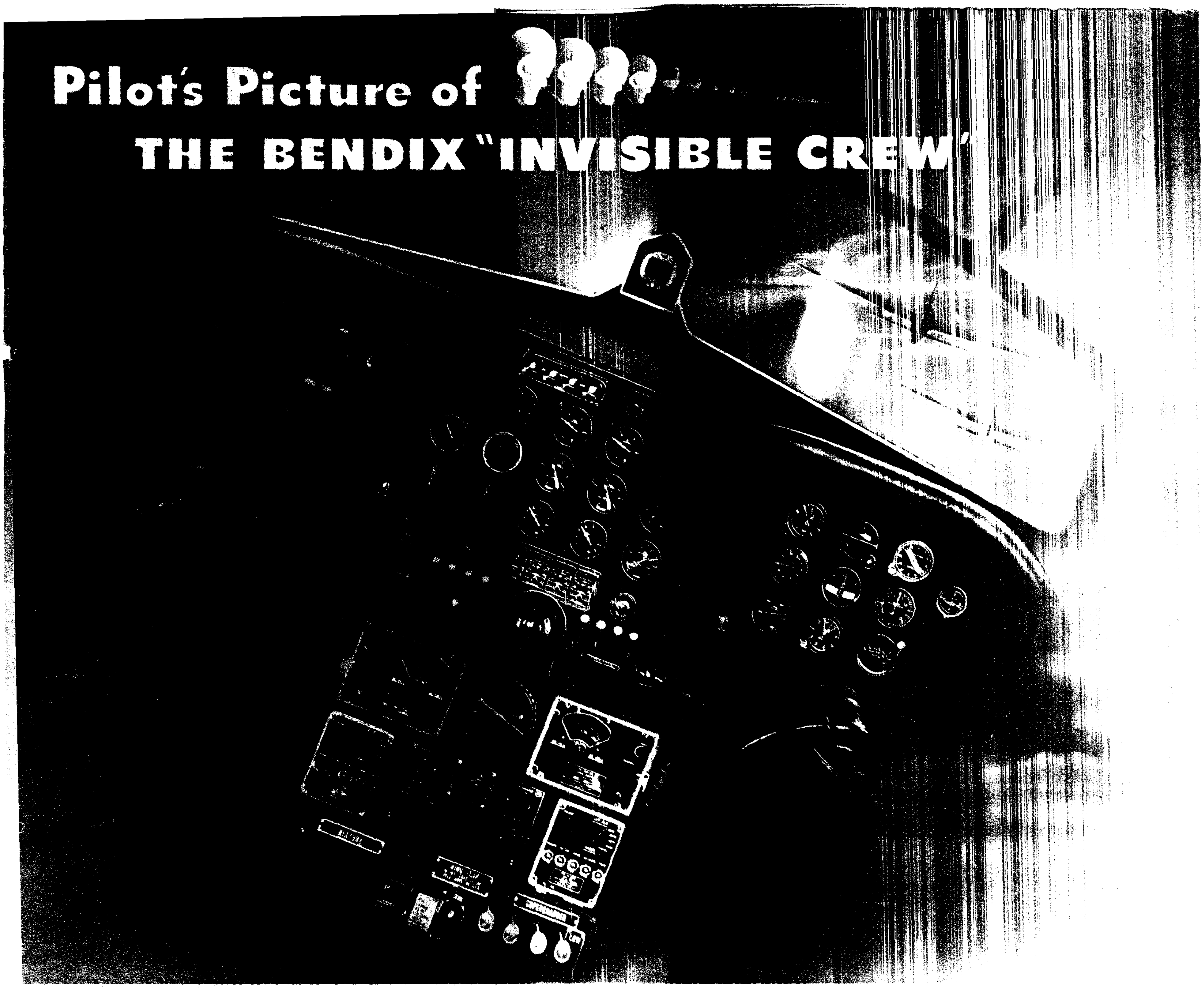
While the exact cause of left-handedness is still unknown, heredity seems to be a contributing factor. Surveys show that about 12 per cent of children use the left hand when one parent is left-handed and about 45 per cent when both are left-handed.

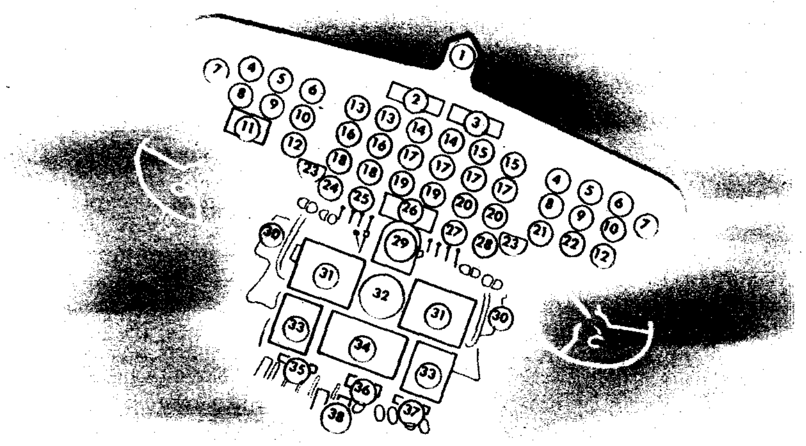
The greatest aggregation of manuscript material on American history is owned by the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress. Among other famous documents, it possesses the original letters and papers of 20 United States Presidents as well as those of numerous vice-presidents, cabinet members and congressmen. Incidentally, one of its largest collections is that of the late Senator William E. Borah, which numbers nearly 250,000 items.

Out of every 1,000 men and 1,000 women in this country today, 102 men but only three women are six feet or more in height in their shoes.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Pilot's Picture of
THE BENDIX "INVISIBLE CREW"





This composite cockpit is what the pilot would see, in a plane completely Bendix-equipped. Yet it is only outward evidence of the Bendix "INVISIBLE CREW." The dials register vital flight information from Bendix instruments throughout the plane. The controls set in motion Bendix operating units from tail to wing-tips. Together they give man confidence as he flies . . . mastery of the air. And their precision, beyond human error, is reflected in the daily record of "missions accomplished" and "safe returns."

1 Pioneer* Direct Reading Magnetic Compass
2 Bendix-Scintilla* Aircraft Ignition
3 Eclipse* Aircraft Engine Electric Starters
4 Pioneer Sensitive Altimeters
5 Pioneer Artificial Horizons
6 Pioneer Magnesyn* Remote Indicating Compass Indicators
7 Pioneer Aviation Clocks
8 Pioneer Airspeed Indicators
9 Pioneer Turn-and-Bank Indicators
10 Pioneer Rate-of-Climb Indicators
11 Bendix* Radio Anti-Static Cartridge
12 Bendix Radio Automatic Direction Finder Tuning Meters
13 Pioneer Autosyn* Tachometer Indicators
14 Pioneer Fuel Pressure Indicators
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22 Pioneer Accelerometer
23 Eclipse Manifold Pressure Regulators
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30 Pedal Controls to Bendix Aircraft Brakes
31 Bendix Radio Automatic Direction Finder Tuning Controls
32 Bendix Radio Dual Azimuth Indicator Automatic Compass
33 Bendix Radio Jack Boxes
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35 Mixture Controls to Stromberg* Non-Icing Injection Carburetors
36 Control to Eclipse Electric Wing-Flap Motors
37 Controls to Eclipse Supercharger Regulators
38 Control to Bendix Pneudraulic* Landing Gear

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THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix Aviation Corporation

War and Women and Piston Rings

It took war to make women learn about piston rings. Every woman who shares responsibility for keeping an automobile in service and getting the utmost in rationed mileage out of it should realize that worn piston rings waste gas, waste oil, cause rapid engine wear, with loss of power and pep.

Some cars are worn out at 20,000 miles, others are at peak efficiency at 50,000 miles. If you can't buy a new car it's smart to keep your old car new. Sealed Power piston rings are best and cheapest in the long run for these reasons:

Sealed Power has the finest laboratories, plants, precision machinery and skilled craftsmen in the industry.

Sealed Power rings are sold in packaged sets—each set individually engineered for a particular make and model of engine.

SEALED
Individually
POWER
Engineered
RING SET

Women are learning to watch for smoky exhaust, pepless performance, or high oil consumption—signs of worn piston rings. And they are learning that Sealed Power piston rings cost no more than ordinary rings. Ask your mechanic. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ont. *Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts.*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

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BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

Wing Talk

BUREAU OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

A crash landing on water is a land-based pilot's nightmare. From this B-17 mock-up, crews learn to launch rubber boats in a hurry

AT THE Army Air Forces Tactical Center (AAFTAC) in Orlando, Florida, they have a mock-up of a B-17 anchored out in the water. It has about everything a real Flying Fortress has except the engines, and it is used for ditching practice, the object of the game being to get a ten-man crew out of it and onto rubber rafts, right side up, in forty seconds.

This gadget has already saved a large number of lives in the Eighth Air Force, when wounded bombers were forced down in the English Channel coming back from Germany. Until recently, a crash landing on water was the land-based pilot's worst nightmare. It is still no picnic, but thorough training and exact techniques have cut the hazard to where the majority of crews survive the experience and are even able to say afterward, "It wasn't as bad as we expected." The record along this line is undoubtedly held by the crew of a Liberator which was hit and forced down in the Mediterranean last spring, when headed for Pantelleria. Unhurt, they were picked up by a warship, flown back to their African base, given another plane, and were back over the target nineteen hours after they had crashed.

Before the war, most of our Army fliers knew next to nothing about crash landings at sea, and merely hoped they would never have to learn. On the other hand, it is obvious that a plane starting from England can't go far without flying over water. Thus, the ditching techniques now being taught to our fliers are based on experience gained the hard way by the R.A.F pilots.

One Minute to Float

Though few landsmen realize it, water is a very solid substance. A seaplane can come down and coast along because a seaplane is built like a boat, but a bomber lands on water with the same effect as an egg dropped on the floor. From ninety-five miles an hour, it stops in a few feet. The bomb-bay doors and other parts of the underbody collapse; the plastic nose smashes in; the plane fills with water, and its average expectation of remaining afloat is about one minute. When Rickenbacker crashed in the Pacific, his plane stayed on top for six minutes, and there have been cases where one has hung around for thirty minutes before flipping up its tail for the final dive. But you can't count on that. Single-seat fighters—apart from Navy planes which are built with some buoyancy—can't be ditched at all, as they go straight to the bottom.

Trapped Under Water

This was proved to the satisfaction of a Typhoon fighter-bomber pilot who tried it recently and came to strapped in his plane at the bottom of a fortunately shallow part of the Channel. He got out of his straps hurriedly and reached the surface, to explain to the crew of a fishing vessel that picked him up that, "It wasn't healthy down there." He had been flying too low to bail out.

Under such conditions, training counts, or, as the Air Forces point out, "Knowing the little things does make a difference."

The pilot has to ignore the wind and come down along the top of a swell. One wing commander in the Eighth Air Force brought in a Navy man to explain to his group such seagoing facts of life as: how to tell swells from waves, or the sea is often rougher than it looks from the air. And this educational procedure is generally followed.

There are two impacts on landing; the first when the tail touches the water, and the next one, much more violent, a few seconds later, when the body of the plane hits. Preparing for this is like preparing for a fall of several stories in an elevator—a matter of scientific bracing. One man half-reclines with his back against the forward partition of the radio room, and the rest "nest" in front of him, each one between the knees of the man behind. The pilot and copilot are in the worst spot, because they have to take it with no help but their straps.

What can happen in an actual ditching was pretty well illustrated by the case of one bomber crew who had to land in the Channel when returning from a raid over Wilhelmshaven. They came down to find

(Continued on page 53)

"SURE, THERE'LL BE A PARADE..."

I know what I'm up against.

I know what the odds are.

I know what they mean by "lost at sea."

But *I'm* going to make it . . . nothing can stop me!

Sure, when this war's over there'll be crowds and cheers and ticker tape and confetti. Sure, there'll be handshakes and pats on the back and good wishes. Sure, but what's bringing me back is bigger than that . . .

I want what I've been fighting for . . . a fighting chance!

• • •

Maybe some folks would say I was crazy, if they could hear me talking out loud this way . . .

Maybe they'd laugh and say, "Listen, buddy, get wise . . . . the trouble with guys like you is—you keep trying to do it the hard way . . ."

Well . . .

It wasn't easy learning how to swim, but I did . . . and now I won't drown. It wasn't easy to stick it out when the going got tough, but I did . . . and now *nobody* can make me quit. It wasn't easy finding out how to steer a course by the stars and the sun, but I did . . . and now, even from out here, I'm going to find my way home!

The girl I'm going to marry wasn't easy to win . . . because she's the finest girl in the world.

The job I'm coming back to wasn't easy to get . . . because it was the swellest job any guy ever had.

The future *I'm* after is so big nobody's ever going to hand it to me on a silver platter!

That's why I want a fighting chance . . . a chance to move *up* . . . an opportunity to go ahead. That's why I want to plan a future of my own in a land and a world where *every* man is free to make the most of his ability . . . where there'll be plenty of work days and plenty of pay days . . . with no limits on how high you can rise . . . how far you can go.

That's the America I left behind me.

That's the America I'm fighting for.

That's the America I want when I get back.

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted 100% to winning this war . . . to speeding the peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when together we'll build an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

• • •

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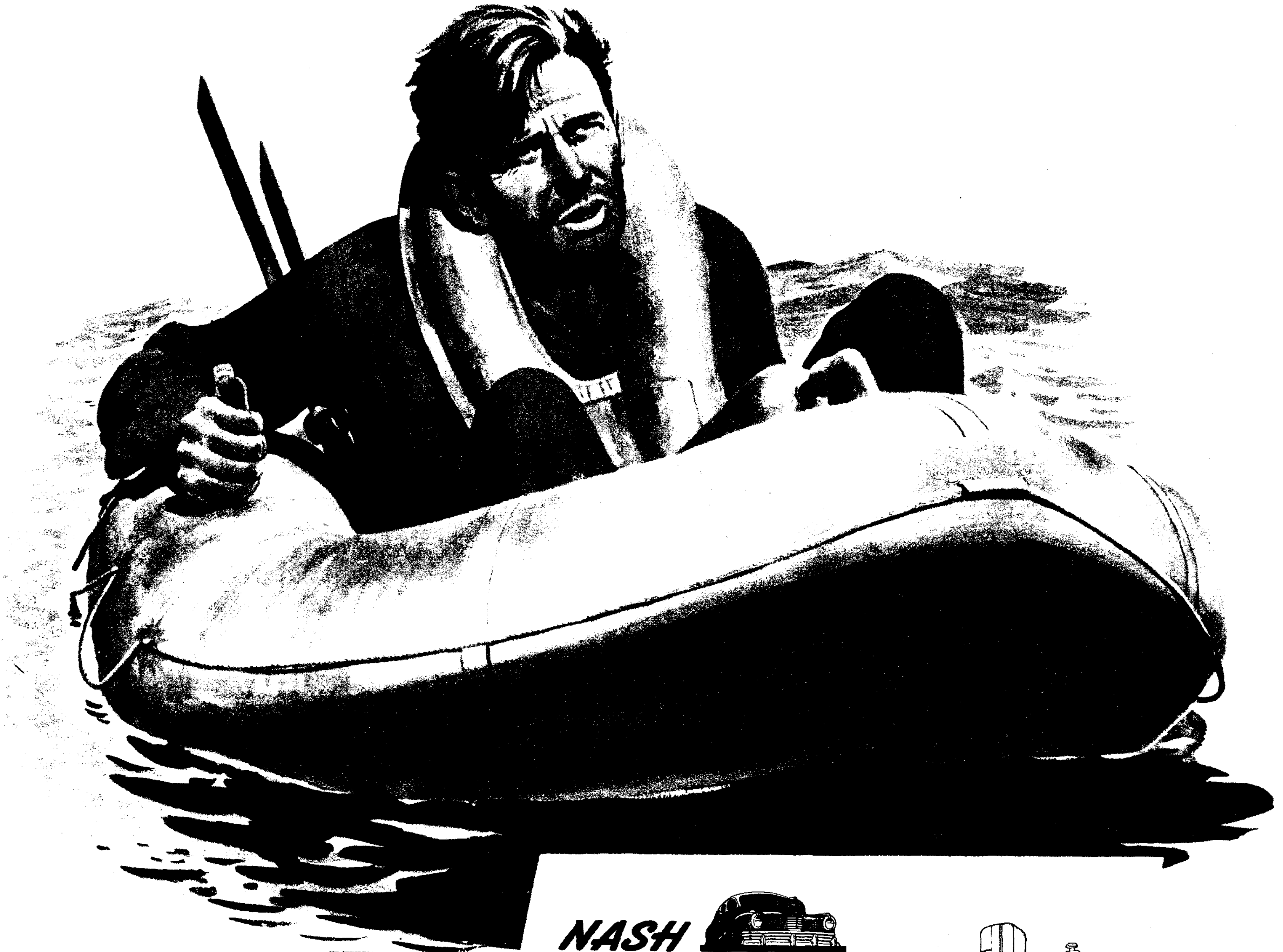

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SPIRIT OF COMMUNICATION

THE wealth of America has been wrought from her natural resources of fertile lands, wide forests and rich mineral deposits by the brains and muscles of her people.

But another resource is now available. A new source of wealth and well-being has been developing gradually and almost unnoticed which is tremendously important today and of still greater importance for tomorrow.

This new resource is the research laboratory. Today, in hundreds of industrial and college laboratories, trained minds are expanding the world's knowledge, and applying the results of research to industry and to war.

In the Bell System, research has always been a fundamental activity. The telephone was invented in a research laboratory. And for years Bell Telephone Laboratories has been the largest industrial laboratory in the world.

Underlying modern research is the realization of vast latent values in nature. Although the lone genius does from time to time bring to light some part of these hidden values, only organized scientific research can assure the thorough exploration that will render the full measure of use for human welfare.

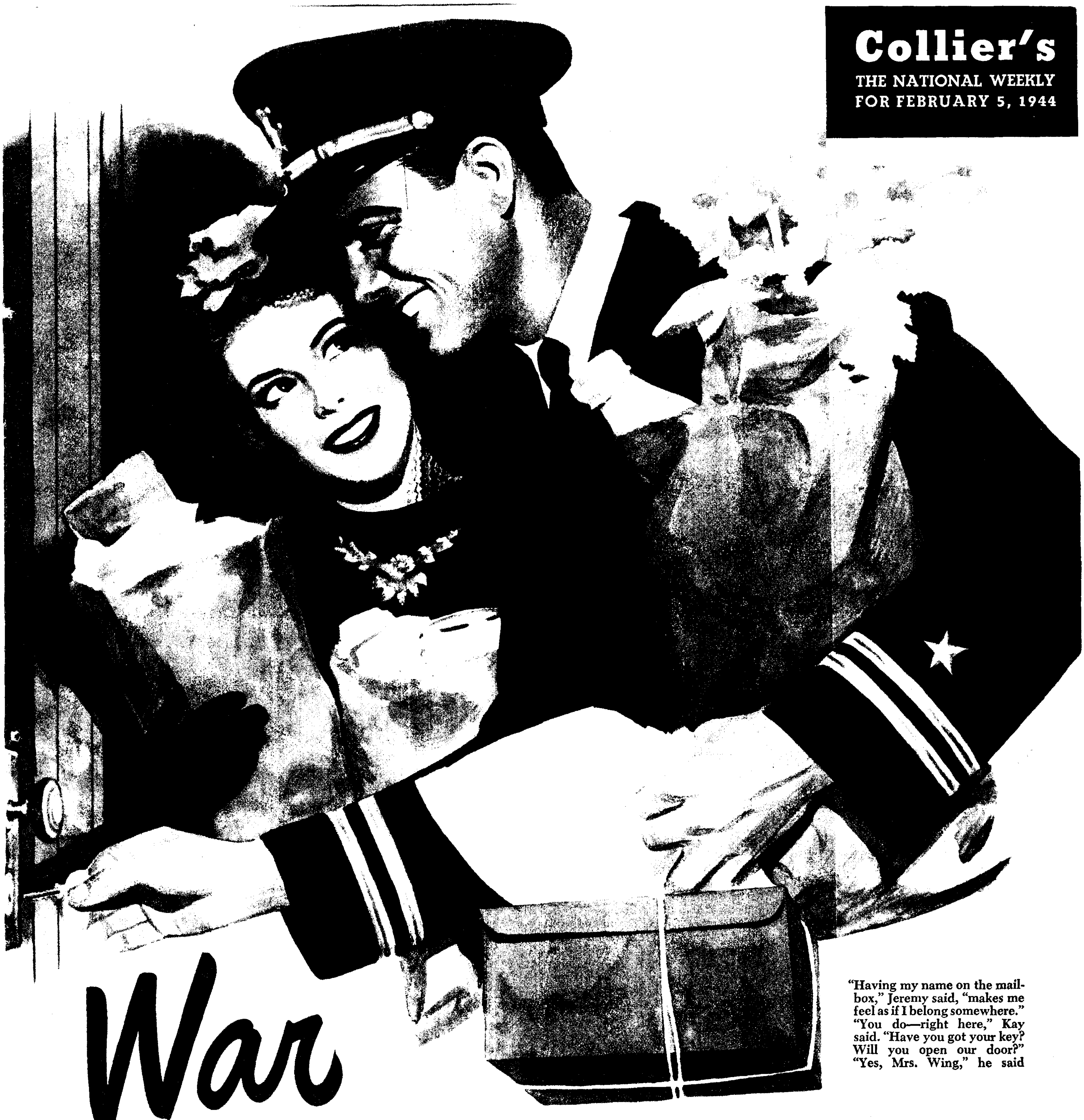
Research means imagining and experimenting. It means the searching out and bringing together of facts. It means clear statements of problems, precise measurements and keen analysis. It means tenacious following along unexpected paths.

These are the procedures of research. Its consummation is the grasping by subtle minds of relationships in nature no one has previously known. And on the basis of the broader knowledge so established are built new materials, new methods and new structures to serve the people of America.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories has now concentrated its efforts on communication systems and equipment for the armed forces. When the war is over its researches in communication will again be applied to an ever-improving telephone service in America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 5, 1944



"Having my name on the mailbox," Jeremy said, "makes me feel as if I belong somewhere." "You do—right here," Kay said. "Have you got your key? Will you open our door?" "Yes, Mrs. Wing," he said

War WEDDING

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

Beginning a brilliant new serial by one of America's most popular novelists—the story of a husband who returned from the war at the wrong time and a wife who found she didn't know the man she had married

JEREMY got through at the naval hospital sooner than he had expected. He was used to the delays of red tape by this time, but for once they snapped his examination right through. Within six hours after he had landed, he had been checked over and given his leave. All they told him was to go a little easy in using his arm for the next two weeks.

He couldn't have been much luckier. The wound on his head, which might so easily have killed him if it had been slanted differently, now was almost healed and, except for the still stiff ligaments in his arm—torn when he was fighting through debris after the torpedo hit the ship—he was just as good as ever. His luck made him feel almost guilty when he thought of his friends who would be in the hospital indefinitely, and worse when his mind touched reluctantly on the fellows he had known who had never got there at all.

In one way, he would have preferred to get out of the place without seeing Buckner again, but, when it came to the point, he couldn't do that. Even if it made Buckner feel left behind, he couldn't go off without a word to him. It was six-thirty, and evidently this was the time in the evening when people could visit the wards, for he saw women and men civilians in the corridors. Jeremy picked up what stuff he had—there wasn't much of it—and carried it along when he went from the emergency ward to say goodby to his friend.

"Got your leave already?" asked Buckner. He couldn't move, so Jeremy stood close over the bed.

"Yes—they threw me out," said Jeremy.

"Well, I guess she'll be glad to see you."

Jeremy grinned. "Hope so."

"Does *she* know you're *coming?*"

"I haven't had a chance to telephone from here. Of course, I sent off a wire the day we were picked up, but I don't know whether it ever got to Kay."

"How far do you go?" asked the boy in the next bed, with interest.

"Just over the bridge to New York," said Jeremy, and added, because they all liked a chance to talk about themselves, "Where do you come from?"

"Texas. I won't get back there for a hell of a while, I guess. Maybe my wife will come up here. That's my wife." He nodded toward the photograph of a girl—a big girl, probably blond—in a mauled leatherette frame on the bedside table.

Buckner, lying there rigidly, said, "This fellow has just been telling me about his wedding. *It must have been quite a setup.*"

"We got married in a radio station. The company paid everything. We got a swell lot of stuff, too. And fun! I guess it was one of the most unusual weddings anybody ever had," the boy explained volubly.

"I'll bet," said Jeremy, thinking of his own wedding, which certainly hadn't been commonplace. He looked down at Buckner with affection that hurt, but couldn't think of much to say except, "Take care of yourself. There's a good-looking nurse out there. I'll try to get over to see you. I'll bring Kay along, too."

"Swell," said Buckner, as if he didn't really believe it. Jeremy wished he knew just how bad Buckner was.

"How much leave have you got?"

"Two weeks," said Jeremy.

"You haven't any idea where you're going to be sent after that?"

"Not a notion."

The pretty nurse came up and said brightly to Buckner, "Lieutenant, we're going to move you now. There's a room down at the end where you can be off by yourself, and a little more quiet."

IT SOUNDED all wrong to Jeremy, but he couldn't probe the nurse's cheerful glance and get any further facts about his friend's condition. He said goodby again, wished the boy from Texas luck, and went out of the ward so churned up inside that, for a few minutes, even the thought that he was going to see Kay didn't help. Not while he was going through those corridors with their smooth floors that looked like hard red rubber, and filled with a faintly sweet smell that seemed to kill everything normal as well as germs.

But outside, as he went down the long flight of steps to the street, the fresh air caught up with him and there was a flush of sunset against the clouds. Jeremy wanted a taxi. He didn't know his way around Brooklyn, and a bus was too slow anyhow.

He walked down the street, signaling every cab that passed, but they were all loaded. The rush of anticipation flooded his heart and mind again. He was on his way to see his wife. She was only half an hour away from him now. He wasn't going to stop to telephone her. Why waste any time? He was too crazy to see Kay. And along with the desire to get there was the little fear that he might not look as good to her as he had before.

Kay had said more than once that it wasn't the length of time you knew a person that counted. That was the way to look at it. Six months ago, he hadn't even known her, but now she was his wife, closer to him than any human being had ever been or could be. She had stayed close to him in his mind, even when he thought he might be gone from her for good.

"Hey!"

A taxi slowed and he swung inside almost before it was at a standstill.

"I want to go over to New York—12 Spear Street. It's right off Gramercy Park."

He knew exactly where it was, and the key to the apartment was in his pocket, under his fingers now. Though it was his home and he'd said to send his orders there, he hadn't ever seen it. It was like Kay to send him the key to the place after she found it and settled herself there. He remembered that letter, the one in which she had enclosed the key.

"This is the key to your front door," she had written. "I think you should have a latchkey in case some night you get home a little late. I hope it reaches you all right. I like to think of your carrying around the key to our first house. It will let you into a silly little hallway, just big enough to walk single file, but don't let that discourage you, because when you've squeezed through that, you come into the living room which is really big and square and bright, and so is the bedroom. The people who were there before liked color on the walls. So do we, don't we?"

KAY wrote wonderful letters. Reading them was like listening to her talk. Jeremy wondered if he'd missed any of them. They were crossing the bridge now. Cars speeded past with everybody safe inside. Most of the people around here hadn't any idea of what was going on. He felt a sudden pressure on him to get back in action, back where things were happening, where time was very important. It was an involuntary impatience, and he resisted it. We've got two weeks coming to us, Kay and I, he said to himself, and began to dream of them as the streets slipped by, and the red lights changed to green.

"Sure you got the right address?" asked the driver. "I never heard of that street."

"Sure I am. That's where I live."

"You stationed in Brooklyn?"

"No—I've been on a ship."

A ship that was blown up, that didn't exist any more, and a lot of men had gone down with her. If I have any luck, I'll get on a destroyer or on one of those new destroyer escorts, thought Jeremy. I could do a good job, too. I was pretty green when I started but I'm not now. I wonder how they decide where a man is to be sent after his ship's been torpedoed, and what counts most about his record.

"It must be off here," said the driver, turning the cab, and Jeremy straightened and pushed his service cap more firmly down on his hair. He tried to see his reflection in the window, just to be sure he looked all right, but it was growing quickly dark. Twilights were sudden in September, and all he could make out was the black shadow of himself. He was ten pounds thinner. He wondered if Kay would like that.

This was the place, all right. He paid off the cab. It was all proved on the top of one mailbox. There was a card with Lieutenant Jeremy Wing, USNR, written on it in Kay's clear lettering. That was like her, to put his name up there. His throat tightened. It had a right to be there. This was home. Any place with Kay in it was his home. He didn't want to startle her and, for a second, his finger hesitated at the bell. But that wasn't the way he'd planned it. He'd walk up and use the key, go right in and take her in his arms, and let her be surprised right there where she belonged.

He went up the steps of the old house that had been converted into apartments, and they creaked excitedly as he took *them two at a time. The key shook* a little as he fitted it to the lock, but it was the right one.

The place was quiet and dim. The hallway was very small, as she had said, and very silent. He didn't hear a sound. He went through it and found the living room. It was *pretty and unfamiliar.* There was a big lemon-colored sofa and two bunches of bittersweet berries in blue vases. She wasn't here. Jeremy went through to the room behind. It was a narrow bedroom but there was quite a lot of space in it. He stared around and saw his picture on the table by the bed. It was the one that had been taken on the day of their unexpected wedding, in the Tottens' drawing room. Jeremy picked it up, studied it for a second and dropped it on its back. Where was Kay?

He'd figured, of course, that she might not be here, even though it was now after her usual working hours on the magazine. He'd thought of that. But it seemed more fun to plan it the other way. He'd said to himself that if she wasn't home, he would *settle down and wait until she came in,* and then act as if he were always there, right on the spot. That had been the idea, but now Jeremy found it didn't work. He wanted to see her immediately, in a hurry, to find her wherever she was. She might still be at the Comment office. *He could call up anyway and find out if she was still* there.

But as he looked around for the telephone, it rang briskly, as if to help him out.

"Hello," he said, picking it up.

The voice in answer sounded surprised. "I want to speak to—I must have the wrong number. Or is Mrs. Wing there?"

"No, she isn't. Who wants her?"

"This isn't Jerry talking!"

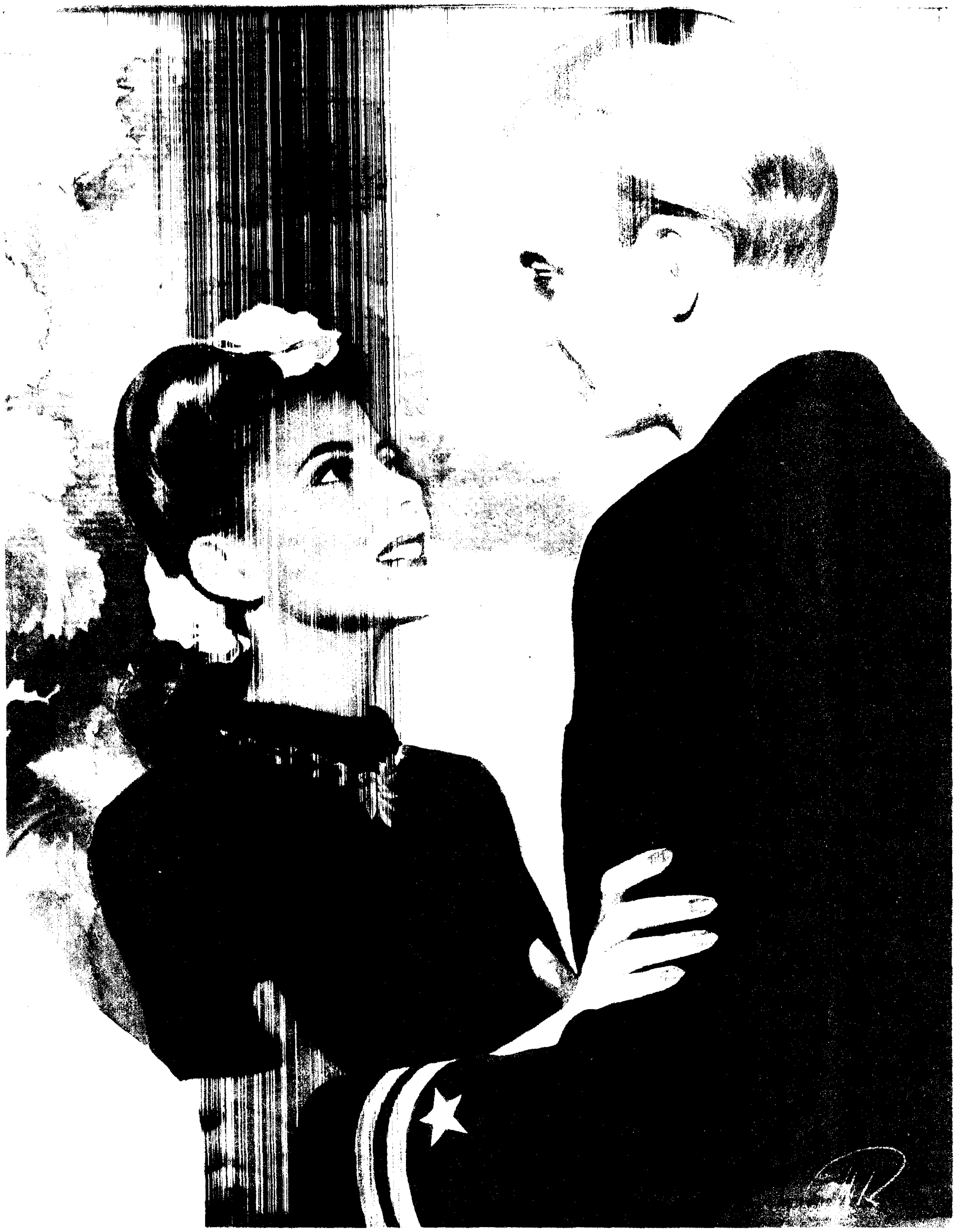
"Yes, this is Jerry Wing."

"Why, where did you come from? This is Brenda Brown."

"Well, hello and, for heaven sakes," he said, "do you know where my wife is?"

"If she isn't there, she must have gone to the Tottens'. But when did you come, Jerry? And are you all right? Every*body's been so worried and so sort of* grim about you."

"I've had my ups and downs," said



They were a couple to admire, the gaunt young man and his radiant wife. He's got distinction, thought Brenda Brown. He's got everything. Jeremy had everything Brenda herself wanted in a husband

Jeremy, "but I'm fine. I just got here. You say Kay's at the Tottens'?"

"Yes, they're having a party for her, because of her grand assignment."

"What grand assignment?"

"This is exactly like talking to the man from Mars. You don't know anything about what's going on, do you?"

"I don't know the latest gossip. They don't give out much New York news, where I've been. Say, is Kay all right?"

"She's been wonderful. She'll be simply stunned when she sees you back."

"I sent her word."

"You did? The last thing I heard was that she didn't know where you were. Or what had happened. We've all had our fingers crossed."

"I guess my telegram must have been lost. Or it could have been censored, I suppose. Well, I'm certainly glad to know where my girl is. I was just going to call a detective. How are you, Brenda?"

"I'm just me. Running the good old marriage bureau at Frick's and we certainly have plenty of customers."

"Why don't you marry yourself off, beautiful?"

"Good men are still scarce. Jerry, I'm terribly glad you're safe! Are you hurt or anything?"

"I got scratched up a little. It didn't amount to much."

"I suppose I mustn't ask when or where."

"I'll tell you some day."

"Have you got leave now?"

"You bet I have."

"IT'S certainly lucky you're catching Kay. She was leaving tomorrow."

"Leaving what—what do you mean?"

"Oh, you'll hear all about it. Comment has given her a marvelous break. But I suppose she won't go, now that you're here. Look, Jerry, I'm just going to the Tottens'. That was why I called up, to see if Kay wanted a ride with me. But I suppose Ward Ingram took her. Can't I pick you up and run you over with me?"

"Oh, no, I'll telephone her, now that I know where she is."

The picture of things began to form in his mind. So Kay was there with Ingram. Was she going around with Ingram again? She was off on a party on the night he got home after going through hell. Don't be like that, he cautioned himself. Why shouldn't she be at the Tottens'? She never got your message, but she must have known the ship was torpedoed. Brenda Brown evidently knew.

"I suppose you will want to telephone and get her to come home."

"Why, yes. Unless I go over to the Tottens' house and fetch her. What's going on—a big dinner?"

"Just a buffet supper. Do go—they'll all be so excited to see you. I want to see you myself. You always do create excitement at Totten parties, Jerry. You either get married or turn up with seaweed in your hair. Look—I can get to your apartment before you can get a taxi. Sometimes you have to wait an hour for one. Better let me pick you up. You can telephone them you're coming, in the meantime."

"I guess I'll just walk in on them."

"Oh, wonderful! Like Enoch Arden." The girl's voice laughed. "Not that it's the same situation!"

He lighted a cigarette while he was waiting for her and looked at himself in the glass, figuring that remark out. Jerry didn't remember the exact story of Enoch Arden but, as he recalled it, the idea was that some old bird had come home and found his wife up to something. He felt ashamed of the slight sourness of his mood. Nothing's wrong, he said to himself. You can't blame Kay for being out. The Tottens are good friends of hers—and mine. If it wasn't for them and the fact that Grant was my best friend and married Betsy Totten, I'd never have met Kay. That was where we were married, right after the other two had gone through the ceremony, on a kind of dare.

No, it hadn't been a dare. Maybe it had looked like that to some of the others because he and Kay had decided so suddenly to be married, too. But it wasn't on the day of Betsy's wedding that they found out how they felt. It was the night before, when Jeremy had first known he didn't want to go away with nothing more to hold him and Kay together, when they both knew that to waste the last few days he had would have been something they might always be sorry for.

THEY had been wonderful days. On the ship, whenever Kay slipped a little away from Jeremy, when his marriage hardly seemed real because there had been so little of it, he could always bring her close again with those memories. They'd had four days and five nights, on trains, at his family's house, one half-day by themselves in Chicago. He could remember every hour that he had been awake. He'd used the memory of those days so often that it was familiar in every small detail. Kay propped against the pillows in their bedroom on the train, making up stories about the people and houses that they passed; Kay carrying off that meeting with his family when his mother was pretty upstage about the whole thing because it was so sudden; Kay turning down his bed that first time, being so sweet.

"What am I waiting for?" he asked himself impatiently, and slammed the outer door of the apartment and ran down the stairs, his heavy heels pounding the treads in quick rhythm. If Brenda Brown hadn't arrived just then, he would not have waited for her. But he was standing on the sidewalk, looking up and down the street for transportation, when her car slid around the corner.

Brenda was very pretty. She was a smooth girl. When you'd been away from girls for a while, they looked better than ever. She was not wearing any hat, and her hair, yellow without gleam, was drawn to the top of her head and held there invisibly. It made her face seem narrow and young and yet very much a woman's face. Brenda, thought Jeremy, took the honors when it came to getting herself up. She always looked like something out of a style show. It was probably part of her job, to show off for Frick's, since she worked there.

He whistled his admiration, took her hand warmly and then, because her cheek was lifted that way, he gave her a little kiss. Not much of a kiss and it wasn't the first time. Jeremy had known Brenda Brown before he met Kay. He'd met her first in Chicago when she had been sent out by Frick's to help with a wedding for

(Continued on page 28)

STILL ALIVE AND KICKIN'

BY RICHARD F. DEMPEWOLFF

RALPH CRANE-BLACK STAR

The Army jughead combines guts, endurance and savvy with a sense of humor. Below, a mule train brings supplies over a vehicle-proof trail to a front-line post in Italy

ACME

Machines come and machines go, but the faithful old Army mule still saves many a day

THE ski trooper—he'd been a champ in the Adirondacks—was telling his new buddies on a westbound train what a grand sport skiing was, even in the Army. You went sliding over the sparkling snow, whooshing down the long slopes, climbing in the sunshine through the firs and cedars, whooshing down again. Soldiering with a thrill—even if the Army did refer to ski troops matter-of-factly as Mountain Infantry.

So they came to Fort Lewis in Washington State and looked at the white slopes of Mount Rainier, their training ground. They could hardly wait to get those long slim runners trapped on and come whooshing down. However, that would have to wait a little while, because a tough sergeant put them to building corrals, watering troughs and a blacksmith shop. The boys thought: "Must be some cavalry outfit moving in soon."

Then one morning a sign appeared over the gateway to the corral. It read: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful mules in the world."

The ski troopers shook their heads in sympathy for the lowly soldiers who would have to skin those mules. The mules showed up a day or two later—as part of the ski troop. Or maybe the ski troop was just part of a mule train.

All this stuff about snowmobiles and mountain-climbing jeeps and ice-breaking caterpillars, the ski troopers found out, was strictly Sunday supplement. The old Army mule was back on the job—or rather, still on the job. He was the only known motive power with guts, endurance and savvy enough to move supplies and ammunition along through the high country with the whooshers. He would climb 45-degree slopes with a hundred-pound pack. He would take subzero or hundred-plus weather in his stride. He wasn't finicky about eating and he looked after his own health—which is more than a horse will do.

Knowing His Own Strength

A horse will work himself to death for a fool boss. But when a mule thinks he's done all he can safely do, he just sits down and quits—and so is ready for another day's work tomorrow. Ask any old jughead-rassler around a remount Army post what wins wars for us, and he'll tell you, probably, profanely: "Jugheads. Hardtails. Mules."

Everybody knows that mules won in the Philippines in 1898 and in Cuba and, before that, in Mexico. And mules got food and guns and ammunition to the Yanks when trucks and tractors bogged down in French mud in 1918—and did it again in North Africa and India and Burma and a lot of other places in '42 and '43. They'll be doing it again before too long across the flooded rice paddies in Japan.

"And then," some grizzled old Army mule skinner will ask, "who'll lead the parade up the Ginza? Some general—on a *horse!*"

It does seem a bit unfair, but the old Army mule won't care. He just doesn't give a hoot. If anyone tried to ride him in a parade, like as not, he'd just sit down in the middle of it, bored to death, and heehaw!

There are about 4,500,000 mules in America today. More than twenty thousand of them are in the Army, here and overseas—and in other armies, too. More of them are going to work right along. The turning point of the war, they'll tell you around any remount depot, was the day the brass hats stopped talking about "mechanized war" long enough to mobilize mules again.

There are five types of mule, but the Army is interested in only three: draft, pack and riding. These types range around 1,500 pounds in weight and cost around $250 apiece, although you still can get a fair horse for half that. In normal times, mules and horses are worth about the same.

The Triumph of Character

A mule, if he so wills, can pack about 350 pounds for 25 miles a day, and he can make as much as five miles an hour, if he gets the notion. If he doesn't, he just sits down and relaxes, and everyone else might as well do the same. Swearing at the mule helps, but only to relieve the skinner's feelings. The mule loves it; it is a tribute to his triumph. He twines his eighteen-inch ears around the cusswords and cheers with a heehaw! After a while, when everyone else is exhausted, he gets up and marches on again.

A mule, of course, is a hybrid product of a jackass father and a horse mother. It can be the other way around, with a horse father and a jackass mother. This product is called a "hinny," and isn't worth much, because, for some unknown reason, it combines the worst qualities of both.

The best jackasses stem from an Andalusian strain; the quality of the mother is not highly important, because the father's qualities always predominate heavily in the offspring. Just so it's a good sound mare, it's all right.

The word "mule" means sterile (for instance, muley cow), but mules have a love life, though nothing ever results. All mules love horse mares and hate jackasses. The best-run pack trains are led by a bell mare. She is preferably white or gray, and mules will follow her all day quite contentedly—at least, until they think they have done enough. Then the bell mare can go on and founder her fool self if she likes.

The mule is often placid to the point of complete nonchalance about gunfire, bombs, mines, and apoplectic majors of infantry. A jughead may be aroused in several ways, but the best is to pull its ears, about which it is sensitive. It also hates water, shell holes and ice in its path, and often won't cross a bridge it gets a notion isn't safe.

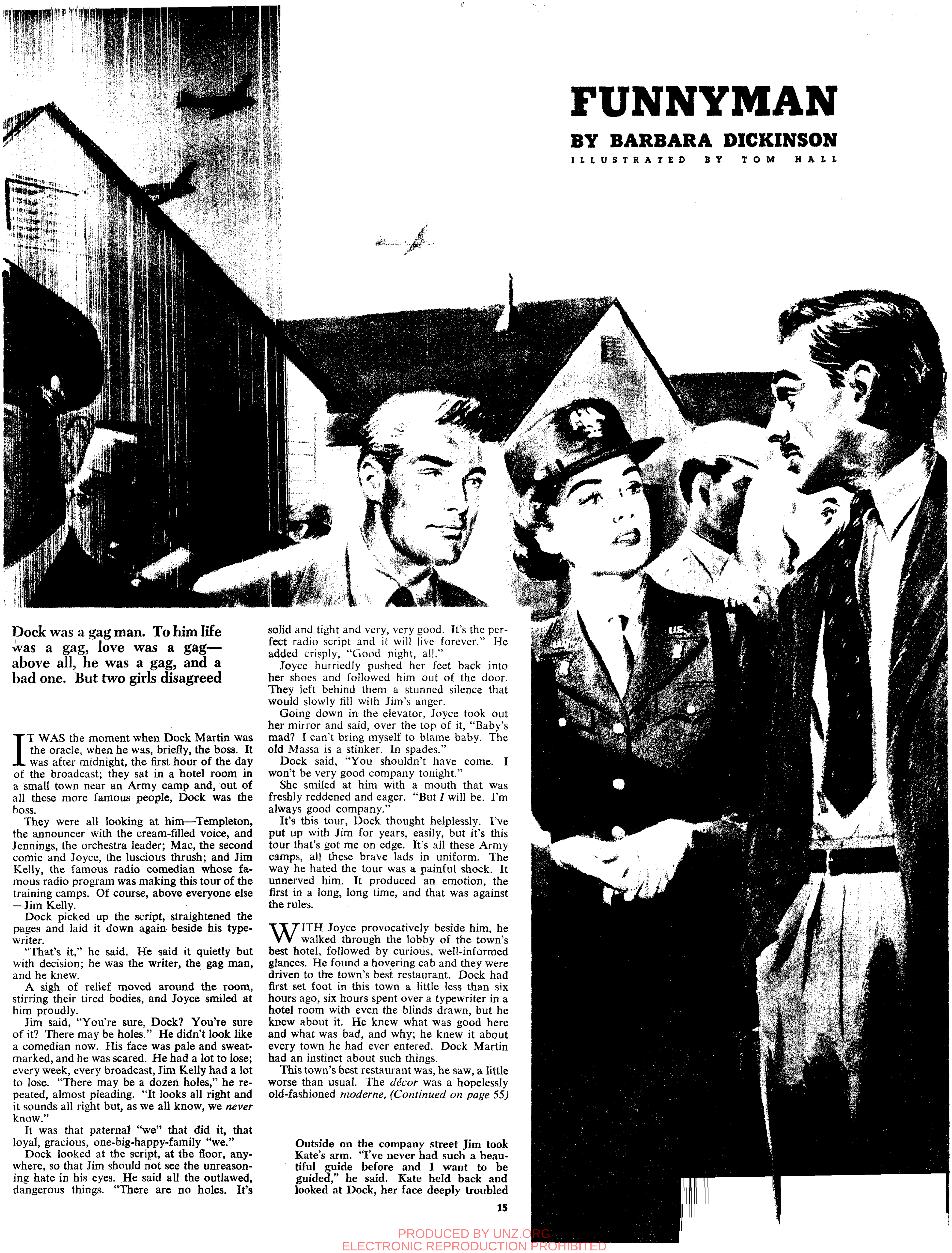
Before the war, the biggest mule opera used to be heard every First-Monday-in-April at Columbia, Maury County, Tennessee. Forty thousand people used to gather, and a thousand pretty girls used to ride a thousand mules in the big parade—by kind permission of the mules. There were golden chariots drawn by twenty mules in red harness, and a curb market that clocked sales up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mules sometimes sat

(Continued on page 38)

FUNNYMAN

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



Outside on the company street Jim took Kate's arm. "I've never had such a beautiful guide before and I want to be guided," he said. Kate held back and looked at Dock, her face deeply troubled

Dock was a gag man. To him life was a gag, love was a gag—above all, he was a gag, and a bad one. But two girls disagreed

IT WAS the moment when Dock Martin was the oracle, when he was, briefly, the boss. It was after midnight, the first hour of the day of the broadcast; they sat in a hotel room in a small town near an Army camp and, out of all these more famous people, Dock was the boss.

They were all looking at him—Templeton, the announcer with the cream-filled voice, and Jennings, the orchestra leader; Mac, the second comic and Joyce, the luscious thrush; and Jim Kelly, the famous radio comedian whose famous radio program was making this tour of the training camps. Of course, above everyone else—Jim Kelly.

Dock picked up the script, straightened the pages and laid it down again beside his typewriter.

"That's it," he said. He said it quietly but with decision; he was the writer, the gag man, and he knew.

A sigh of relief moved around the room, stirring their tired bodies, and Joyce smiled at him proudly.

Jim said, "You're sure, Dock? You're sure of it? There may be holes." He didn't look like a comedian now. His face was pale and sweat-marked, and he was scared. He had a lot to lose; every week, every broadcast, Jim Kelly had a lot to lose. "There may be a dozen holes," he repeated, almost pleading. "It looks all right and it sounds all right but, as we all know, we *never* know."

It was that paternal "we" that did it, that loyal, gracious, one-big-happy-family "we."

Dock looked at the script, at the floor, anywhere, so that Jim should not see the unreasoning hate in his eyes. He said all the outlawed, dangerous things. "There are no holes. It's solid and tight and very, very good. It's the perfect radio script and it will live forever." He added crisply, "Good night, all."

Joyce hurriedly pushed her feet back into her shoes and followed him out of the door. They left behind them a stunned silence that would slowly fill with Jim's anger.

Going down in the elevator, Joyce took out her mirror and said, over the top of it, "Baby's mad? I can't bring myself to blame baby. The old Massa is a stinker. In spades."

Dock said, "You shouldn't have come. I won't be very good company tonight."

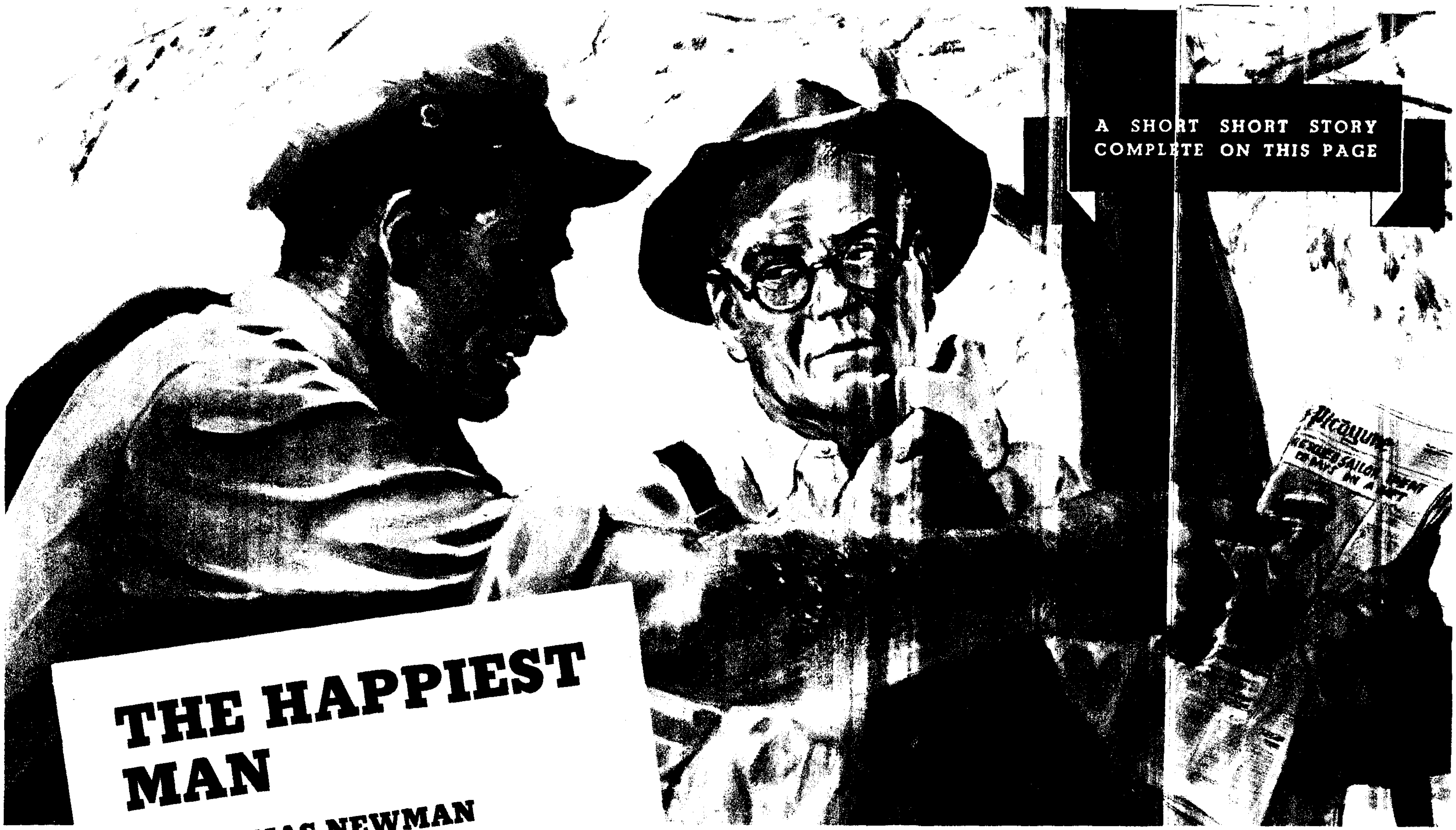
She smiled at him with a mouth that was freshly reddened and eager. "But *I* will be. I'm always good company."

It's this tour, Dock thought helplessly. I've put up with Jim for years, easily, but it's this tour that's got me on edge. It's all these Army camps, all these brave lads in uniform. The way he hated the tour was a painful shock. It unnerved him. It produced an emotion, the first in a long, long time, and that was against the rules.

WITH Joyce provocatively beside him, he walked through the lobby of the town's best hotel, followed by curious, well-informed glances. He found a hovering cab and they were driven to the town's best restaurant. Dock had first set foot in this town a little less than six hours ago, six hours spent over a typewriter in a hotel room with even the blinds drawn, but he knew about it. He knew what was good here and what was bad, and why; he knew it about every town he had ever entered. Dock Martin had an instinct about such things.

This town's best restaurant was, he saw, a little worse than usual. The *décor* was a hopelessly old-fashioned *moderne*, *(Continued on page 55)*

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



THE HAPPIEST MAN

BY THOMAS NEWMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Joe saw his picture on the front page of the man's paper. "That's me," he said. "I was rescued by a freighter. We pulled into port today." The man looked up in surprise

THE first thing Joe did was buy a cigar. A fifteen-cent cigar. He lit it on the corner of Canal and Royal but threw it into the gutter at Conti Street. It tasted bad. Well, sure it did—after twenty-eight days without smoking.

Joe guessed he was the happiest man in New Orleans. He wandered down the street, spending minutes in front of store windows. Through the glass door of one, he saw a telephone booth. It gave him a thrill thinking of all the phones in New Orleans.

Irma was working now but she'd be home at six o'clock. He'd call her then. Just step into one of the booths, drop a handful of quarters into the slot and he'd be talking to Irma, all the way up in Milwaukee. Those telephones were the best thing in town.

Joe found himself in Jackson Square Park, lapping up the sunshine. He sat down on a bench next to a man in overalls who was eating a sandwich. When the man pulled a paper out of his pocket, Joe looked quickly to see if his picture was there. Sure, right on the front page. He felt like talking about himself. He leaned over and placed a thick finger on the picture.

"That's me," Joe said. "Like it says, 'Joseph P. Evans, 35, ship's carpenter, who spent twenty-eight days on a raft after the Avon Deere was sunk in the South Atlantic by a German submarine.' I was rescued by a freighter. We pulled into port just today."

The man grunted in surprise, then stared at Joe's solid face and at the husky meat on his body. "Jeez, some time you must have had! Didja have any food on the raft? You ain't thin like most of those fellers usually are."

"Sure, I had food," Joe said, "but it was mostly canned tomatoes. I couldn't eat another tomato for a million bucks."

"I'll bet." The man laughed. He offered Joe a sandwich out of his lunch box, but Joe shook his head.

"Were you scared?" the man asked curiously.

"No. Well—just at first. Then I got to thinking of all the things I'd do if I got rescued. Most of the time I was real happy, just thinking about 'em."

Joe was puzzled, hearing himself tell it. It wasn't clear in his mind until right now when he said it. And here he was on dry land, on a bench, with all of his desires in front of him.

"I feel wonderful!" he said. "I guess I got more to be happy about than any guy in town."

"I'll bet. What are you going to do now?"

"Well, I'm going to get married. There's a girl in Milwaukee, name of Irma, she's the one. I'm going to phone her tonight. I'll send her train fare to meet me down here."

"That's swell," the man beamed. "Congratulations. You two been going together long?"

"No-oo." Joe paused, trying to figure out how to explain it. He didn't understand it all himself. "I've known Irma since I was a kid. We sort of grew up together, y'see, in Milwaukee. But I never had it in my head to marry her. I hadn't thought about her much, one way or the other, till I was on the raft. I guess I fell in love with her all at once. It's the real thing, too, brother!"

The man unwrapped another sandwich and bit into it. "How do you know she ain't married already?" he asked matter-of-factly.

"She ain't. I got folks in Milwaukee, live down the block from her. They'd have writ me."

"Maybe she won't marry with you either."

"She's got to! I tell you—I'm crazy about her."

The man chuckled. "I reckon she'll have you. Women have got the marryin' urge. You going to have a honeymoon or anything?"

Joe's face was radiant as he described his plans: "You're darn' right we are! I got money saved up and the draft board gave me a month before I have to ship out again. We're going to Mexico, Irma and I. That's a place I never was at. I been to most of the ports in this world, but not Mexico. I was specially thinking about that on the raft. All kinds of country down there—mountains, water, Mexico City. Old historical buildings, lots of sunshine, strange-like flowers and birds, everything!"

"Lissen," the man said earnestly. "Don't go to Mexico. I ain't been to all the places you have, but I know Mexico. I worked down there. We built a highway. I got malaria and like to died. The country's full of fleas and flies and bugs. And you can't eat the food there—it'll burn the gizzard out of you. The sun is terrible hot, too. Mexico ain't no place for a honeymoon. Heck, no! You better go to Florida or California if you want your wife to be glad she married you."

Joe stared at him, white, like he'd been hit hard and foul. It didn't make sense, it couldn't. After a while he said slowly, "I guess it was the malaria made you feel that way. I been thinking about Mexico for twenty-eight days. I couldn't be wrong about it."

The man shrugged his shoulders. He reached into his lunch box again and came up with a piece of pie in waxed paper. Joe didn't notice at first because he was mixed up about Mexico and why the guy hadn't liked it. It must have been the malaria.

"That's apple pie, ain't it?" Joe said suddenly.

"Yeah. My wife made it. Wouldja eat some of it?"

"I sure would! Thanks." His mouth felt runny and warm at the sight of it. "That's one of the things I was thinking about on the raft. Apple pie. I never cared much for the stuff before but, Lord, I've got a craving now. I figured on going into the best restaurant and just eating myself full of it. Funny, how you get to wanting certain things, I mean, when you're out there alone for twenty-eight days."

"Here, take the whole piece. I ain't hungry any more. I reckon my wife makes apple pie better'n any restaurant. She'll get a kick out of your eating it."

Joe didn't bother to protest or be polite about it. He took the wedge of pie and bit off a great mouthful. He chewed rapidly, eagerly.

"How do you like it?" the man asked.

"It's swell! Perfect. It's even better than I thought it would be," Joe told him. But it wasn't. It tasted, well, it tasted like . . . apple pie.

AFTER the man had left, gone back to work, Joe sat alone on the bench. He sat and thought about how happy he was. He heard the church bells strike off two o'clock and, later, when he asked a guy what time it was—Lord, a quarter to six! Joe didn't know where the afternoon had gone. Thinking was like that. He'd noticed the tricks it played on the raft.

He got to his feet and went off to find the seamen's hall. It was about to close when he arrived, but there was a call for a ship's carpenter on the blackboard, and the dispatcher let Joe sign up. The ship was due to sail early the next morning.

Joe went to a movie that night. He wasn't very fond of movies, hadn't looked forward to them on the raft, so he knew it couldn't be a letdown. But it was a darn' good picture. Joe surprised himself by sitting through the show twice. He'd never done that before. He felt fine. Maybe next trip he'd phone Irma.

THE NEW GIRL

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Lane liked girls to stay the same. It took two fires plus a baby fire truck to convince him that they could change quite a little and still be nice

WITHOUT pleasure, Lane Bascomb recognized his sister Joanie and Marcia Siddon coming toward him on their bicycles. There was something about rolled-up dungarees and flapping men's shirts that was the reverse of soothing. Not that he objected to girls in pants. Girls had worn shorts and slacks before he went away, but they had worn them with chic and with shoes.

The sunshine of early September was fine and until this moment he had been in one of his better moods. He was walking home from the firehouse, his left hand in the pocket of his old gray flannels to ease the pull on the muscles of his upper arm. Firehouse Number One of the town of Moreton was where he spent most of his time. It was not, definitely, a public place. Only volunteer firemen, and certain of the town officials, were welcome there, and of course all ex-volunteers. They didn't, the paid firemen had told him this afternoon, have many volunteers like Lane. He had been good. Saying "Nuts!" modestly once or twice, Lane had been warmed with gratitude and amiability.

Joanie and Marcia yelled "Hi!" at him. They scuffed their shoes on the cement of the street and stood astride their bikes.

"How's the arm?" asked Marcia, as she had asked last night and all the other times she had seen him.

"Almost ripe," said Lane. "Almost ready to drop off."

Marcia gave him a slight reproving smile—a pretty kid with red hair, who before the war had had a tendency to be too giddy and now had an unbecoming tendency to be too severe.

"Why don't you get your old bike," said Joanie, "and ride over to Eastern Boulevard with us? We're almost sure this is the day Fran Hamilton's convoy rolls into town. She couldn't tell us the day, of course, but we know it's this week."

Lane teetered on the edge of the curb and regarded her with sardonic eyes from which fine lines rayed out when he narrowed them. He was just under six feet, with sun-bleached curly hair that sprang up from a high forehead, a thin tanned face, and very bright blue eyes. Naturally he liked his sister.

"Thanks, no," he said. "I seem to be deeply uninterested in lady truck drivers doing their stuff, even for the Army."

The girls leaned on their bicycles and looked at each other.

"He hasn't seen her in three years," said Joanie to Marcia.

"Poor Laney," said Marcia.

Laney. He couldn't stand the way they ignored the fact that he did not like to be called Laney. Once girls, almost all girls, had seemed willing enough to please Lane Bascomb. Life had formed a pleasant pattern then, with the world full of pretty girls whose main business in life was dates. Marcia and Joanie and their friends could not help it that they had almost no dates now. *But they did not care.* That was the thing.

Abruptly he said, "So long," and they rode away on their bicycles, stand-up, their shirts ballooning around them. Lane walked on toward the handsome white colonial house in the distance.

He and girls had always got along well together. But that was before girls were truck drivers and factory workers and hospital aides who smelled faintly of disinfectant. The girls he and his buddies remembered and talked of endlessly had had long silky hair and long silky legs. They knew about perfume and earrings, and they looked at a man with sweet expectancy.

THOSE were the girls he had thought of when he knew he was coming home. He was to go easy, he had told himself, but if it happened, and he, who had been half in love so many times should fall wholly in love, then there was no reason why he should not marry. He was twenty-four and there was—it was rumored—to be a promotion for him when his arm had healed and he was back in the line. A captain's pay was good and it was a nice idea, leaving here at home a girl who loved him, who bore his name, who might even . . . oh, he knew there was a cold scientific explanation for this urge in time of war. But he would make no cold scientific marriage.

Nor any kind, he said to himself as he went up the flagged walk. . . .

On the same screened porch that he had thought of longingly when sand and vicious insects tormented him, Lane sat after dinner and thought longingly of desert winds and the immense early morning shadow of the Pyramids, and the companionship of men.

Joanie came back from the telephone. "She'll be over," said Joanie, poking Lane on his good arm, "as soon as she gets out of her uniform."

Lane smiled at her, his clever tanned face wearing an expression of contentment which he had put there. He was fond of his family. But all this talk about Fran Hamilton. He had not seen her in three years and he remembered her. Oh, yes, he remembered her. And he did not think she could be that good.

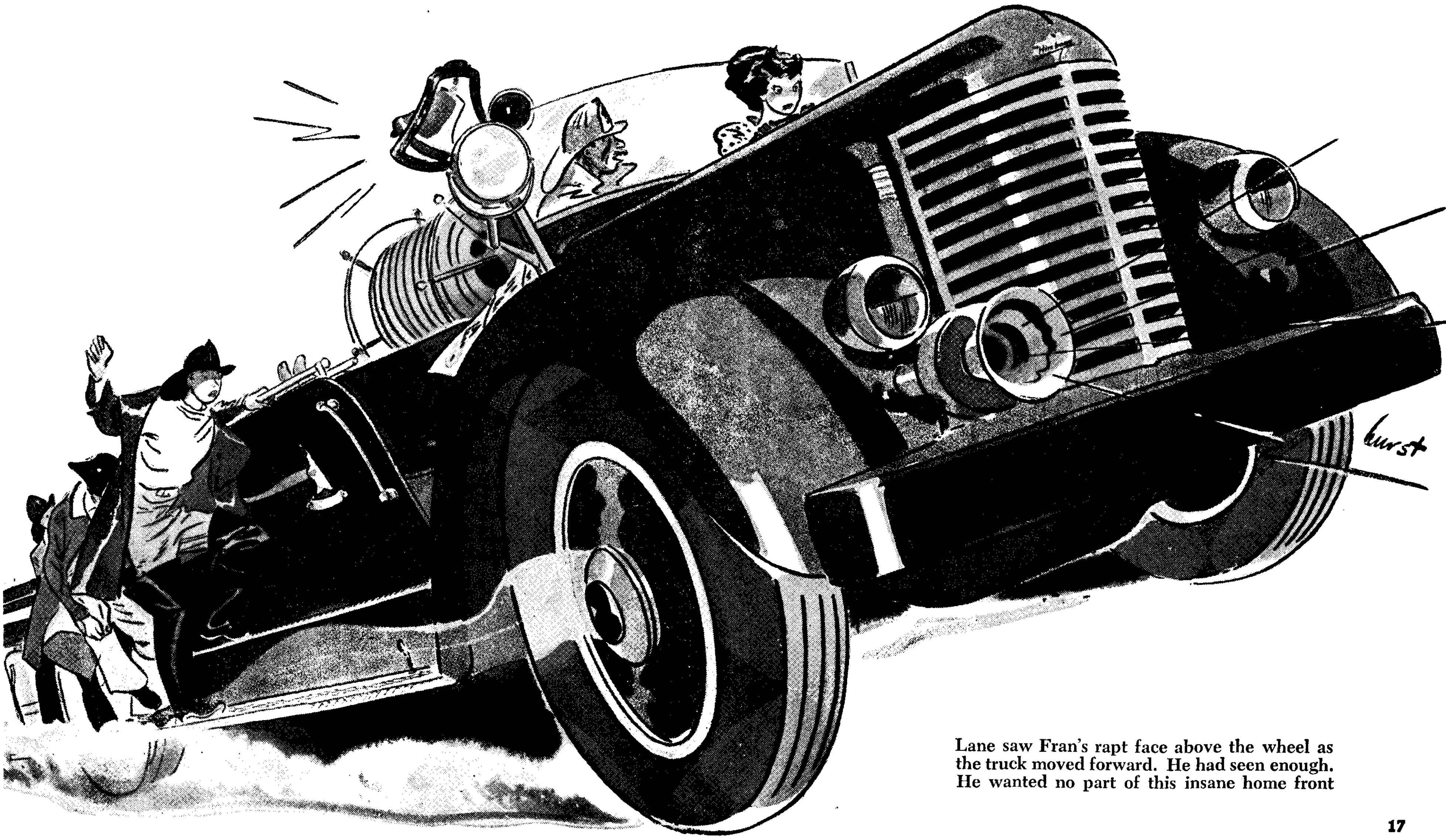
"You should have seen her in her uniform, Laney"—Joanie tucked her bare feet under her on the glider—"driving this enormous truck and not batting an eye. Golly, I wish I'd joined the Women's Motor Transport."

"You wouldn't have made all the money you did at the Reliance Products," said her mother, picking up her knitting and laying her cigarette in the ash tray the way she always did so that it fell into the ashes and had to be put out.

"Money," scoffed Joanie. "What can you do with money except sock it away in War Bonds? Which is fine—but look at my factory pallor. Fran is *black.*"

She yelled "Hi!" suddenly down the street. Lane turned his head. Marcia had apparently dressed for dinner. She wore a blouse of her own, a silk one, tucked into her dungarees, and there was a mistaken flower in her red hair. She came up

(Continued on page 58)

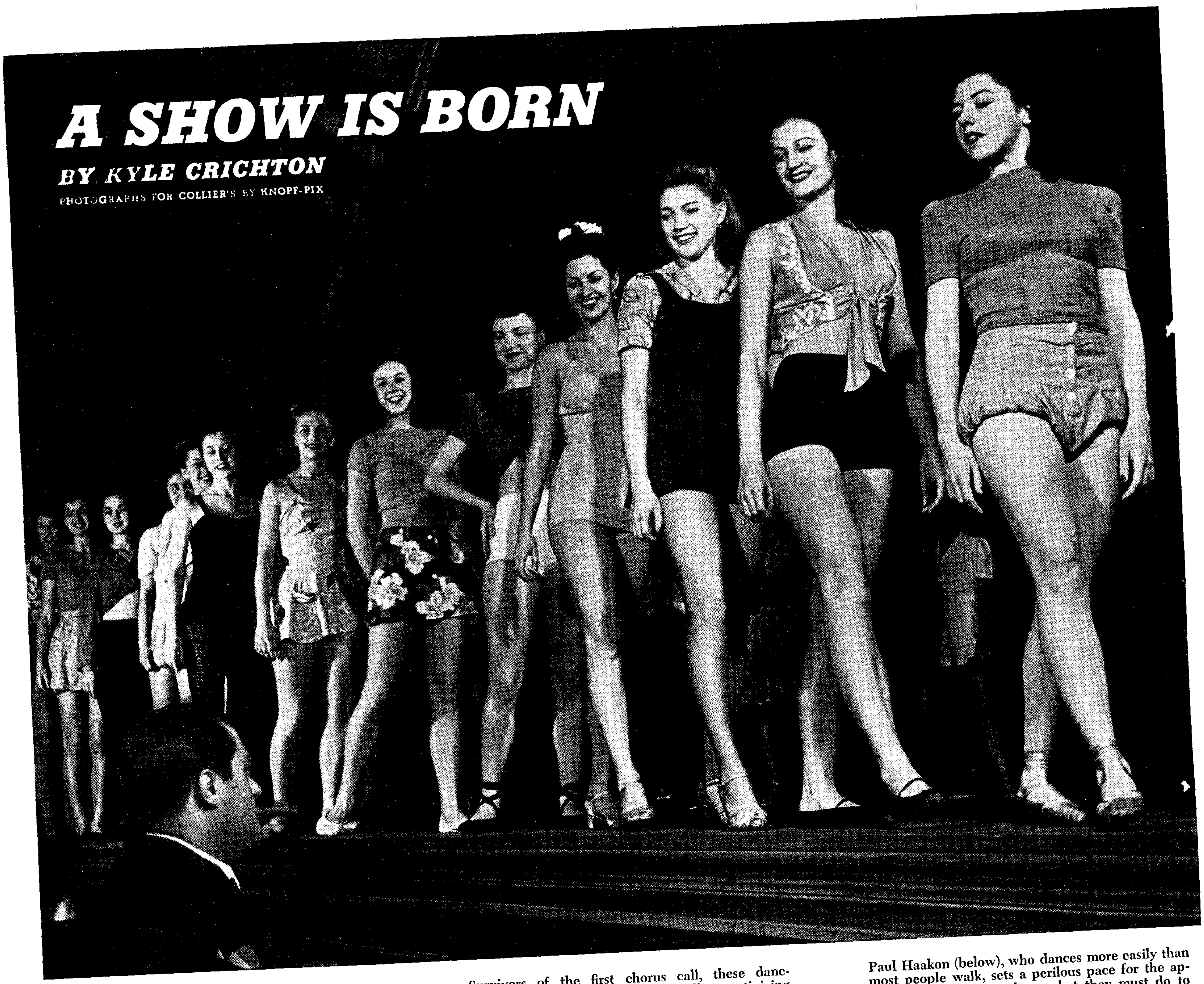


Lane saw Fran's rapt face above the wheel as the truck moved forward. He had seen enough. He wanted no part of this insane home front

A SHOW IS BORN

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

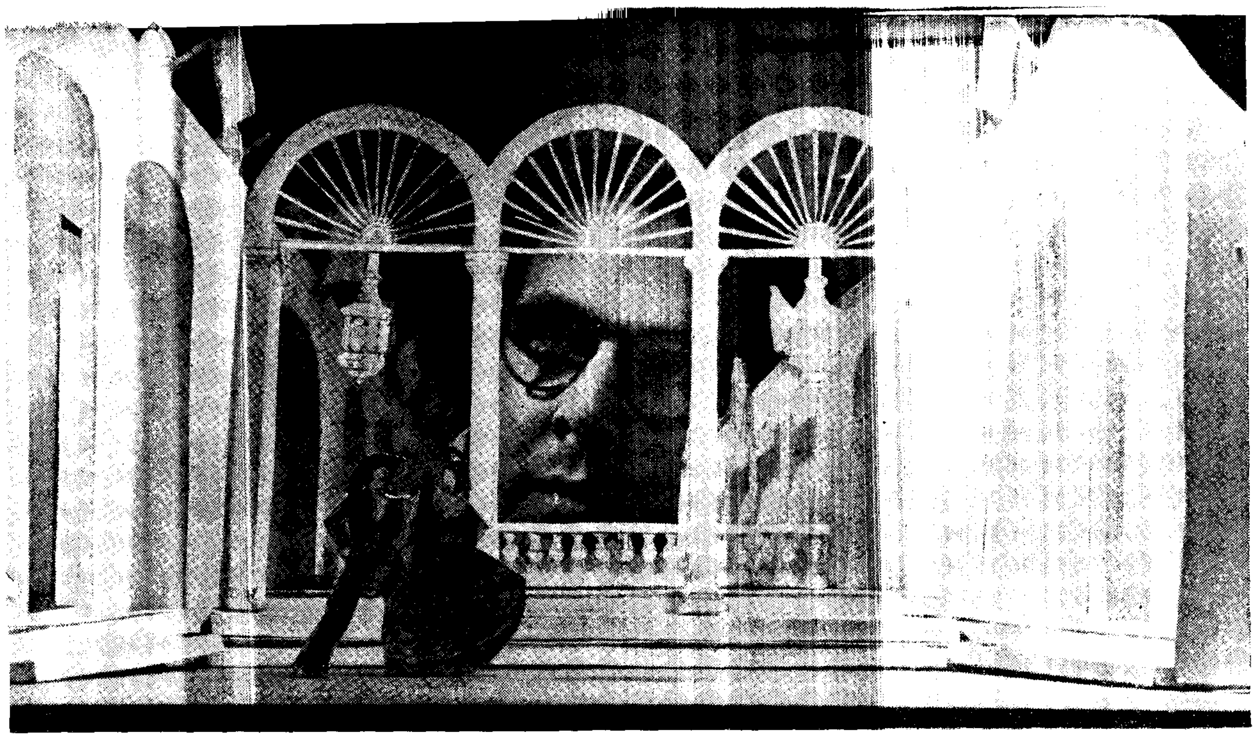


Survivors of the first chorus call, these dancing girls pass before Mr. Todd's scrutinizing eye for the final elimination. From right to left the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, tenth and eleventh were among the thirteen dancing girls chosen

Below: Two months before the opening of Hayride, Mike Todd, Dorothy Fields, Hassard Short and Herb Fields engage in pleasant conversation about the show. They are living in a fools' paradise, for ahead lie weeks of confusion and commiseration

Paul Haakon (below), who dances more easily than most people walk, sets a perilous pace for the applicants as he shows them what they must do to pass their first test. Besides staging the dances in Mexican Hayride, Haakon stars in its two ballets

Headaches, heartaches, grins, growls and grief precede Mexican Hayride's first curtain



Scenic Designer George Jenkins inspects the model for one of his sets. Below, the set comes to life on the stage in the Chepultepec Palace scene with Lolita (Corminna Mura) singing Cole Porter's Carlotta

Below: Mr. Jenkins confers with his scenery contractor as workers paint the Xochimilco backdrop, which is stretched over the huge floor. The material used for the backdrop is cotton velour, which cuts down reflection of set and enhances brilliance of the players' features and their costumes. The scenery in Mexican Hayride is done in a freehand, impressionistic style. The sets follow the conventional pattern; while the actors are working on a shallow set, stagehands are setting a deep one

MICHAEL TODD sits with his feet up on a chair and a cigar in his mouth, watching a file of chorus girls parade across the bare stage. If he has any thoughts to contribute to history, they are telling him that now the misery has begun. This is the start of another big musical show, and nothing in the world but a severe trampling by a mule can give such pain. If the show goes well, the producer gets nothing for his labor but a fortune. If it goes badly, he gets a nervous breakdown and a touch of bankruptcy. In either case, he may get the breakdown.

The first chorus call is invariably a sad occasion because many are called and few are chosen. The ladies display an assortment of strangely placed bumps and protuberances that are less alluring than spectacular. On the first day of Mexican Hayride (with which this article is concerned), three hundred paraded, and only ten were asked to halt.

"We'll take your name," the assistant is saying, and the girl spoken to shrugs fatalistically and turns away. She knows that this isn't going to be her show.

With Mr. Todd are Paul Haakon, the dance director, and Cole Porter, the composer. In the old days, it was a simple matter: Did the girl have a shape like this and a pair of fetching gams? If so, they could pound the dance steps into her. But with the success of Agnes De Mille's ballets in Oklahoma and One Touch of Venus, a new element has come to Broadway. The chorus is selected—the smaller members—for their dancing. This lowers the specific density of pulchritude, but it makes for better prancing. Obviously, it is giving Michael a sort of ache, because his face is screwed up in agony. After a plethora of females with granite blocks where calves are supposed to be, it is a relief to get to the show girls. The big willowy dames remain big dames, taller than ever, slightly brighter than ever, and elegant and shapely.

"H'mm," says Mr. Todd, puffing happily in relief. "The mink type."

This is practically the last minute in the production of the show that Mr. Todd feels happy. He remembers his past successes, such as Star and Garter and Something for the Boys, and he forgets The Naked Genius, which was not. Also he has Cole Porter at his side, and Mr. Porter is not only penthouse with a vengeance, but he was also the composer of Something for the Boys, which made Michael plenty moo.

Partnership for Success

The writing of the Something show was done by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, and when this combination gathered again for Mexican Hayride, it was plain that the conception was going to be achieved with little distress.

Herb Fields had said to Mike Todd, "How about a new show with Mexico as a setting?"

That sounded all right to Mike, who has more shrewdness than some people think about such things. Cole Porter had also allowed that the idea had merit, and in due course the four of them arrived in Mexico and spent three weeks gathering background material. Home again, the Fields turned out a first act, drew up a synopsis and presented it to Todd, who said okay, twirling his cigar around in his mouth approvingly. Cole Porter also liked it and started work on the songs.

There was a slight delay at this juncture because the show had been written for Victor Moore and William Gaxton, and it was found that they weren't available. The Fields reworked the script to fit it to Bobby Clark, and things began to swim.

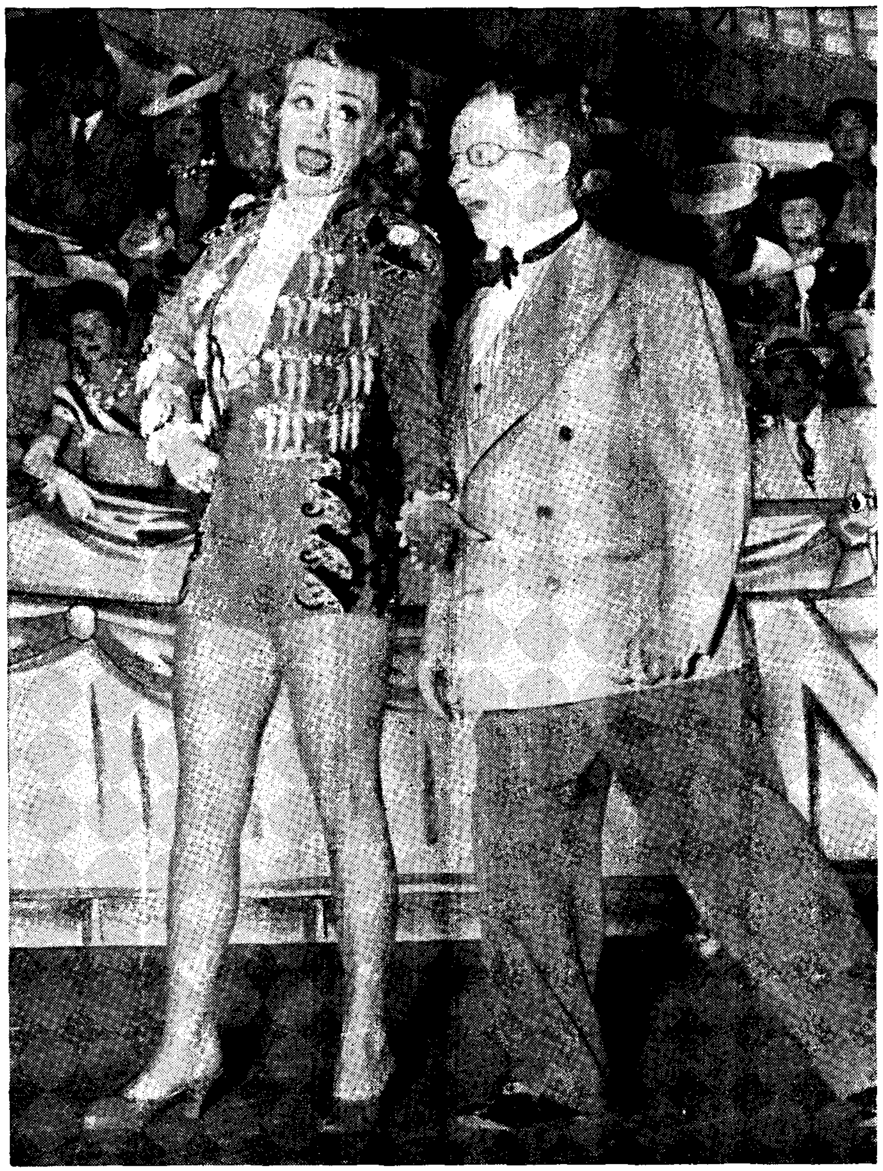
In fact, right up to the first rehearsal, a big show always looks great. The words of the book sound golden, the tunes have the crinkly quality of national bank notes, and the lyrics trip on the tongue like lozenges—and then comes the chorus call, the first reading of the script, and everybody starts to suffer.

The songs were played, and the script was read to George Jenkins, the scenic designer, and to Mary Grant, who did the costumes. Then all Mr. Todd had to do was get materials. If anybody doubts that a war is on, he should try to get hundreds of costumes for chorus girls. The Todd show is the most lavish thing seen on Broadway since the great Ziegfeld ventures.

"What is this—morale or ain't it?" demands Mike. "You put on a big show, and I guess you dress the dames in them Mother Hubbards or what you call 'em. Like hell, I do! I give 'em music and laughs and dolls dressed up like platinum horses. It's two hundred g's

Cole Porter rehearses Luba Malina in one of his songs while the ubiquitous Mr. Todd looks on and wonders whatever made him go into this theater business. Below, Miss Malina sings the same song as above, Abra-ca-dabra, with benefit of costume, scenery, lighting and the singing boys, who are disguised as Mexican peons

In a Broadway rehearsal hall the show's stars, Bobby Clark and June Havoc, run through another hit tune—Hereafter—as the rest of the company sit in the background. Below, the number transferred to the theater stage is sung in the hilarious bull-ring scene



GUNTHER-FROST

and it's my own dough and that's the way it's gointa be."

As a matter of fact, the show cost $225,000 by the time it reached New York, making it one of the most expensive musical shows in history.

The heartaches of the rehearsal weeks can be skipped and the attention concentrated on the days prior to the Boston opening, when the misery piles up to a lovely crescendo that threatens to drive everybody mad. In the first place, the Boston opening has to be postponed twice because they can't get the scenery and costumes up there in time. June Havoc sends her maid on ahead, Cole Porter dispatches his chauffeur and car in advance—and they sit in Boston and wait. In shipment, a box containing hoop skirts is crushed and the costumes are ruined.

"Four hundred bucks apiece," moans Mr. Todd, "and all we get is enough twisted wire to make pretzel molds for the whole world."

Because the costumes are not ready, the manufacturers send up seamstresses, and sewing machines are installed in the Shubert Theater lobby, where the ladies work hummingly away. Also, the stars in the cast begin complaining about their gowns.

"Ninety-seven thousand dollars I spend," says Mike bitterly, "and nobody has anything they'd be caught dead in."

As a matter of truth, the costumes are sensationally spectacular.

The first run-through is a tragedy. Cole Porter sits humped up in a seat on the aisle near the front of the empty and cold theater. He wears a moth-eaten overcoat with a fur collar and, when he takes off his hat, it is seen that he has a distressing bald spot on top. Hassard Short, looking like an elderly edition of Noel Coward, stands in the aisle and speaks to the people on the stage through a megaphone.

Tragedy Strikes in the Pit

Dorothy Fields is in New York having a baby. Herbert Fields sits well in the back with his brother, Joseph Fields. Mike Todd wanders up and down the aisle worriedly, his cigar spouting in intermittent red blasts through the gloom. The orchestra is pounding away under the direction of Harry Levant, brother of the more famous Oscar. In the midst of a number, a cello player in the orchestra slumps from his seat and falls to the floor. Todd rushes up.

"He dies in my arms," he reports later, in an awed voice. "I feel his pulse, and he ain't got none, and I know he's dead."

But the show has to go on, and it does go on, with the cast groggy from repeated rehearsals and the performance ragged because it is the first time it has all been together.

George Givot, the famous Greek ambassador of stage and radio fame, is giving a fine performance as a Mexican Lothario, and Eric Roberts, the little fat boy of Watch on the Rhine, is being pleasantly poisonous in a part which is on the brat side.

In a scene with Bobby Clark and Givot, Clark yells at the kid, "Haven't you got your handkerchief?" and young Eric, who has been on the stage since the age of two, answers, "No handkerchief; no props."

There is a sudden laugh in the darkened auditorium because it is all too plain that the run-through lacks props, many costumes and many orchestrations.

How Producers Get Gray

There is a commotion in the rear, and Todd can be heard yelling, "Get him out of here!"

"I'll have him report to me," says another voice.

"Report—my foot! Get him out of here!" howls Mike.

It seems he is referring to an extra pianist who had been brought from New York at considerable expense to rehearse the chorus numbers and had failed twice to show up, the result of finding Boston a very pleasant social environment.

In the meantime, the rehearsal drags its way along. Lines are missed, principals play their scenes in slacks in the absence of costumes that will obviously be startling, a pianist accompanies song numbers because there is no orchestration. Cole Porter gets up and limps down the aisle with his crutch to talk to Harry Levant. He comes back and chews gum reflectively and discusses the performance with his personal physician, who has come up to be with him for the opening. Porter suffered a severe fall from a horse some years back and was left a cripple, in almost constant pain.

When it is all over, there is a cry from the stage: "Strike!" and the stagehands begin to take down the scenery.

There is another yell: "Chorus and singers on stage; the principals meet in the lobby."

In the lobby, Mr. Todd makes a quiet and very sincere talk. The play is overboard on time, and some scenes will have to come out. It doesn't mean those particular bits are less important than others, but something has to be dropped, and he doesn't want any hard feelings. The cast listens respectfully and a bit sadly, and Mike comes back into the auditorium to find Bobby Clark talking there with a friend.

"Do I have to go through that lousy speech all over again?" Mike yells in mock anger.

The cast starts rehearsing, although it is midnight. The chorus begins again on the numbers they've now done a hundred times. They work till two o'clock. They are back for more rehearsals at eleven in the morning, and there is a complete dress rehearsal in the afternoon. Mike's temper is now really on edge. He bawls out his press agents for neglecting to get changes made in the program for the opening night. They scurry about and make the changes; everything is all right.

An Ovation from the House

The play opens that night. The house is packed and eager. There is applause for the overture, there is applause when the curtain goes up, there is a sustained roar during the colorful bullfight scene, there is uproarious laughter when Bobby Clark appears.

By some miracle the costumes seem all to be there; the orchestra is playing as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed for weeks by Toscanini. The gags come off. The timing is good. The dancers seem to be inspired.

The big shots, however, are still not sure. They meet after the show, they sit with their heads together and with long faces, they make further plans that will improve the show during the three and a half weeks it will be in Boston before the real opening in New York. It is New York or nothing, and those critics are tough. You never know about that two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars until the morning after in New York.

"You know how I feel?" says Mike. "I feel like that fellow who went to the race track and said, 'I hope I break even today; I sure need it.'"

A show is born. ★★★

This sensational headpiece of starched lace, seen in the first-act finale, had its origin in Mexico when natives used men's fancy shirtings captured from Spanish galleons as head decorations

Costume Designer Mary Grant in her first big-time attempt really went to town, creating one of the most lavishly dressed musicals in years. Here, seamstresses are fitting gold-brocaded, silk velvet gowns to the tall show gals

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

BY HERBERT HOOVER

The ex-President outlines the sort of country our soldiers should find waiting for them

WHEN these men, whom we fondly call boys, come back from the wars, what sort of country will they find? What sort of country do they want to live in? I venture to speak in their behalf. Under the experience in this war they will have increased individual initiative, dignity and skills. They want the security and self-respect of a job; not a dole. They want a government that will keep the channels of opportunity open and equal. They want a government that keeps down economic abuse and crime. That is the social and economic climate they are looking for.

If I am right as to what these men will want, then we know our social and economic goal from the start and we must definitely organize the transition period from war economy to a peace economy.

We have ardent groups in government and private life busy designing a frame of bureaucracy with a background of force and coercion, gilded with promises of security for everybody. We already have a large number of Trojan horses labeled falsely "Liberalism" and "Freedom," but their insides are stuffed with a mixture of totalitarian economics, spiced up with special statistics.

We will have a hundred immense problems to overcome in the transition period: demobilization both of armies and war workers, reconversions, obsolescence and depreciation in our plants, debts, dangers of inflation and unemployment; and we shall have new ideas and new inventions from the war. It is possible in this article to deal with only a few of these problems.

One of our oldest and most urgent problems in providing a right economic and social climate lies in the relations of industry and labor. The responsibility of labor is no less than that of the employer and the technician. The interests of all three are equally involved, as are those of the stockholder whose savings are in the business.

The Fruits of Industry

To expand production by every scientific discovery and every labor-saving device means constantly lowering the cost of living. It does not mean more speed-up of workers, longer hours or lower wages. Its effect is just the reverse, as can be proved by our whole industrial history.

We cannot come through this postwar period to the Promised Land unless labor leaders exert their immense power to remove restrictions on individual effort and the use of new devices—but only to such an extent as to safeguard health and insure proper leisure for the workers.

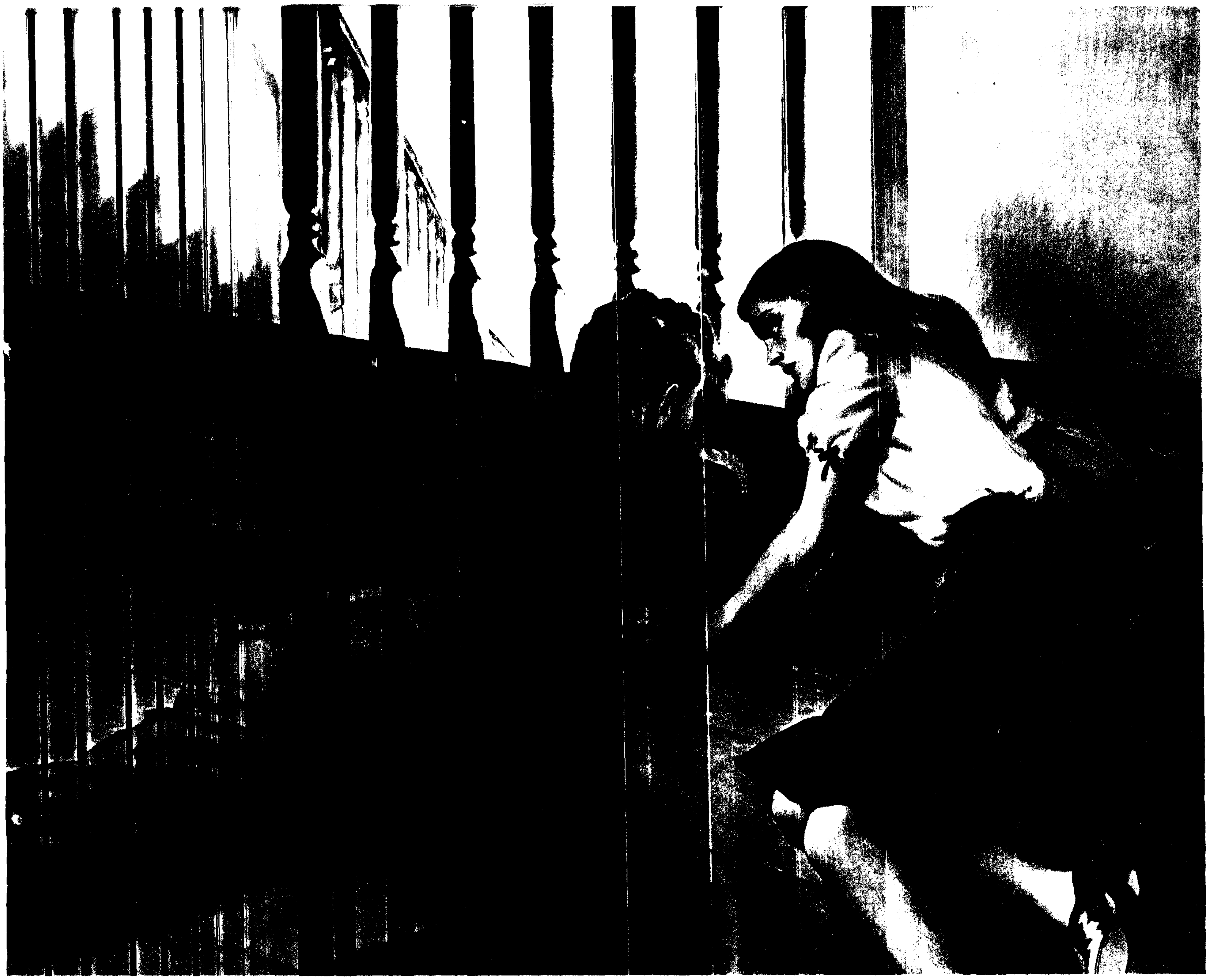
It is to labor's interest that business should have a chance to make a profit. Without profit, there are no advancing wage levels, no increase of capital, no increase in jobs.

It is to the interest of the employer, as well as labor, that labor have the right to organize, to negotiate and to enforce its bargaining. But the men coming home must have the free right to join the union, or, alternately, we must have complete open shop and no fooling. The men coming home must not be excluded from a job. It must be recognized that labor is not a mass, not a commodity, but is made

(Continued on page 41)

Grand Coulee Dam. "The government can do something in public works . . . construction industries are the greatest balance wheel on employment"

BLACK STAR



Canavan threw himself flat on the floor of the landing. "Give me the gun!" he whispered to Mary-Kate lying beside him

ONE OF OUR OWN KIND

BY HOWARD BRESLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A tale of Ireland today, a tale of blood shed for old loyalties and for new, and of a girl who had to make a final choice between a man and a cause

THE rain had been steady on Belfast all day, but it stopped as Canavan turned off Royal Street. Even in the murky half-light of dusk and mist, he recognized buildings, once familiar, long forgotten. There was no sound but the clacking of his G.I. heels against the sidewalk. The chill wind bit through his uniform overcoat and brought tears to his eyes. He stared as he passed the house where he was born, but it was the curious stare of a stranger. I shouldn't have come, thought Canavan. I should not.

He shook the thought away and marched ahead. He was a big man, broad of shoulder and chest, and he moved with purpose—straight to the house he wanted and up to the door. He had been there before. As he reached for the bell, the door opened.

"No need to ring, Sergeant Canavan," said a woman's voice. "There is still in this house an open door and a welcome."

Canavan frowned. Won't you walk into my parlor, he thought. He said, "Yes. I remember." He stepped inside, and the door shut behind him.

Still holding the doorknob, the woman leaned against the jamb and looked at him. She was tall, almost as tall as the soldier, and, leaning back, her body was slim and graceful. Her blouse was white, and her skirt was dark, and both were her colors.

"Hugh Canavan," she said. "Himself. It has been a long time."

Canavan smiled, remembering. It had been a long time. Years had polished the freckles from her smooth, pale face, but no gray showed in the black hair, and her eyes were still the blue of a gas flame.

"Twelve years," she said. "Twelve years since you went out to America."

"Mary-Kate," he said. He held out his hands, grinning. "Mary-Kate Rohan."

"O'Neill now."

"That's right. You were married to Denny." He felt his jaw muscles tighten, and turned away from her to hide it. Careful, he thought. Careful. There was nothing friendly about the way they sent for you. He looked around. He had played in this hallway, and yet it was strange. The stairway rose steeply in front of him, with one sharp turn for the next floor, like a figure 7. In the mirror of the hall hat tree, he saw Mary-Kate watching him.

"It has not changed much," she said. "You can hang your coat on the same hook."

Canavan struggled out of his overcoat. He stuffed his cap into one of its pockets and hung it up. He straightened his blouse and faced her. "Where are they?"

Mary-Kate laughed. It was an easy laugh, and deep. "There's no one here yet. And no need to look so black, Hugh. Come in, man. Come in." The brogue was strong in mockery, as she led him through a door and switched on the light. "There's a fire in the grate and a bottle of Irish on the table. Both intended to take the chill out of you."

"No doubt," said Canavan. He spoke tonelessly.

Mary-Kate climbed into a chair like a little girl. She sat on one leg and swung the other. Grinning at him, she said, "It's not a woman's place to pour with a man in the house. A man and a soldier."

Play-acting, thought Canavan. Blarney and brogue and the old talk. All used for a reason. He shrugged and opened the bottle. "Will you?" he asked.

"I will," said Mary-Kate. "Neat, please, Hugh. I like the taste of the peat smoke." She watched him pour and added, "How long have you been in Belfast?"

"Three months."

"Three months." The repetition was a reproach.

"Yes," said Canavan. He handed her a glass and lifted his own. "I wanted no attention drawn to me." He started to drink, and she stopped him with a gesture.

"Wait, Hugh. The toast." She quoted it, looking at him: "'Health and life to you; the woman of your choice to you; land without rent to you, and death in Eirinn.'"

"None of that is mine," said Canavan, frowning, "except the last maybe. But I'll drink it with you." He drank, the liquor warm as it spread in his throat.

"There is no death for you here."

"No? There's a price on my head."

"That's long forgotten."

"Not by me," said Canavan; "and not by the organization." He took the note from the pocket of his blouse and tossed it on the table. "Who sent that, Mary-Kate?"

He watched her eyes shift back and forth as she read. He knew the words by heart: "Hugh Canavan, member of the I.R.A., is ordered to report to the Rohan house six o'clock Wednesday. It will be to his advantage to be there."

"Who sent it?" he asked again.

"I don't know," said Mary-Kate. "I was only told you were coming. But it's all right." Her fingers flicked the paper. "We're all friends."

"Are we? Suppose that had got into the wrong hands? I could be court-martialed for mixing with the I.R.A."

The blue eyes narrowed. "Are you ashamed of us, now?"

"I'm a soldier of the United States," said Canavan, "and Great Britain is our ally. Do you think I want anyone poking into that old killing?" He shifted restlessly in his chair. Always when he thought of it, he could see the moonlit country road and the policeman running toward him. He remembered the shots, the orange spurts of flame darting at him, the whine of bullets.

"THEY told me he fired first," said Mary-Kate.

"He did." The salt taste of fear came back in Canavan's mouth, and he could almost feel the revolver bucking in his hand. "I never knew his name." He drank again, deeply. "Just a policeman doing his duty."

"You had no choice," said Mary-Kate hotly. "You saved your captain that night!"

"I saved *nobody!*" Canavan's voice was bitter. "I saved nobody and accomplished nothing. The raid caught the five of us by surprise, but we were out of the barn and scattered before they were on us. Then I had to go stumbling in a ditch like a gawk, and that one constable right behind me."

Mary-Kate was staring. "He's been dead these years, and from those ribbons on your chest, you've seen others die since."

"Yes." Canavan's finger tips touched his service ribbons. "I've seen some action—Africa. But it's not the same thing."

"It's not indeed!" Mary-Kate set her glass down with a bang. "You were fighting for your country in the old days! On your own land! With men of your own blood!" She glared. "Not like now!"

Canavan grunted. He felt helpless, wordless. You can't talk to them, he thought. They won't listen to any side but their own. This is a room I have known, and this is a girl I courted. And there is more between us than an ocean now. Canavan said, "I make no excuses, Mary-Kate. A soldier goes where he's sent."

"Were you sent here to help Ireland? Or England's king?"

"Neither. I was sent to do a job in a quarrel that's bigger than both."

Mary-Kate leaned forward, breathing fast. "That's strange talk in this house, Hugh. Have you forgotten us all? I was eight when they took my father. And you were ten. We waked him in this room. You came, and your mother. The coffin stayed closed because the firing squad had been careless. Have you forgotten that?"

"No," he said. "I remember Tom Rohan." He winced inside. He had not thought of Tom Rohan for years.

"And Denny. We played together—you and I and Denny. Belfast was loyal, yes, but this street that we all lived on was free. Three youngsters who dreamed great deeds, hissed at all King's men, and went to bed with one night prayer—Up the Rebels!"

"Denny O'Neill," said Canavan. His voice was loose, and warm with memory.

"A gay man, and my husband. And he died, too. Died as an Ulster O'Neill should. Facing the foe with a weapon in his hand. I wear his name with pride. But maybe you think his death was wasted."

CANAVAN'S hands clenched and opened. Denny had been his friend. He said, "A man dies for what he believes in, Mary-Kate."

She brushed that aside with an impatient wave. "Say it," she said. "De Valera holds the South, and Ulster stays loyal. They're both against the organization, but a few of us still fight on."

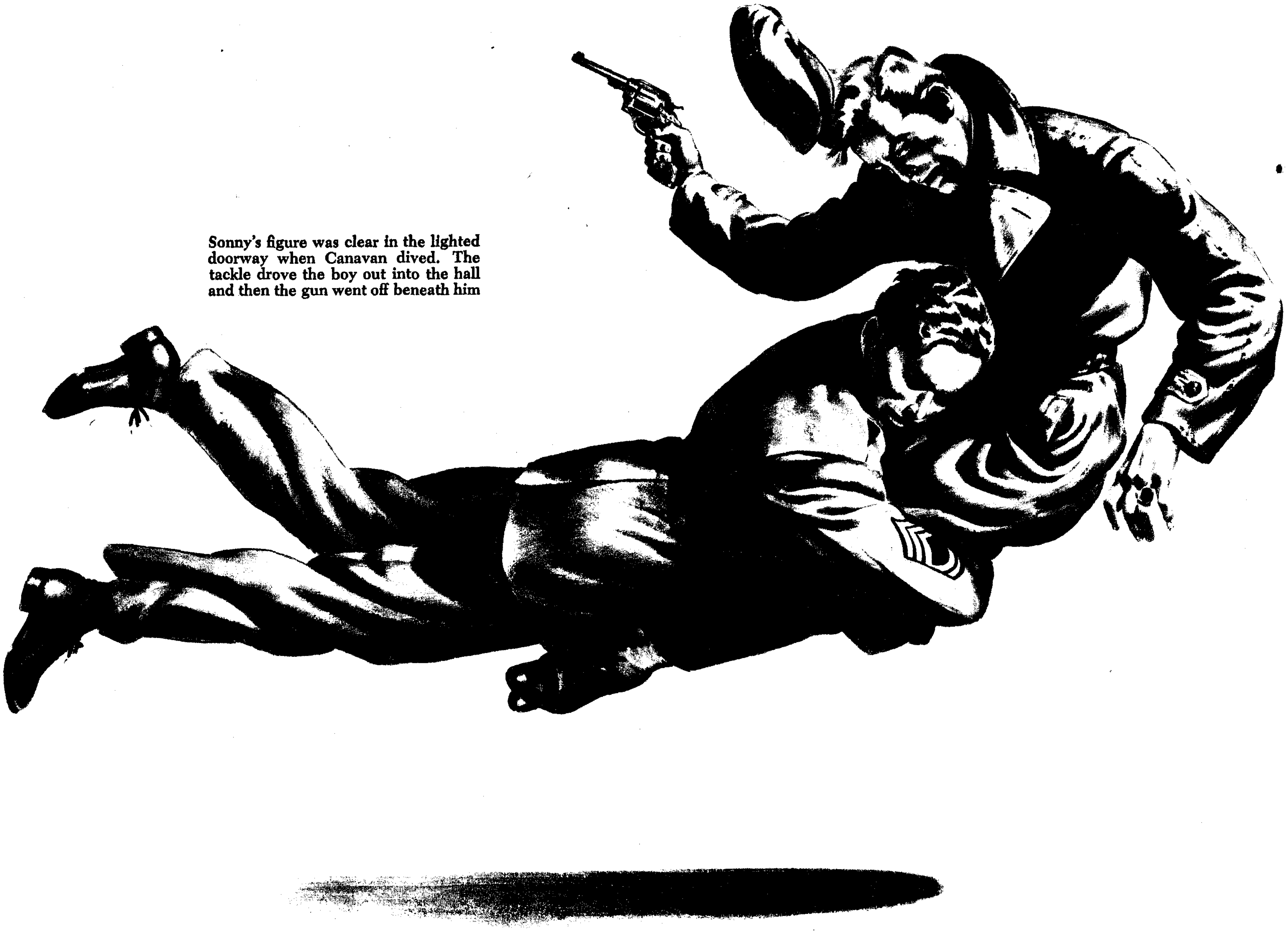
"I am very sorry," said Canavan, and he meant it.

Mary-Kate frowned. She emptied her glass and held it out. As Canavan reached for the bottle, she glanced at the clock.

"Who are we waiting for?" asked Canavan.

She bit her lip, then laughed. "Hugh, man, is nothing hidden from you? They're late." But he waited for his answer, and she added, "You remember Jamie Morrissey?"

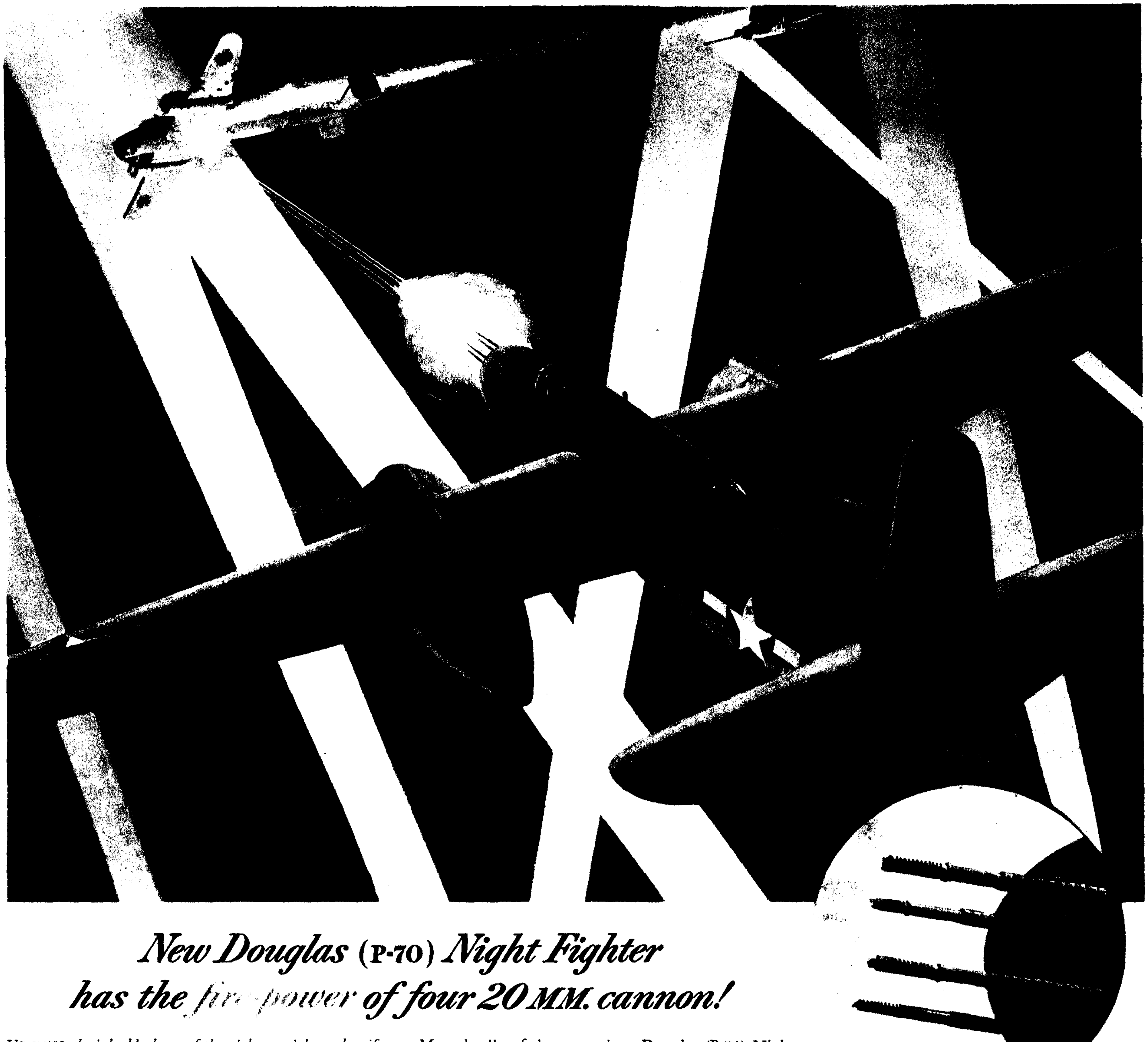
(Continued on page 62)



Sonny's figure was clear in the lighted doorway when Canavan dived. The tackle drove the boy out into the hall and then the gun went off beneath him

Midnight Mauler

WITH A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE PUNCH!



New Douglas (P-70) *Night Fighter* *has the fire-power of four 20 MM. cannon!*

UP INTO the inky blackness of the night, straight and swift as an arrow to its target, a big new AAF fighter plane darts through the darkness, armed to the teeth with cannon! Searchlights fan out to help him. Watch! . . . they've caught an enemy raider in their glare. There's a roar, a blinding flash, an Axis bomber bursting into flames . . . another victim of the high-explosive barrage of this 4-barreled battery of fire-power!

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!

Most details of the mysterious Douglas (P-70) Night Fighter are still a closely guarded secret. But this much our enemies know. One of the striking features of this "Midnight Mauler" is its armament of heavy-hitting artillery! The concentrated fire-power of four 20 mm. automatic cannon blazes away at one touch of the trigger! These are the same kind of long-range aircraft cannon that we of Oldsmobile are building for Army Ordnance, along with cannon for tanks and tank destroyers—shell for both Army and Navy.

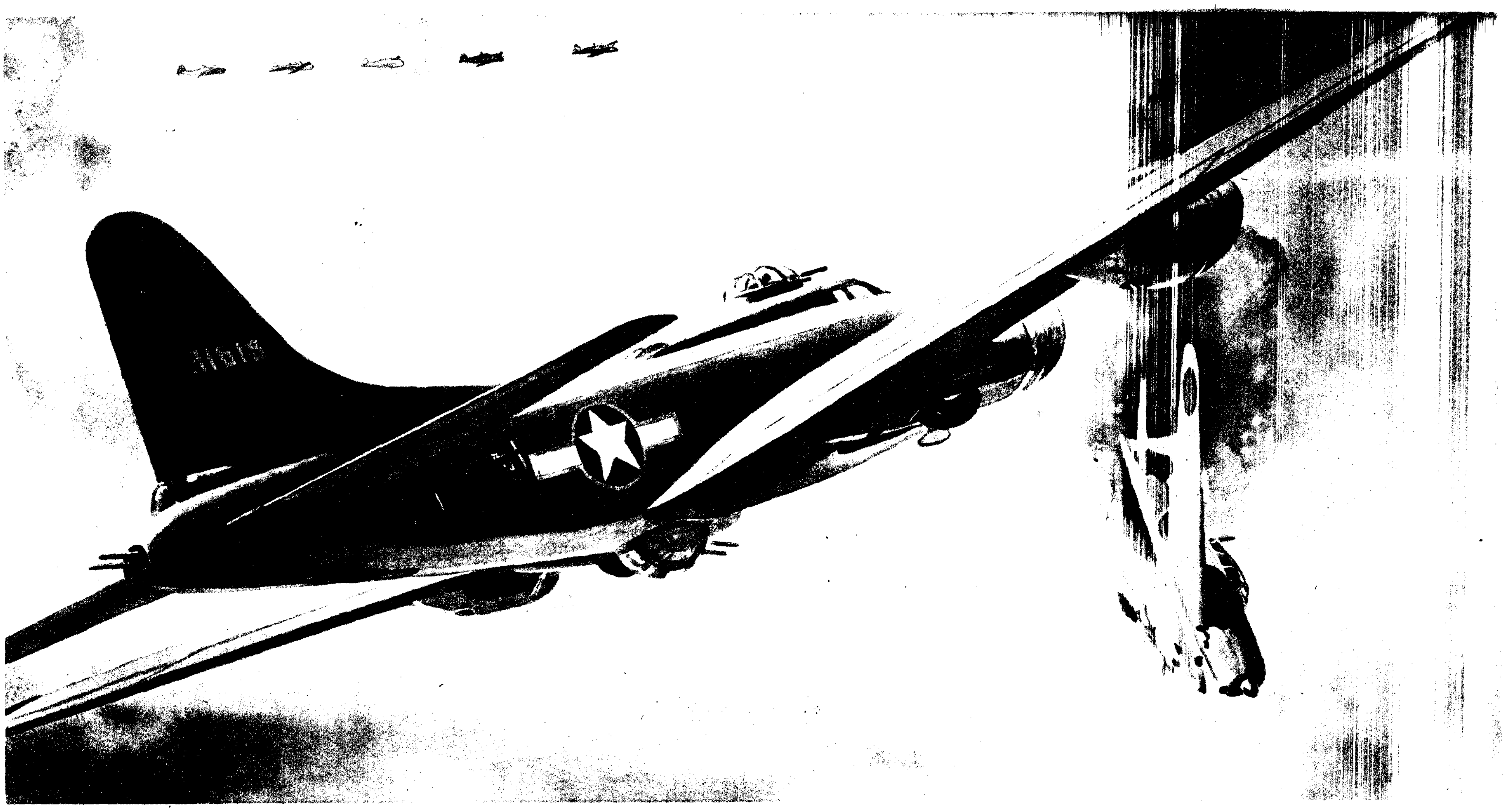
Help fire this 4-cannon blast!

A plane like this fires high-explosive cannon shell at a rate of over 2000 a minute! That costs money—money which must come from us at home.

BUY WAR BONDS!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

KEEP 'EM FIRING



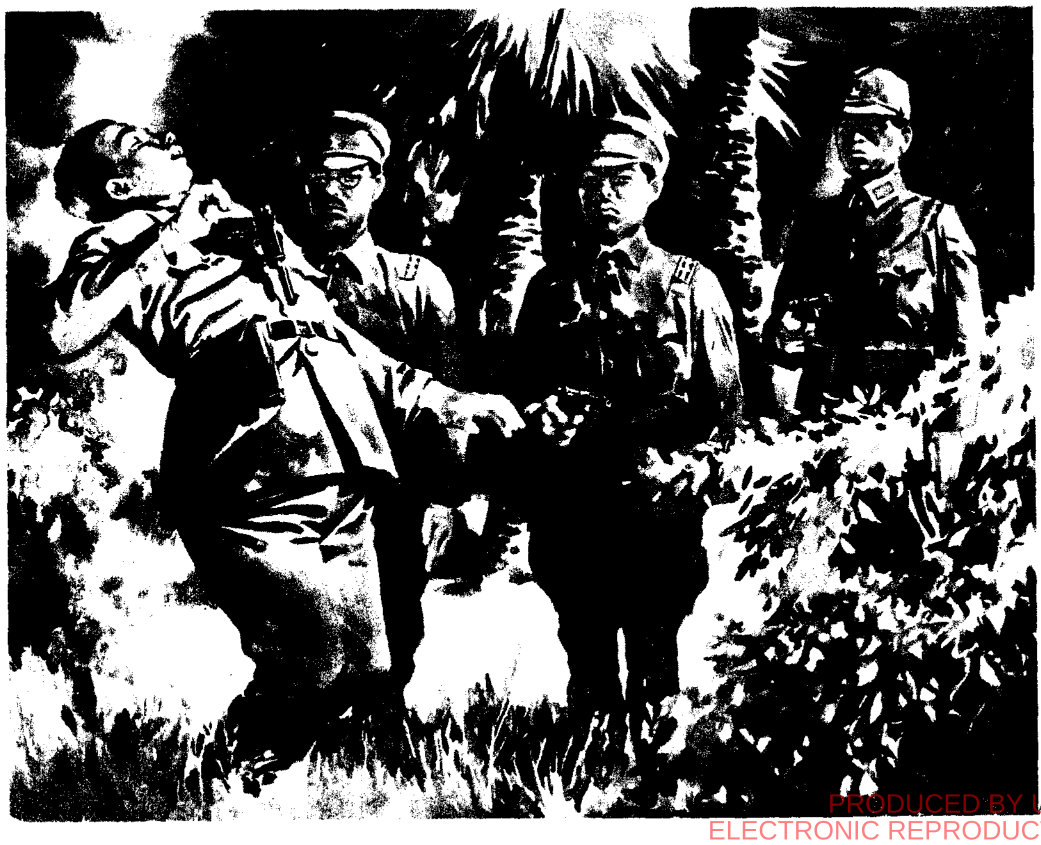
The Jap made a real git-or-git-got run, but he git got and fell off on one wing in flames. The other five bobbed up and down a moment, then turned and went home

THE JAP AS A KILLER

BY IRA WOLFERT

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

He grimaces and chatters with rage, but he runs from a bayonet. He's a Fancy Dan in front of his officers, but a frightened boy on his own. But crying or not, he'll still shoot to kill. This is a portrait of the Jap as seen by a noted field correspondent



The colonel, as the ranking officer present, had the prerogative of ascending to his reward first. The others followed in order. The warrant officer surrendered

OUR men in the Pacific are students of Jap style. The fliers call the Japs "Fancy Dans." The Japs come in with a lot of young, eager stuff, throwing twirls and twists and loops at our fliers. Its very dazzling, but it's not deadly, so our boys just sit tight.

When I've been in planes and seen them come in that way, I've had trouble keeping my hair on my head. They look good to an amateur, the way a fellow in the ring dancing and throwing his arms around a lot looks good against a man standing flat-footed. I guess the Japs look good to themselves, but our boys just sit flat in their planes and wait until the Jap is hung up in their sights like meat on a hook. Then they let him have it.

That's a high-class Jap they put in the planes. At the start of the war, most of them were officers. Now most of the officers are dead.

On Guadalcanal and New Georgia in the Solomons, where I watched ground fighting, the Japs made frontal assaults on our machine guns. It was very fancy stuff. An officer would come up out of the ground, wearing white gloves and carrying a sword. Sometimes his boots would be polished so brightly that they shone even in the murky jungle. He was dressed for a trip to heaven.

The officer would wave his sword and advance, running. The little brown men would go running after him, stooped over and scurrying, like brown bush rats. They'd all be screaming: "Blood for the Emperor!" "Banzai!" "Mawheeney (Marines), you die!" A Jap attack is like blubber bubbling toward you. The little bits of men bounce up and down in rage; they click their teeth in rage; they knock their grenades or knife handles against their helmets in rage. While they do that, our men are cutting them down.

Never yet where I have been, have the Japs closed with the bayonet. They have never come all the way over to our lines on a bayonet attack, and have never stood up to one of our bayonet attacks. When we hold our ground, the Jap bayonet attack breaks short. When we push within bayonet range of the Japs, they stop making faces and screaming and they run away. Those Japs talk up a good fight.

Our boys don't talk their fights. They save their wind. I was in an airplane dogfight some months ago. The Jap gave us plenty of trouble before he burned and fell. But there wasn't any screaming going on or making faces or "Get the bastard" kind of stuff. The only words I heard during the fight that were not orders came from the late Captain Robert D. Spitzer of Anderson, Indiana, whose mother brought him up not to talk rough. It was very hot in the plane. The smell of cordite made breathing difficult. "Spitz" pinched at his sweatshirt and blew a current of air from pursed lips up past his nose. "Oh me!" he said. "Oh my!"

When we were bombing Munda and Guadalcanal and Bougainville, we found that sometimes the antiaircraft fire was heavy and sometimes it was light. Sometimes those Jap boys really walked the stuff toward you in a big-league way, and sometimes they threw up only a handful of nails. Our men had theories about that: The Japs were short of ammunition; or they were hiding gun positions; or something.

But nobody really knew until we found out that, when their officers are around, the Japs are big leaguers, but when they are on their own, all the courage goes out of them.

Poetry of Trepidation

In captured mail sacks, we found that the Jap is frank about his fears. He is very poetic about his fears of the Flying Fortresses.

"How big they are!" one wrote.

"How terrible, how awful they are!" another wrote. "They are unimaginable."

And a third said: "The shadow of one of them covers the island and casts all our hearts down into a fear so stupefying that it is like death."

The New England boys with whom I went into New Georgia last July were up against a famous Jap regiment—the 229th. This is one of the Emperor's favorites. The Emperor has promised that the regiment will never die and, to make sure of it, he has created two 229th regiments and keeps one of them always at home as a palace guard. The 229th that was on New Georgia is now dead. They fought like tigers, but I heard them squeal, too.

The 229th had thought up something new in pillboxes. They dug a deep pit at the bottom and put a wide ledge around

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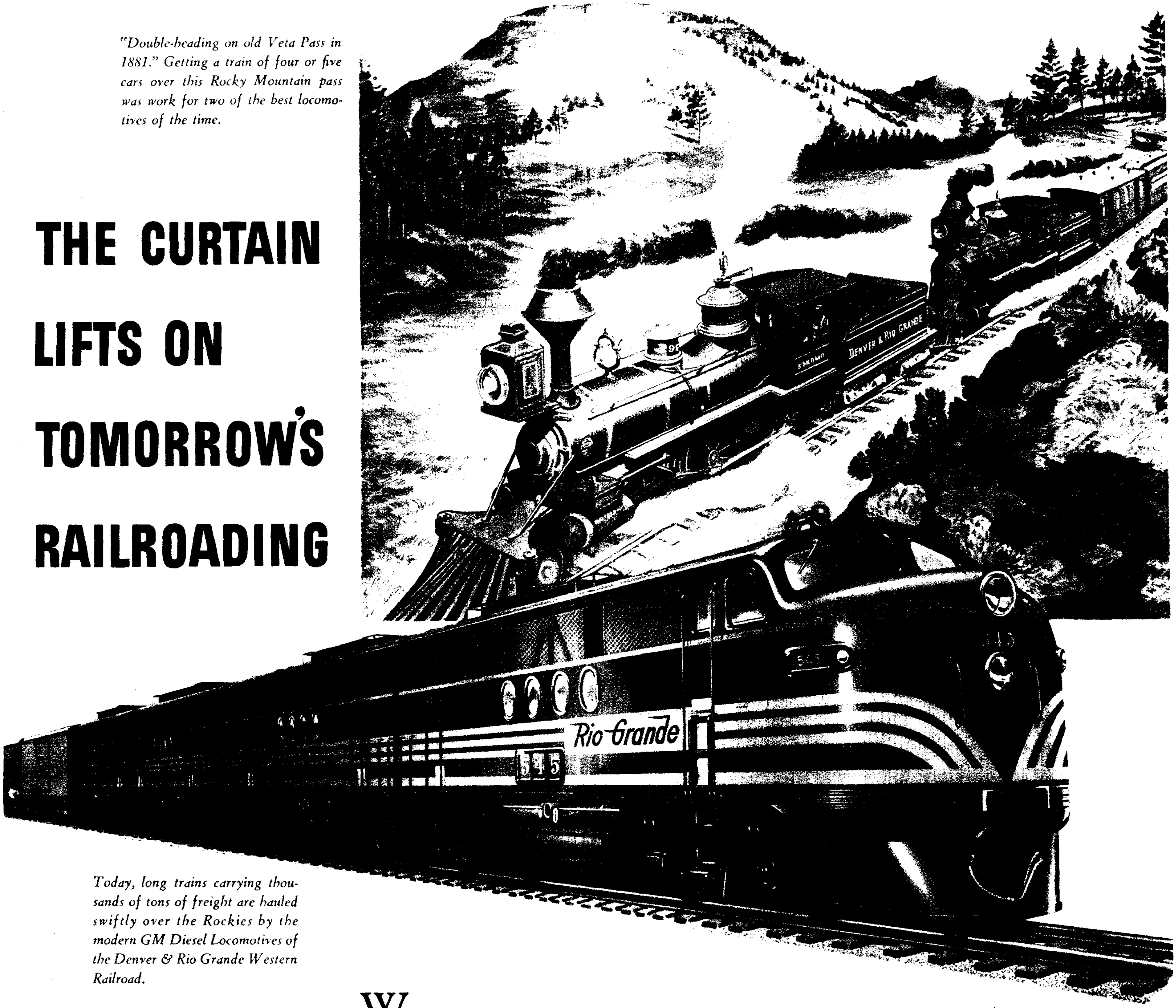
THE CURTAIN LIFTS ON TOMORROW'S RAILROADING



"Double-heading on old Veta Pass in 1881." Getting a train of four or five cars over this Rocky Mountain pass was work for two of the best locomotives of the time.

Today, long trains carrying thousands of tons of freight are hauled swiftly over the Rockies by the modern GM Diesel Locomotives of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.

WHEN you think of the Diesel locomotive, don't picture only the sleek, streamlined passenger trains which shorten distance and race the clock. Think too of the mainline Diesel freight locomotives which General Motors builds. These swift, dependable giants of power are contributing heavily to the astonishing war record of the railroads. They are raising the curtain on new standards of transportation keyed to the era which lies ahead.

KEEP
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LOCOMOTIVES... *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES.. *150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

ENGINES.... *15 to 250 H.P. . . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.*

War Wedding

Continued from page 13

one of the Tyson twins. Then later he had dated her up once or twice in New York when he was on the Prairie State, getting his basic training.

"What a car—what a chauffeur—what a girl!"

"You don't know how exciting this is. What were you trying to do just then? Give me the slip?"

"It wasn't that. But I've only got two weeks. Can't be wasting them."

"Did you telephone Kay?"

"No, I'm going to surprise her."

"She'll just about go crazy. It won't matter in the least about giving up that new job."

"I still don't get all this about a new job."

"That's what the party tonight is about. Mrs. Totten wanted Kay to have a kind of send-off. She'll tell you all about it."

The car dived through traffic. Brenda handled it as expertly as if she didn't look like something blown in glass. None of the lighted entrances which they passed mattered to either of them, nor did any of the windows cleverly displaying luxuries under dim-out gauze.

There was only one door in the whole city that interested Jeremy just now, and that was on 66th Street. Iron grillwork guarded it and it opened into a wide, peacock-blue hall that curved back to a shallow, exposed reception room, where an ancient tapestry representing Mars and Venus and an enigmatic modern statue in bronze struck the chord of Mrs. Totten's ironic mind and way of living.

SHE was standing in front of the tapestry now, letting her guests come to her when they pleased, and herself avoiding both the drinks being served in the drawing room and the food set out in the dining room. Mrs. Totten was still a beautiful woman, with a skin permanently tanned from overlapping seasons at various resorts, and dark eyes that never quite rested. Her hair was an effect, and its untrue red gold and stiff lacquering gave her an artificial look, but her outright manner and straight talk always broke down that impression.

"It's going to be the best thing in the world for Kay," she said to the young man beside her, "and I'm sure you had a hand in getting the job for her, Ward. Didn't you?"

"I know some of the editors. I didn't do anything to stop it," Ward Ingram said, with a grin, "but of course, she had to be good, or the idea wouldn't have gone over at all."

"It will take her mind off herself. And off what may have happened to Jerry Wing. Kay's putting up a front. She says she's sure he's all right, but I wonder if she believes it. I suppose I shouldn't have let her marry him in that mad, offhand way. But they were both so dead set on doing it. And they looked so beautiful, both of them! They were so much more romantic than the other bride and groom that day, even if Betsy is my own beloved daughter."

"There wasn't much anyone could do to stop them," answered Ingram, as if he snapped the subject shut with those words.

Anne Totten looked at him. She didn't bother to spare people's feelings, but she was not malicious. "I'm sorry, Ward. I didn't mean to rub it in. I'd forgotten for the moment that you took a beating. You always seem so accurately adjusted."

Ingram had a high, almost insolent forehead and cool gray eyes. His features were monotonous, and his skin suggested work at a desk, but he did not look weak. Mrs. Totten knew it was not his fault that he was not in uniform.

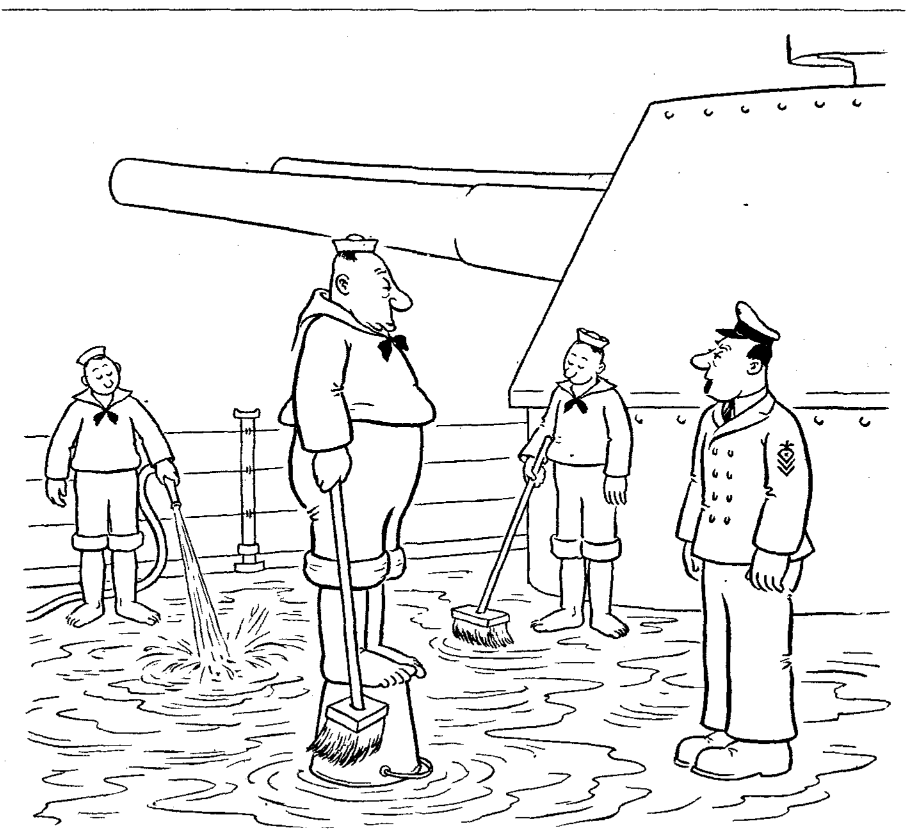
"I'm not so well adjusted. My timing is wrong," he remarked, and they both laughed.

"She's been very spirited during the whole experience," said Mrs. Totten. "It's improved her looks, too. She was always handsome enough, but now she's something breath-taking. Here she comes."

KAY WING was coming downstairs, her figure outlined against the rough blue plaster wall. She was a tall, American-looking girl, with sea-blue eyes and a big mobile mouth that gave lavishness to her beauty.

There was a little color in her cheeks, as if excitement made it flow there. But her throat was very slim and delicate against the straight top of her black dress and, in spite of the vitality in every line of her body, she seemed too thin. Why she was so beautiful in the piece of black wool cloth she wore was a mystery.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"So what if you did almost sneeze twice this morning, Alfred?"

COLLIER'S

"It's partly the way she moves," remarked Mrs. Totten, thinking about that, as Kay waved to her and Ingram, and then stopped to talk to an officer who came out of the drawing room.

"Who's the commander?" asked Ingram.

"That's her brother-in-law. His name is Dixon. He married Kay's stepsister, a pleasant, untidy young woman, always deep in her own human relations. Roxane Dixon never quite leaves her children at home even when she doesn't take them along."

"Yes, I know. I've met her."

"She couldn't be more unlike Kay, could she? But quite evidently Kay was the swan in her family. I only met her mother and father once when we were all at one of those horrible boarding-school graduations. They seemed rather like Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, anxious to get back to their hole in the wall, which is out some place in Wisconsin."

"Kay thinks you're wonderful."

"That's one reason I've always liked to have her around," said Mrs. Totten realistically. "She was a fierce-looking gypsy child when Betsy first brought her home for a vacation. But we've grown very fond of her in these last four or five years and she was good for Betsy, who was apt to be a little too patterned. Like the rest of the Tottens."

"What's the news from Betsy?" asked Ward Ingram idly. Watching Kay was his present occupation.

"Oh, she couldn't be happier. But I knew she would be. She and Grant are at Norfolk now. They simply worship each other!"

"Betsy's a grand girl," said Ward.

"It wasn't Betsy that filled your eye, though. Then or now. Yes, even the servants always adored Betsy. And good boys always took her out and brought her home when they should," said Mrs. Totten reflectively. "Betsy was definitely not as much trouble to me as I've been to her. But Kay—I probably shouldn't have let her marry that young grenadier on three days' acquaintance. At least not in my house. Then she wouldn't be eating her heart out now. Please don't look, Ward, quite so much as if you were biding your time."

"I wasn't," he protested.

"Yes, you were, and it's unscrupulous."

"Lots of things are unscrupulous. Even war weddings can be."

"You bear a grudge," she said, "but I know what you mean. There is a kind of emotional forcing. But still war weddings do have flavor. I should know, after two wars full of them."

VAGUELY Ward Ingram remembered having heard that Mrs. Totten had been married before, long ago.

"Anyway, I'm glad Kay is going to have something to think about besides what may have happened to that poor boy," said Anne Totten. She called across the hall, "Kay, come here and tell us all about your new assignment and what you're going to do. Will it make you famous?"

Kay's voice was like the color in her cheeks. It was natural and varied as if it flowed under the surface.

"It won't make me famous, but they really are going to let me sign the piece. I've been doing bits of research for Comment for nearly two years, and this is the first time I'll break into print on my own, so I'm very excited about it. If it's good enough, they'll feature it. I'm being given every kind of a break. I can have all the introductions I want, and a photographer is going right along with me, and I can do it in my own way."

"Is it human interest stuff about women?"

"Yes, but it's going to be real—not sob-story. They want angles that haven't been covered about what life in wartime is like for women with their men away."

"I should think you could write that one with your eyes shut."

"No, New York's not typical. There's too much going on. What they want is a picture of changes in small cities and big towns, changes that may be permanent or leave traces. They want the kind of piece that the boys away from home would like to read. It will be fun to do. The only thing is that I hate to leave New York in case there's some sudden word from Jerry—"

"It would soon catch up with you."

"Yes, and he might just as likely turn up on the Pacific Coast as here. I was just asking Chip what he thought. He says for me to go."

"Of course you should," said Mrs. Totten.

"I know you had a hand in this break, Ward," said Kay. "I'll bet you talked to Bert Flannery about me." As Kay turned that smile on Ingram, Mrs. Totten was sorry for the young man, though she figured Ward Ingram as one who could look out for himself.

"More company," she said, as a maid went to open the front door again. "This seems to be working up to quite a party for you, Kay. Who's here now? Oh, it's Brenda Brown. And an officer—why—why, Kay, look—"

JEREMY saw Kay first. He stared around, frowning in the bright light, and then his eyes caught sight of the group in the reception room, Mrs. Totten, Ingram and Kay.

Kay turned as Mrs. Totten caught her arm and exclaimed, and the color vanished from her cheeks, completely drawn out by shock. Then she was in Jeremy's arms, without knowing how she had got across the hall, and her head was thrown back for his long kiss, and she was laughing, almost with triumph.

"Oh, I knew you were all right! You had to be!"

"Glad to see me?"

"Oh—glad! I just can't tell you how awful it's been!"

"It doesn't look so awful around here," he said, holding her off to look her over. "You haven't faded away completely. What's all the celebration for? Why don't you ever stay home to meet your husband?"

"Darling, why didn't you let me know?"

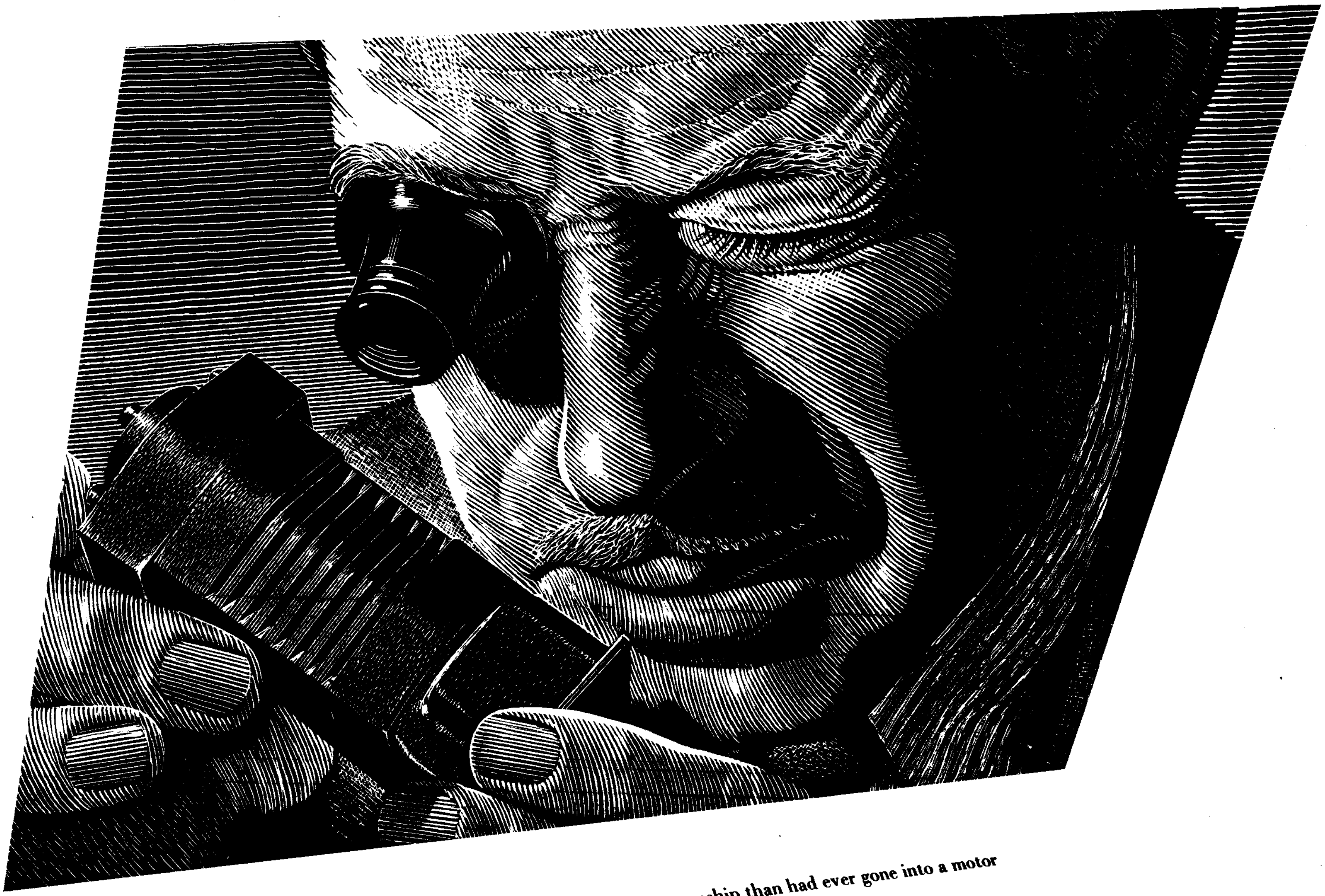
"I've been in a hospital, and—"

"Hospital?" She touched him with sudden fright. "Are you hurt any place?"

"I just got a few nicks. Nothing to speak of. Don't worry, I'm still all in one piece. But a lot of other fellows weren't, and they shipped us all back together. Tell you all about it later when this crowd isn't around. How are you, Mrs. Totten? It's great to see you, too. Thanks. Hi, Ingram."

The other guests were coming into the hall from both directions. Even the maids were happily excited, smiling and staring over their trays, trying to see what was

Who can use this after the war?



So far this is definitely a war baby. It was born to meet an exacting wartime need. Every one that is made goes right into the fight.

It is an electric motor designed for jobs which no regular electric motor could fill.

The jobs are on America's fighting planes. Working control flaps—opening and closing cooling shutters—lifting landing gears—and the like.

Every ounce on an airplane is precious. So usual electric motors were out.

This one weighs as little as 8/10ths of a pound—others can move as much as 35 tons.

Naturally it took a whole new kind of engineering to make this motor.

It took new ideas from the drawing board up. It took new materials—like glass-insulated wire—to build it. It required finer, more precise craftsmanship than had ever gone into a motor before.

After the war, these motors can be sold to manufacturers of peacetime products.

That is why we are telling you about them now.

You may have need for such a compact, ultra-efficient source of power. You may be able to use the kind of engineering thinking that developed it—or the production technique that builds it and about 250 other Lear products.

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NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

On Atlanta's Peachtree Street

it's Brochette of Oysters at the Biltmore

RECIPE

for brochette of oysters as prepared by the Atlanta Biltmore

Roll oysters and thin pieces of sweetbread in finely chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper, powdered thyme. Slice parboiled bacon very thin, roll a slice around each oyster and piece of sweetbread.

Put four to six rolls on skewer, dip in beaten egg, roll in fresh bread crumbs, fry in deep hot fat (about 375°) until golden brown. Serve on toast, garnished with quartered lemon, lettuce, sliced tomato and dill pickle. Allow one or two skewers per serving.

Trench lines of the historic War Between the States still crisscross the hills near Atlanta. And today the Biltmore sets the pace for Atlanta's rare combination of modern living and the charm of the old South.

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going on. Anne Totten was amazed to find that there were tears blurring her eyes and she mocked them away with her thoughts.

It's the grand old chromo, she said to herself. The same old melodrama of war. The soldier husband returns, and we all go to pieces. That's because love always seems so much better with plenty of danger around it. It's this damned second war that's getting me down. It's full of repetition. I suppose I thought this boy wouldn't get back. Stuart didn't.

She rarely thought of Stuart, but now she remembered sharply. It couldn't hurt her any more, but she was aware that, at the time, she had suffered, and that no sophistication could do anything to ease the pain. Stuart had been more to her than other men, short as her marriage to him was, unsettled as it was, compared with the years she had lived with this clever, quiet man who was now going over to speak to Kay. Mr. Totten also was fond of Kay. He liked to have her visit them.

A NOT very tidy young woman with badly managed blond hair had come running from the dining room when she heard the news. She held her napkin in one hand and caught the arm of Commander Dixon with the other.

"Oh, Chip, how wonderful for them! I know just how she feels! Just look at the two of them!"

Everyone was looking, breaking in with greetings and welcomes and congratulations and admiring. They were a couple to admire, the rather gaunt young man who looked as if every muscle was hard and in the best working order, and his radiant wife.

Jeremy was always very handsome when he was happy. His face could take on sternness or droop into lines of brooding, as it had when he walked down the hospital corridor after seeing Buckner today, but now with that smile which offered all of his extraordinary charm to anyone within sight of it, he was a different man.

He's got distinction, thought Brenda Brown. He's got everything. He's much too good for Kay. The last thought came with renewed bitterness, for, in Brenda's sight, nothing had been fair about Jeremy's marriage. Kay Moore had practically kidnaped him, and Brenda had said so more than once in well-chosen company. It never would have happened unless Kay had happened to be Betsy Totten's bridesmaid, and Jeremy Wing had managed to get leave and to act as Grant McClure's best man.

Of course, Brenda herself had been managing Betsy's wedding. It was her job to do that sort of thing for a very select group of customers, many of whom came to Frick's for the wedding-bureau service only because they knew Brenda and her background. If money had stayed where it was twenty years ago, she wouldn't have been working for her living at all. Brenda was twenty-five and she would be at least twenty-six before this war was over and nobody had to tell her that there would be a husband shortage. She knew it. She saw plenty of men, but the young ones were too fluid, and the older ones too set. That was why it was so exciting to have Jeremy Wing turn up at Betsy's wedding. And then Kay Moore, who would have been nobody at *all* except for the fact that the Tottens made a pet out of her, had married him out of hand.

Jeremy had everything Brenda wanted in a husband. Everything except money, but his grandfather must have some left, and one day Jeremy would probably get that, too. The Wings were a good family. They belonged to everything, or had at one time, and they could go anywhere. Brenda hadn't minded the fact that Jeremy didn't have money or a sure profession yet. He was the sort of man who could get somewhere with the right kind of wife. That was what he needed. And Kay Moore had walked off with him, married him without giving him time to think it over or to tell his family what he was going to do.

Of course, thought Brenda, lifting her cocktail glass and looking just a little deliberately bored with the current emotion in the house, if Kay hadn't got him when he was in that mood, she knew she probably never would get him at all. People thought Jeremy had been the eager, insistent one. If he was, it was because his best friend was getting married, because Kay stirred him up, let him go just far enough.

"I called up your apartment," Brenda said, "to see if you wanted to ride over with me, Kay, and there was Jerry. Utterly forlorn."

"That's right," Jeremy added. "Brenda told me where you were, or I might have been floundering around for hours."

"*Wasn't that wonderful luck?*" exclaimed Kay.

"Everything's happening to you all at once, Kay. What are you going to do about the big new job?"

"Oh," said Kay, in a startled, reminded way, "that's right. Jerry, do you realize that if you'd arrived just twenty-four hours later, I'd have been gone?"

"Where to?"

"Out to the Middle West. On an assignment for Comment."

"You'd have had to come right back," said Jerry, "and that's no fooling."

Kay said, "I'll have to let them know. Tonight—right away. Tell me, Jerry, how long are you here for? How long can you stay?"

"That's a fine question! I'm just back and already you want to know when you're going to be rid of me. How long do you want me?"

He was only teasing her, and she laughed back at him. "It's just that you are a very disarranging husband. I'll have to call up the editors and tell them that my man's come home and that I can't leave town. They probably won't be very sympathetic. Flannery doesn't like his own wife."

"What are you up to, anyway?"

"I'll tell you later. All about it." Her eyes met his with understanding and agreement.

BRENDA said, "I think Enoch Arden should have a drink."

"Who was this Arden? That's the second crack this girl has made about him."

"You know. You must have read about him in grade school. Tennyson. He just came home from the sea like you."

"Wasn't he the bird who just looked through the window or something?"

"Don't carry it too far. I'm just failing to be funny," protested Brenda. "This is a very superior Martini, Jerry. And here's to you!"

Other people joined in that toast.

Roxane Dixon had Kay beside her for a moment. She said earnestly, "I know just how you feel. I know what it's been like, not knowing where he was. Every time Chip has been out of touch with me in the last ten years, I've gone through the same thing—even before the war. It's always that way when a man is at sea. I'm so glad for you."

"Thanks, Roxie," said Kay. She knew that her stepsister meant what she said. But Roxane couldn't have had the slightest idea of what it had been like, thought Kay. Of course, she and Chip are fond of each other and they have those two cute kids, but it's quite different with them. And they are so much older than we are.

She saw that Brenda was getting a drink for Jerry. He was safe and having fun again. Kay felt slightly faint. You couldn't believe anything like this quickly. She had geared herself up to going through this party tonight with spirit, but she had known that ahead of her was the hour when she would have to go back to the apartment and pack a suitcase, and that then the fears and disappointments and loneliness would swarm around her again.

She had warned herself to try to keep her mind on the job ahead as much as she could, and now everything was changed in a moment. Jeremy was here and going home with her, and he would see the apartment and all the things she had thought he might never see. They were going to have a chance to live.

There's hardly a thing in the place to eat, she remembered. There's coffee and butter enough for morning, and an unopened jar of marmalade. Maybe we could stop somewhere and pick up some eggs and bacon. He eats lots for breakfast. We'll have the table set just as I planned, tomorrow—for the first time—instead of that desolate going away I expected.

She thought, I must let them know at Comment right away about that job. Who can they get to do it on such short notice? The photographer has made all his plans for leaving tomorrow, too. He'll have to be notified. The spot for the article is in the November 15th issue and they'll have to get someone started on it immediately. It's wartime, and these upsets happen all the time. They'll understand.

KAY saw Ward Ingram inside the drawing-room door. He was talking to Chip Dixon. Ward would be able to give her some advice on how to handle this.

"You don't mind if I interrupt, do you, Chip? I want to ask Ward something. No, don't go away. It's no secret. Look, Ward, I suppose I ought to call up Flannery right away, hadn't I, and tell him I can't make that trip?"

"You aren't going?"

"Why, of course not, now that Jeremy's here. How could I?"

"I didn't know. Probably the arrangements are pretty well set."

"That's the trouble. But surely they can send someone else. There are other people in the office who'd be glad of the chance."

"Too bad, in one way. It was sort of a test flight for you, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "And I was going to try to do a swell piece of work, too. But it doesn't matter. I'll have other breaks."

"Flannery is a temperamental guy."

Kay groaned. "Don't tell me. I know. But he certainly won't think I'm letting him down under the circumstances. He'll see how it is."

"He's not so very romantic," said Ingram. "Copy comes first with him. You haven't had a chance to talk it over with your husband yet, I suppose?"

"Jeremy? There's nothing to talk about. Of course, I can't go."

"How long is Jeremy's leave?" asked Chip Dixon, who had been listening.

"He hasn't told me. I haven't heard anything yet, except that the ship went down, and we knew that. Some of the others were badly hurt, he says. They were sent back to the hospital."

"He seems to have come through in good shape."

"He's too thin," said Kay.

"When he finishes what he's piling on that plate, he'll be a couple of pounds to the good," said Commander Dixon. "And they may give him an easy assignment for a while."

"They should."

"Better get the whole story before you talk to Flannery," said Ingram. "I mean he's a great fellow for having the facts."

"Yes, but if he wants to get someone to use those same reservations that are made for me, he'd have to know right off."

"That's right," said Ingram unhelpfully.

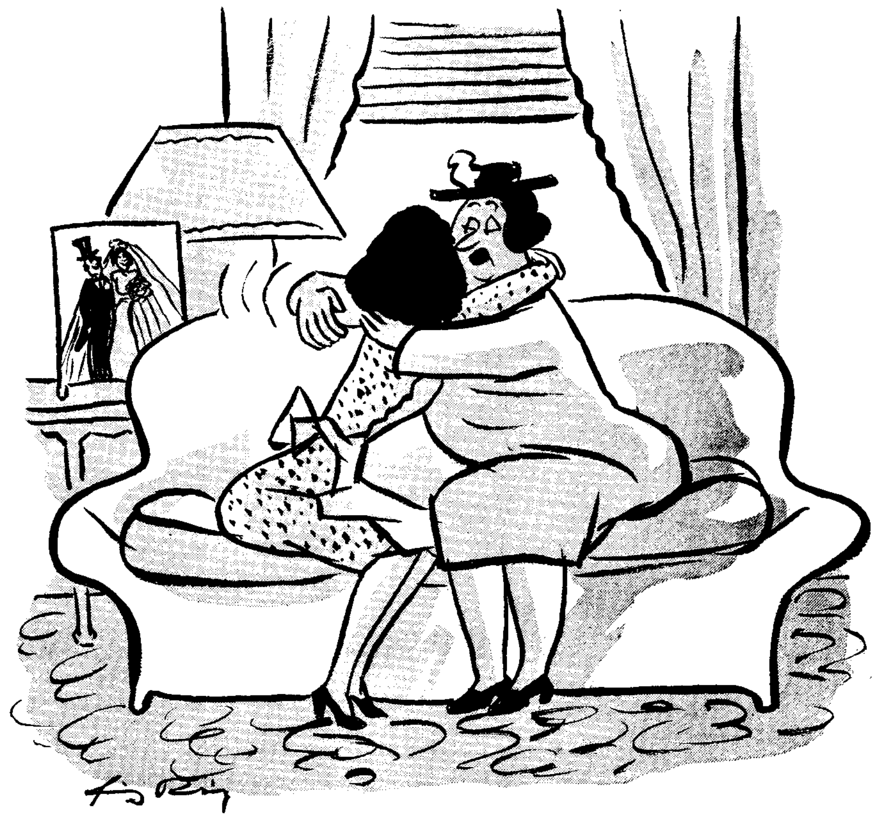
"I wonder if Flannery would be at the office tonight. He sometimes goes back to work when he's worried about the issue that's going to press, or he has to jam some news into it. It would be so much better if I could talk to him face to face," Kay thought aloud. She saw Jeremy looking for her now, coming over to them.

"You got me quite a homecoming dinner, Mrs. Wing," he said, glass in one hand and plate in the other. "Isn't anyone eating but me?"

"We all will be, in a minute. I was just trying to work this out about the situation on Comment."

"The hell with them!" said Jeremy cheerfully. "They're just trying to make money out of this war, anyway."

Nobody took that up. None of them denied it, but he knew it wasn't because they agreed with him. His nerves suddenly leaped with irritation, as sometimes happened lately. What did Ingram stand there



"You'll always feel better after a good cry, daughter. It sort of gets things out of your system and also gets things out of your husband"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

Caring for BABY Keeps her BUSY!

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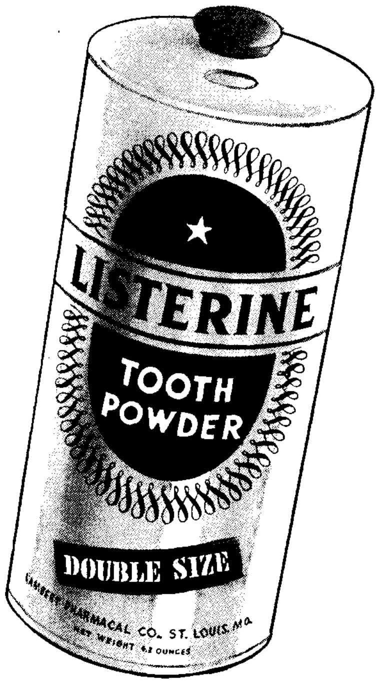

Contains special high-speed activating ingredients

WITH so much to do these days, are you robbing yourself of time once spent on the simple little details of living . . . even some of the really important little details, like brushing your teeth?

Be honest! Don't you ever catch yourself skimping on that morning brushing? Even skipping it entirely occasionally? If you do . . . and you know, yourself, you shouldn't! . . . at least make sure to use a dentifrice that does a *real* job every precious second that you are brushing.

Listerine Tooth Powder contains high-speed activating ingredients. It surges instantly into "whirlpool" action that makes every second count. Sluices away loose surface debris . . . gently polishes until enamel is really *clean!* So thorough! . . . so refreshing! Get a can and feel the difference . . . today!

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like that for, tolerating him, looking at him as if he thought Kay had made a mistake? Sure, Ingram had wanted to marry Kay. He hadn't got her. What was he still hanging around for? Jeremy put the plate down on a table close by, but held on to his drink.

"How's the law business, Ingram?"

"I haven't paid much attention to it lately," answered Ingram.

"Ward may be sent abroad to one of the occupied countries—for the government," said Kay.

"I didn't know that. Good for you!" said Chip Dixon. "That should be interesting work."

"Nice white-collar job," said Jeremy.

"You don't mean that, Jerry."

He hadn't been in the house ten minutes, and she was calling him down, thought Jeremy, in a grab at self-justification. They all wanted to be so well behaved, and to have him act so polite, as if that was the way wars were fought, as if there weren't a war going on, blowing the insides out of a good man like Buckner, who might be dead by now.

Maybe that was why they had moved him to a special room this afternoon, so nobody could see him die. Maybe it was the best thing, too. And now Jeremy was supposed to butter up this fellow Ingram because he was going to get a soft job, probably with a lot of gold braid and a big salary attached to it.

Jeremy knew that Kay's arm was slipped through his own. He could feel her body all along his side. Like a hurt boy, he wanted her to be proud of him. Maybe she would be, if she knew a few things. The wet, plunging blackness came back into his mind, the crazy lights and flares, the roars and cracks—it wasn't within sight or earshot, but it was still near.

"What don't I mean?" he asked. "I haven't got anything against white-collar jobs. Somebody has to do them."

"You do if you can't do anything else," remarked Ward Ingram, under full control; "you're dead right, Wing."

"But the thing that's going to settle this war," declared Jeremy, "is enough dead Germans and Japs."

"Darling, don't think of it now," Kay put in. "Don't talk about it. You're on leave."

"That's the idea," said Commander Dixon, "you do what this girl tells you."

"Yes, sir," said Jeremy respectfully, for Dixon was a superior officer, even if he was Kay's brother-in-law. "But as soon as I can, I want to get back there and take another crack at them."

"Have you been assigned to another ship?"

"I haven't had any orders yet. They ought to be here any day."

"Mrs. Totten wants us to go over there, Jeremy. To her table."

ANNE TOTTEN was that kind of a hostess. She knew that the party was overcharged, and that Jeremy hadn't meant to come back to his wife in the middle of a crowd. She must send them off together as soon as possible, and then the others would drift away early. Why, speculated Mrs. Totten, didn't Ingram console himself with Brenda Brown? Brenda was clever and a beautiful showpiece. She'd get even better as she grew older. He was an ambitious young man and that touch of heart trouble which had kept him out of the armed services wouldn't keep him out of the running in civil life. But you rarely could match people up like that. There was some subtle difference in design and pattern that you couldn't even see, which kept men and women from falling in love with comfort and success. Except for Betsy. She'd done it.

Mrs. Totten said to Jeremy, "Do you realize that the last time you were in my house, you were married?"

"I know. Almost four months ago. How are Grant and Betsy?"

"Singing each other's praises. I get lyric letters. Betsy's going to have a baby."

"Good for her!" said Jeremy. He didn't look at Kay, though he wanted to. No, of course Kay wasn't going to have one. That was obvious. He hadn't thought of it for the last hour or so, but sometimes he had wondered, when he was away from Kay, if possibly she was going to have a baby and hadn't told him about it—so he wouldn't worry and so it would be a surprise.

"Grant's still at Norfolk?"

"Yes. I don't know how long he'll be there. Betsy seems to think it's indefinite, but I've an idea that Grant isn't so sure about it."

"They're a great pair," said Jeremy heartily. "Didn't we have a lot of fun at those weddings of ours?"

"You were a very importunate young man," said Mrs. Totten.

"All of that," agreed Jeremy. "What does it mean, ma'am?"

"It means that you stampeded this girl into marrying you."

"There was a fellow in the hospital today bragging about his unusual wedding," Jeremy said. "Seems he was married in a radio station. I nearly told him that he didn't have anything on me, that I used the minister who'd been hired for somebody else."

"Did you ever pay him for us, Jerry?" Kay said. "I never thought to ask."

"Certainly I did. I gave him the wholesale price. He made a good thing out of it that day. It didn't take any more out of him than if he'd just married Grant and Betsy."

"It sounds amusing now," said Anne Totten, "but that day I wasn't so sure. I didn't know whether to stop you or not."

Jeremy glanced at his wife. "I guess nobody could have stopped us just then. Is that right, Kay?"

"That's right," she said.

She looked at her husband almost shyly. It was as strange as before, to belong to someone like this, to have him come into your life and change every plan in a minute.

"When you two want to run along, don't stand on ceremony," said Anne Totten.

"I'll have to," said Kay, "because I thought I might stop in at the Comment offices and just explain to them."

"You can call them up," Jeremy told her.

"No, really I owe it to Flannery to talk to him."

"That was what this party was about," said Mrs. Totten, "until it turned into a homecoming for you. This was to be a send-off."

She rather wished she hadn't said that. Jeremy tightened up again.

"It seems to be quite a thing you had in mind. Maybe I shouldn't stop you from going, Kay," he said, as if he didn't mean it.

THEY tried to get away without attracting any attention, a few minutes later. But Brenda Brown saw them. Brenda was always careful about drinking. She had to be, in her position. Tonight she seemed less restrained than usual, and it was very becoming. She was both gay and beautiful as she said good night.

"What did you do about the big assignment, Kay?"

"Nothing yet. I'm going to the office to tell them now."

"Well, if you feel you must have your career, let me have Jeremy while you're gone."

"I'll let you have Jeremy, if she goes," he said.

There was a quick little challenge between him and Brenda, just enough to show a man's appreciation of the fact that she liked him better than average.

Kay didn't seem to notice it. "Don't either of you get your hopes up," she said.

They walked half a block, suddenly silent, almost shy.

"We could get a bus on the corner."

"No, I want a taxi," he said, "no busses for you tonight."

She didn't argue about it. She let him flag one and, as she knew he would, he drew her into his arms inside the cab, and now he was really back with her again. They didn't want to talk just yet. Reality was enough without explanation. Kay was sorry to have to pull herself away as the taxi reached the center of the city, but it was necessary.

"Tell him to turn at the corner of 47th, Jerry. I'll just stop for a few minutes at the office."

"You don't have to do that," he protested again. "Call them up."

"I must. They've been awfully good to me about this thing. It's really a big assignment, you know."

"Burning you up to let it go, isn't it?"

"Nothing's burning me up. Except you."

"What was there in it for you?"

"It was to be a signed article. All the research I've done for Comment so far has been printed—if it ever gets into print—without any by-line. This is the first time they've given me a break. But they usually run one feature, sometimes by a member of the staff and sometimes not. They were going to pay me pretty well, too."

"How much?"

"Three hundred and expenses. For three weeks' work."

"It's better than I can do for you in the Navy. Maybe you ought to go."

"Don't be silly. Who cares about the money?"

"I don't like to take the bread out of your mouth."

"We must stop at a delicatessen, too," said Kay, "and get some food for breakfast. Here's the Comment office. Do you want to come in with me?"

"Not unless you want me."

"Well—maybe it's better not. I can break away more quickly."

HE HELPED her out of the cab and watched the wind blow her skirt around her lovely legs, as she hurried up to the entrance. Three hundred dollars was a lot of money. She must be good. Jeremy didn't take pieces in magazines too seriously, but he measured the price of that one up against his lieutenant's pay again. He got back in the cab, talked to the driver about what the traffic in New York was like, and then let the driver talk about the war.

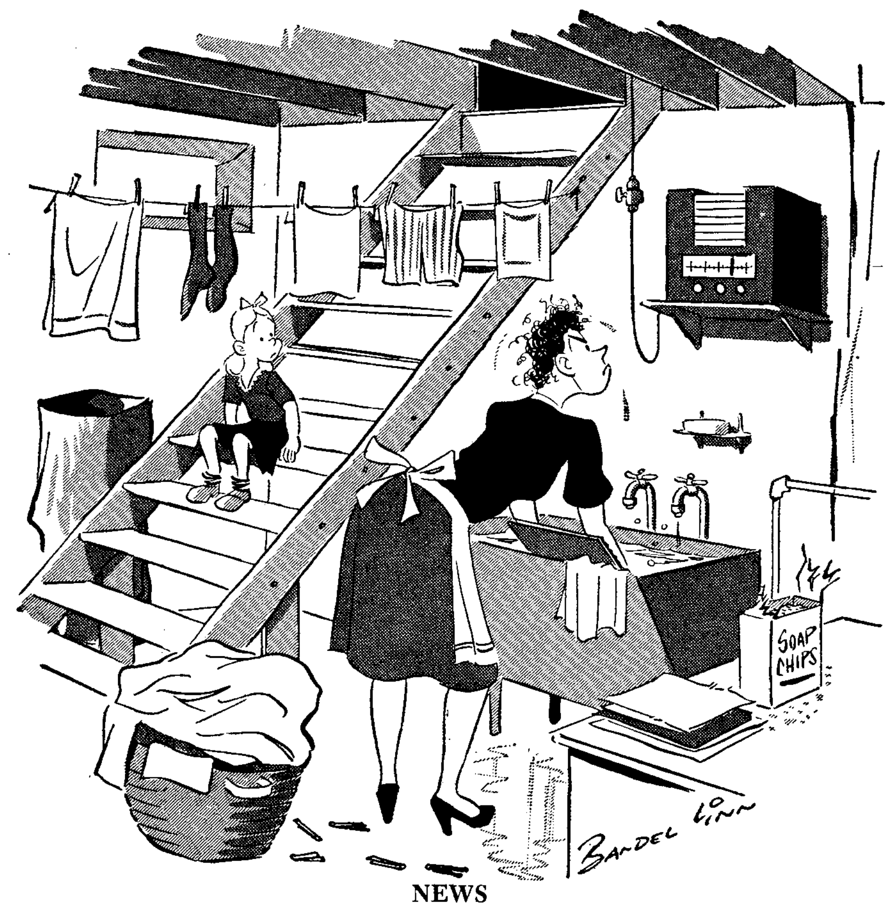
She was staying quite a while. He looked at his watch. She must have been in there fifteen minutes now. Jeremy felt out of it. He smoked another cigarette and watched the doorway. The whole evening was gone, he thought. Maybe she forgot he was waiting. He wondered if she were explaining that it wasn't her fault her husband had come back.

They'd be pretty hard-boiled about it. Fellows came home on leave all the time. He meditated for a minute on the notion of going in after her. Maybe she expected him to do that.

He stayed where he was, and finally she came, as fast as she had gone in. He jumped out of the cab, and as the entrance lights fell on her face, he saw that her color was high.

"Any trouble?"

"Oh, you can't really blame Flannery, I



NEWS

"... and one Washington expert announced yesterday there was an acute situation arising in the laundry business. He reported that many sections of the country were virtually without laundry service at all, and housewives were finding it necessary to do their own washing and ironing. 'It will not harm the average woman to indulge in a little work,' is the way one spokesman expressed it. However, a representative of the Associated Women's Clubs charged the Administration with deliberately fostering the condition in order to, quote: 'Wreck the country,' unquote. This is hardly a fair appraisal of the situation. Gruesome Snagg, vice-president of the Laundry Owners League, sounded an optimistic note today when he told reporters he expected the condition to be greatly improved by 1946 . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

The Ground Crew takes a breather at Cochran Field, Ga.

When you think of the job they're doing—and all it means to us—anything we can do seems so little . . .

But if you could watch their faces when they get "snapshots from home"—if you could see how they carry those prints with them through thick and thin, and look at them over and over again, long after they're battered and worn—you'd realize that sending snapshots is very important.

Film is hard to get now, the Army and Navy need so much. Dealers are rationed. So make the most of every roll you can get. Snap the faces and scenes he longs to see. Make your letter "a snapshot visit from home" . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER TORPEDO SQUADRON 8? . . . how, knowing exactly what the odds against them were, this heroic band of 30 Navy fliers drove unswervingly into the massed fire of the Japanese fleet off Midway? And only one man survived? A stern example to us at home.

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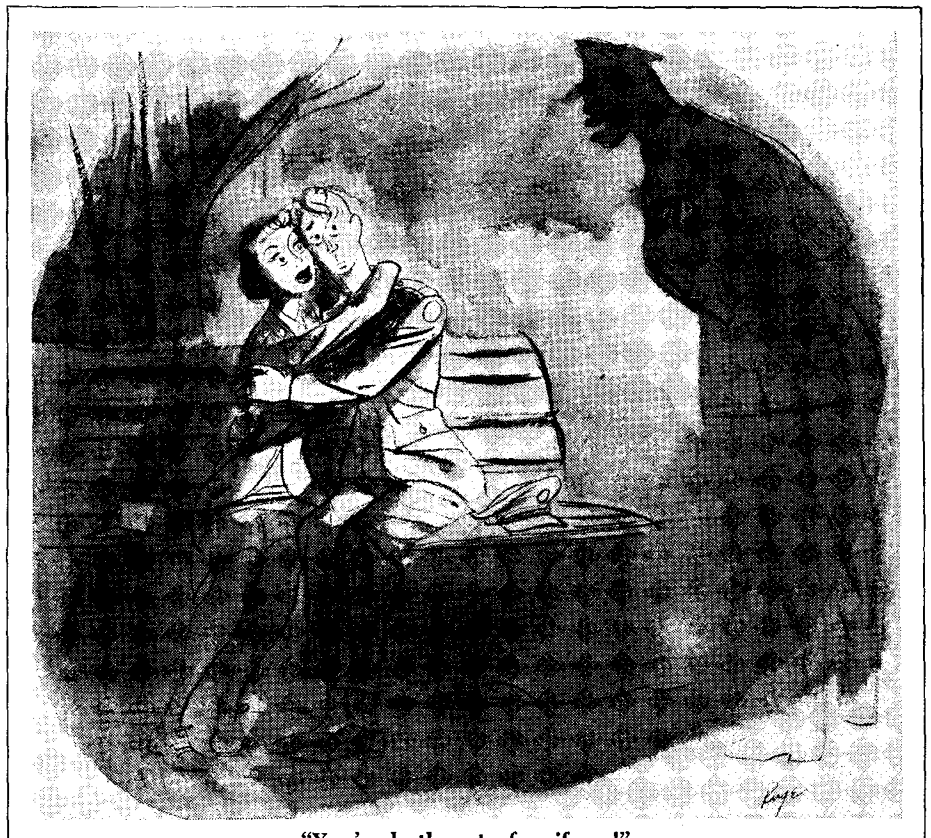


COLLIER'S "You're both out of uniform!" JOHN RUGE

suppose. But he really wasn't too reasonable. He'd got this all set, and he's stubborn and likes to have things his way. He'll manage to get someone else to do it. I could see him figuring on that before I left the office, sour as he was."

"Where does it leave you?"

"Me?"

"With him, I mean."

"Don't bother," she said. "Who cares?"

"I do. Tell me what he said. I know this means something to you."

She leaned forward and told the driver to stop at a delicatessen on Tenth Street. Then she reached for Jeremy's hand and held it tightly.

"TELL me what Flannery said, and if I don't like it, I'll go back and beat him up."

"Oh, no. He was all right. He just didn't see it our way. He wanted to know why you couldn't meet me in Chicago. You see, Jeremy, he's thinking of the feature, not of us and our happiness."

"How did you leave it?"

"I told him I was going to stay in New York and that I'd like very much to have the next week at least off. I'm not worried about losing my job, Jerry. There's a shortage of labor on Comment just as there is everywhere. The only thing is that he won't give me the same chance again. But if he wants to think I'm a quitter, he can."

"Did he say that?"

"No—it was just his attitude. He was pretty nice about you and all that."

"Did you tell him I wouldn't let you go?"

"I told him I didn't want to go," she accented, "that I wouldn't dream of going under the circumstances, no matter what you said."

"Where do I come into it?"

"Oh, he wanted me to talk it over with you and let him know definitely in the morning. What he'll do is to turn it over to a woman called Jane Thatcher in Chicago. It will work out all right. I'm not concerned about it, and I certainly don't intend to spend this first night you're home, fussing about that job."

"I'll only have two weeks."

"Let's not waste a minute of them."

"If I were home for good, I might let you go and get all the fame and the money. I hate to spoil it for you."

"Darling, you don't think that really!"

"No, I guess not."

"Let's both get out and get the butter," she said. "I don't want to leave you for a minute. And remind me of bacon—and honey if they've got some. Remember how you waded through that honey we had one morning?"

"I remember the morning, too."

They were laden with packages when they went back to the apartment.

"I like having that there," Jeremy said, pointing to his name on the top of the mailbox. "It makes me feel as if I belong somewhere."

"You do—right here. Have you got your key? Will you open our door?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wing."

"Just a minute. I think there's some mail pushed down in the box. Wait until I get it unlocked. You'll want a key to the mailbox too. Just ads, I guess. No—here's one for you."

"For me? Let me see. Oh"—he stood looking at it for a second and said—"that will be my new orders, I guess. I'll open it when we get upstairs."

She had meant to make a ceremony out of going in together. So had Jeremy. But the letter he held in his hand crowded that intention out of his mind.

He dropped the packages he held on the nearest table.

"Well, now we'll know," he said.

She stood waiting as he opened it, not carelessly but with a certain respect, slitting the edge of the long envelope and drawing out the papers. He looked very tall in the room, and young and tired, and she saw a seriousness in his face that made her heart hurt.

"This is all right," said Jeremy. "Yes, what day is today? Fifteenth, isn't it? Just two weeks. I don't quite get this. I report in Philadelphia. Captain Herbert Lepp. I don't know who he is. For assignment service United States Navy. That could mean anything of course. It doesn't say anything about the kind of ship. That may mean that this captain is getting a crew together for a new or recommissioned ship. I wish I knew what it did mean."

"But only two weeks," she said.

"Only two weeks. You want to leave me?"

She put her hands on his shoulders, and he could feel her tremble.

"It's been so empty, Jerry. Everything's been ready for you, and you weren't here. And I'd plan and dream things and almost talk to you. Then it was on the air about your ship—before they censored the news. The name of the ship never got into the papers, and there wasn't any word about you at all."

"Damn the fellow who didn't send that telegram! You poor kid!" he murmured.

"I'm not the one that's had a hard time. Was it awful, Jerry?"

"It was tough for a little while. I got off with a few scratches. Cut my head on something."

"Let me see—oh, Jerry, I don't know how I can bear to think of your going back into it."

"I wish I knew," he said, "what those orders mean. I wonder who could tell me."

"Chip might be able to. He knows a lot of naval people because he's been in the regular Navy so long. Don't you like him?"

"I like him a lot. He's on a destroyer, isn't he?"

She nodded. "They're doing some things to it in the Navy Yard. Then he'll be off again."

"I'd like to go with him. I'd like to ship with that man. He looks like real stuff. But it doesn't happen that way. I wonder if he could be reached now."

"Probably you could get him. He and Roxane and the kids are staying in a family hotel uptown for a few days. They won't still be at the Tottens' house. Roxie was worried about leaving the children for that long. Why don't you call him up now and get it off your mind?"

"I guess I'll do that."

"It's the Prescott Hotel. Small, dull and wholesome."

She put away the food they had bought while he was finding and dialing the number of the hotel. Groceries for two were really interesting, not just subsistence. She remembered that she must make a change in the milk card. It was in the service door at the rear, and she had canceled deliveries until further notice. She took it inside to mark it differently, and the thoughts in her mind brought her back to Flannery and the office of Comment again. She hadn't told Jeremy all of that conversation.

FLANNERY had been pretty ugly about the whole thing. He had said she was letting him down and also falling down on a war assignment. And he'd wanted her to tell Jeremy that it was important to her future and all that kind of thing. It was impossible to tell Jeremy that, to begin talking about her own personal future when he had come back out of danger and disaster.

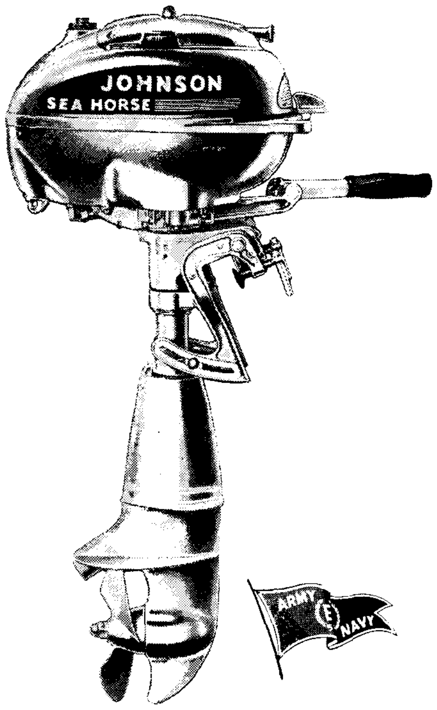
"Let me put it up to him. I'll call him up," Flannery had said.

That wouldn't have done at all. Jeremy would probably have said that she could do as she pleased, that he wasn't stopping her. They might have been able to work something out by traveling West together, she and Jeremy. But what fun would he have out of that? He was on leave, and there were only two weeks. If someone had to be dissatisfied, let it be Flannery. It mustn't be Jeremy—or me, she thought. I'm not going to let these two weeks go. What if we shouldn't have any more time like this little stretch ahead for a year? For more than that? I'd never forgive myself.

"I couldn't quite figure it out," Jeremy was saying into the telephone to Commander Dixon. "No, that's it. There isn't any ship named in the orders. I'm just told to report to this Captain Herbert Lepp." He spelled the name. "Well, I'd certainly be grateful if you could get a line on it for me. That's what I thought, that he might be getting a staff together. For a new ship. Or maybe foreign duty."

Kay stood listening. Jeremy sounded so eager. There was that about it. He loved ships. He had wanted to be in the Navy.

There is No Substitute for Experience



Of all the valuable components of Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors (now being made for war and essential needs) the most priceless is experience—*long* experience—in outboard development, metals, manufacture, service. This is an *extra* element that goes into every Sea-Horse motor built.

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FOR DEPENDABILITY

DO YOUR DUTY – BUY WAR BONDS

"Thank you, sir. I'm pretty green about this kind of thing. But I know you've had experience. I'd be very grateful if you could. But don't let it be a nuisance. I'll find out in due time. Not much doubt of that. They've got me pegged for something. Good night. Tell Roxane it was good to see her. I hope we can all get together while I'm here. I want to see those kids."

He was smiling when he put down the telephone.

"Now I guess we can relax," he said. "Your sister married a good man."

"So did I. Do you think your mother has forgiven me yet for snatching you the way I did?"

"Don't worry about her. She likes to arrange things, that's all, as if we still had the money. She'll be all right when she gets used to the idea. And when the small Jeremys and Kays come along, we'll send them out to melt the folks down."

"YOU sound as if there were going to be dozens."

"Well, there might be. You know, Kay, I sort of wondered about that."

"Not as much as I did. Of course, I was glad in one way, because it's pretty hard to work on a magazine like that, mostly with a lot of men, when you're having a baby."

"I wouldn't have let you work."

"You might not have known. Anyway, I was relieved and then—"

"Then what?"

"Then when I heard that about your ship—" she shook her head in remembered misery—"then I was sorry. It seemed as if there might be just nothing."

"You're a lovely girl," said Jeremy gently. "You're a sweet wife."

It was quiet in the apartment, with the quiet of happiness broken only by a caress or a word that was like a poem. They were thinking of each other, forgetting all the others who touched their lives, but they were not forgotten. Flannery was still condemning the whole sentimental business of leaves. Ward Ingram was trying to keep his mind on his new job and telling himself that a few years from now, a uniform wouldn't mean a thing, and maybe Kay's eyes would be opened. Brenda Brown was taking the most meticulous care of her skin, wondering whether she had better ignore Kay and Jeremy completely or invite them on a party.

In the Prescott Hotel, Chip Dixon was explaining the situation to his wife. "I was pretty well on to what it must be when Jerry told me on the telephone what his orders were. I knew if a ship wasn't mentioned, that it was some sort of special assignment. And that's what it is, of course. This man Lepp is a sort of organizer."

"What would Jeremy do?"

"I wouldn't know exactly. But he'll be kept right here, I expect. On shore, certainly. He might have charge of some of this advertising the Navy does—take some of the war heroes around, something like that."

"He'd hate that, wouldn't he?"

"He'd hate it, all right. But orders are orders. I don't know, Roxie. These things aren't accidental, and I don't know what the report on Jeremy was. Maybe he needs a longer period than he realizes to get over what he's seen. He's been in a lot of action. I thought tonight he seemed a little ragged nervously."

"Then he'll be here for some time."

"Here or in Philadelphia. Might be sent inland."

"I'm glad for Kay's sake."

"She could just as well have gone on her big magazine assignment, the way things are," said Dixon. "I wonder if she's already called that off: I suppose I should call Jeremy and tell him what I found out."

He was moving toward the telephone when Roxane stood up, stopping him abruptly.

"I wouldn't. Not tonight anyway."

"She might give the trip up for no reason, if I don't. She might just as well get her job done, and the money that goes with it."

"I think she ought to give it up. Especially now. He's going to need her. More than ever."

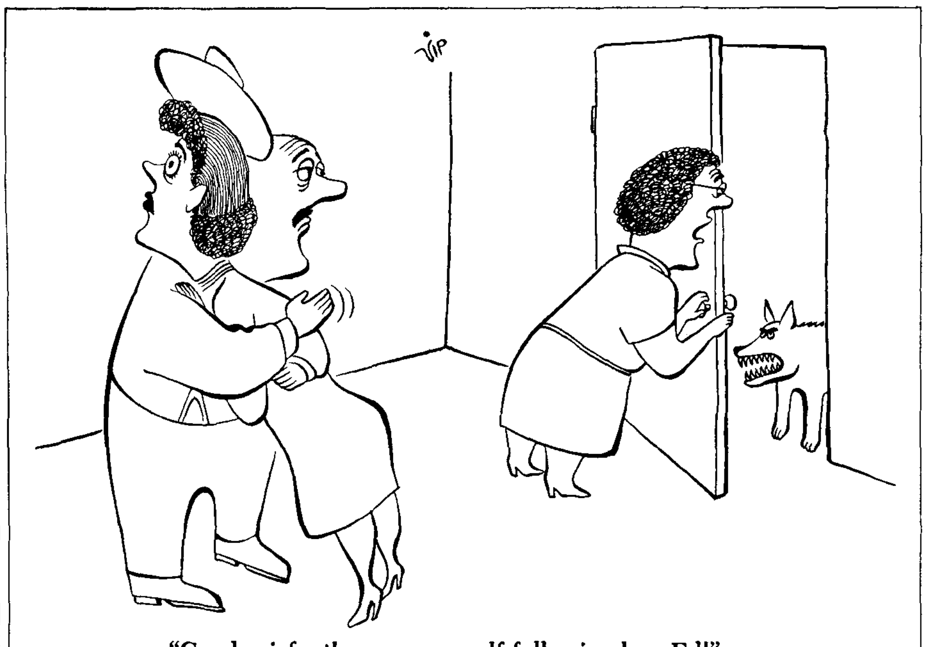
"You look at it that way?"

"I'm afraid to look at it," said Roxane, "but don't tell him. Not tonight."

Chip took his wife's judgment. He knew, after years of having been married to Roxane, that some of her best reasons did not fit into words and that he might not entirely understand them if they did. But he believed she was right. There was no interruption that night in the apartment to which Jeremy had carried the key for months and which was learning at last to be a home.

KAY had not set her alarm clock as usual, but she woke without its sharp call, at the customary time. Her first thought, even before her eyes were open, was that she was leaving New York today and must not waste a minute. Then she remembered—she saw—that Jeremy was here. He was safe, and there were days ahead when her thoughts would not secretly faint and shudder for fear of what might be happening to him. For a few minutes she lay there quietly, very aware of happiness, trying to keep it right where it was.

But before long, she slipped out of bed. For this first morning, when he would be here with her and they would breakfast



COLLIER'S "Good grief—there was a wolf following her, Ed!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

together, had been planned and replanned dozens of times. She had things to do. She wanted the living room to be orderly and yet look easy and comfortable. Before Jeremy appeared, she wanted to have the table set, with the yellow linen cloth and the silver coffeepot that her mother had sent her. It had once belonged to a rich old great-aunt and was the one heirloom her mother had kept during hard years. It would give a look of permanence and establishment to any table. And Jeremy didn't know how well his wife could broil bacon.

Jeremy woke, too, at her soft closing of the bedroom door. He reached out a thought to recapture the duty that would be waiting and then realized where he was and that he belonged in this unfamiliar place. This was where he had a right to be.

Looking over at Kay's pillow, he fell into a kind of wonder. He must catch up with her in a minute and see how she looked this morning, and how she felt. They were going to have breakfast together. It was exactly as he had dreamed it could be, even when he thought there wasn't a chance and, like Kay, Jeremy said to himself that there were days ahead before he would have to leave her and go on duty again.

Immediately, that question possessed his mind, crowding everything else out. He didn't know what the next assignment would be. His orders were here all right, but he hadn't figured them out yet. He took a cigarette from the bedside table and began to consider the probabilities. His experience should make him useful. Most of these young ensigns didn't have an idea what sea duty involved. They were green as grass, just the way he had been a year and a half ago. But now he ought to be able to do a good job on any one of a half dozen different kinds of ships.

GIVEN a choice, he'd take the Pacific again. But the Navy didn't give choices, and things were happening in the Mediterranean. The big show of the near future might be in the English Channel or the North Sea. Jeremy figured his assets, his luck and also his possible income, as the smoke dimmed the ceiling. In a couple of months he should get another promotion. When that came, it would mean a pretty good income, more than he'd been earning when the war broke out. A lieutenant commander on sea duty could certainly take care of his wife and save something, too.

He wished he knew what kind of ship he was going to get. There were a lot of new types. Jeremy sat up, fully awake now. This morning he'd try to find out as much as he could about his new duty and then he wasn't going to think of a ship for the rest of his leave.

Chip Dixon had said to call him back this morning and he'd tell Jeremy what he had found out. Jeremy said to himself that he'd better call before long, instead of slouching around. Those regular Navy officers got going early. It was just about eight-thirty now. By the time he had a bath and shave, it should be all right to telephone Commander Dixon.

"Want some help?" he called to Kay, opening the door.

"No—please. Don't come out yet. I thought you were asleep. Give me fifteen minutes and everything will be ready. I want to show off my housekeeping."

"But I have to say good morning."

She came to him swiftly, eagerly. "There, my love. That's the first one. Now get yourself shaved and that will just about give me time to get things on the table."

"You know, I think I'm going to be henpecked," he worried.

"I think you're going to be utterly spoiled!"

They exchanged a glance of laughter and triumph. It was so much better than they had expected. It was just as good as the dreams.

Very clean and handsome, Jeremy came into the living room a little later. He saw the folded newspaper by the place that was his at the table, the big fresh halves of grapefruit, the jar of marmalade, the coffeepot, the other chair across from his own.

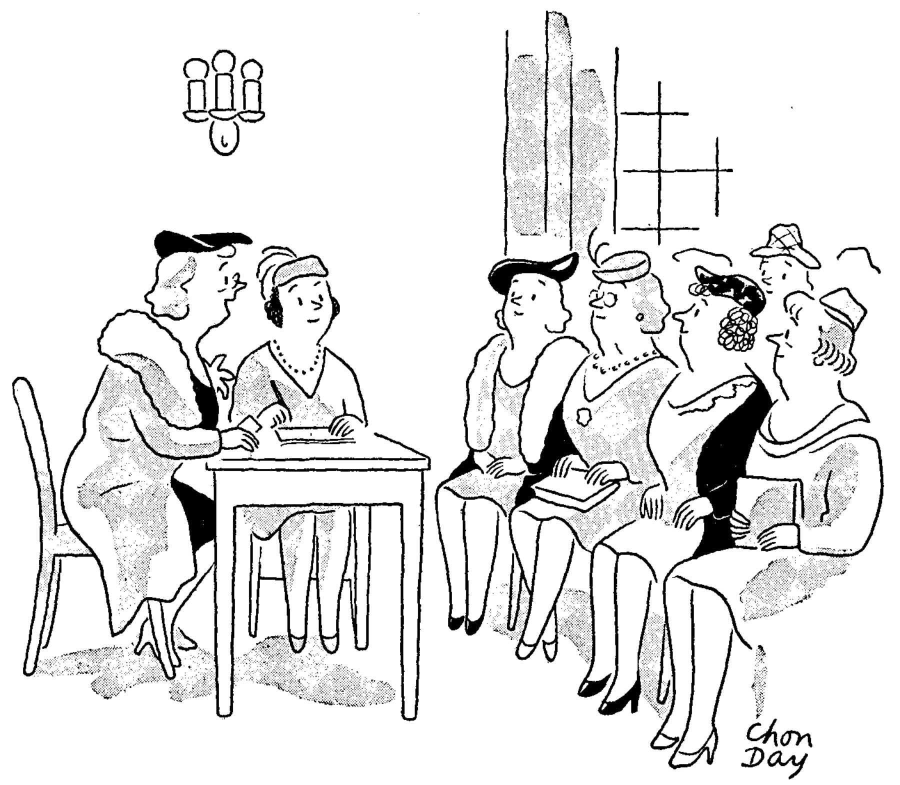
"You're wonderful," he said, not in slang.

"You sit over here, darling. For the first morning, I'll yield the paper, but it's not a precedent. You'll have to share it with me. Are you all ready to eat?"

"Just one minute. I wonder if I hadn't better call up your brother-in-law first. He said to call him back this morning, and I don't want to miss him. Does he get up early?"

"At the crack of dawn. They both do."

"Then I'll give him a ring right now and then we can settle down."



"All those in favor of inviting the Duke of Windsor to address our next monthly meeting say 'Aye'"

Kay was making the first pieces of toast when she heard the change in Jeremy's voice. She stopped to listen as best she could to the half-conversation. He had been very cheerful in that first greeting. "Good morning, sir. This is Jeremy Wing. I hope I'm not calling too early." But now his voice had grown stiff and all the lightheartedness was drained out of it. The respectfulness was automatic, but there was protest struggling against it.

"Public relations? I don't quite get it, sir . . . Captain Lepp is in charge of public relations for this naval district? . . . Well—if it isn't asking too much—could you tell me what that kind of duty might involve for me? . . . Yes, I appreciate that, sir."

SILENCE, the silence of Jeremy's listening and of Kay's listening and watching, too, seeing her husband's face change, brows drawn together, lips tight. What was Chip saying? She came closer, but a movement of Jeremy's seemed to shake her off.

"No, sir, it's, of course, not what I'd hoped for. Would it be a pretty bad breach for me to go to Philadelphia right away and try to talk to Captain Lepp?" Silence again, heavier and tighter. "I see. You'd advise against that. Well, anyway, thank you very much for looking into it for me. . . . Oh, she's fine this morning . . . Yes, we'll—hope to see you soon."

He put down the telephone and walked away from it as if it were the cause of trouble, walked back. Kay could hear his exclamations of rage, half suppressed.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"Of all the gyps! Of all the unholy berths in the entire Navy!"

"But tell me, Jerry!"

"I don't even get on a ship! I stay in this country! They've practically retired me from the whole damn' war!"

"You don't have to go to sea again?"

SHE couldn't help it. There was relief in her voice. Her husband was safe. He heard the note of happiness and swung around to face her, anger and misery in his eyes.

"Anything else—anything. An oiler, a tug, if I couldn't get a fighting ship. But do you know what Chip Dixon told me? I'm to be one of the boys who represent the Navy. At meetings! I'll probably recruit Waves. Or be a chocolate hero! Oh, no—no—hell! I'd rather be over there in that hospital right this minute. I'd rather—"

Kay said, "Maybe it's a mistake. Maybe Chip was wrong."

"Oh, no. He knew what he was talking about, all right. I'll bet he knew last night, as a matter of fact. He was clear. He knows the setups and he was being pretty darned decent and trying to let me down easy. He knew I was being let down, too."

"Sit down and have your breakfast, Jerry."

He paid no attention to that suggestion. "I wonder why," he said. "I wonder if there's something in my record that's against me. But we were all friends, those of us who were left, and the skipper would have given me a good rating, I think. Maybe it's because the skipper didn't come through. Chip Dixon says they'll probably send me around, telling my story! Wouldn't that be a hell of a way to help win the war—a real man's job?"

"But people ought to know—and you could tell them."

"You can tell them. You work on a magazine." His thoughts suddenly were brought up short, and he stopped his angry walking and stared at her. "I certainly kept you here under false pretenses, didn't I?"

"Don't say crazy things like that. I know how you feel, Jerry—"

"No, you don't. A woman couldn't quite see what it means. But about this other thing—this big job you had. If I'm going to be kicking around this part of the country indefinitely, there's no reason why you should give up that trip—and the money—and everything that meant such a lot to you."

"It doesn't matter, darling, and it's done."

"I thought your boss said he would hold it open until this morning, in case you changed your mind. Didn't you say that?"

"But he probably didn't. He had to get action. There's a deadline, you see. Anyway, I won't leave you."

"It looks as if you weren't going to be able to get rid of me," he said bitterly.

She couldn't help herself. She was thinking that if he was going to be here, if they were to have all the time they wanted, she shouldn't fall down on that job. Though she didn't say that, Jeremy seemed to know what was in her mind.

"Better get your boss on the phone and tell him you can go, after all."

"You don't mean that, Jerry."

"Sure I do. You want to, don't you?"

"I want to be with you most of all."

He was too humiliated. He couldn't accept her devotion at the moment. He said impatiently, "Have some sense, Kay. This alters the whole situation. Do what you wanted to do and what you would have done if I hadn't turned up last night."

"But suppose Chip was wrong?"

"Chip wasn't wrong. I knew there was something funny when there was no mention of a ship in my orders."

"Would you come with me?"

"Let's not go into that. I'll be here or there or go see the family or something."

"Jerry—it was kind of a big assignment. It's not just because of the money or the personal publicity. But it's something I thought might be useful."

"Sure."

"Only I couldn't leave you alone, feeling like this, hating what's coming next, and what they want you to do."

AS SHE spoke, Jeremy seemed to draw himself together, to snap into a different attitude.

"That's ridiculous. The assignment's a surprise, that's all. I'm a naval officer and I'll do what I'm told and I'm not crabbing. Now we'll drop it. Except that you needn't give up anything because of a two weeks' shore leave for me."

"I don't know what to do."

"Yes, you do. Call up and say you'll go."

She put her hand on his arm. "You mean that?"

"Do you think I want you to be gypped, too?" he asked almost fiercely.

Kay moistened her lips, dry with excitement. It was going to weigh on him if she didn't go, apparently. Besides, it was war, and this was a war job. She went to the telephone and called the familiar number. If she waited until after breakfast, it might be too late. Flannery was on the job early these days, for the staff was so small.

It was too late. She heard the sharp sarcasm of the editor's voice, as he stated that he had just completed arrangements for the story.

Jeremy had picked up the newspaper and was standing reading the headlines—or pretending that he was reading.

"Well—all fixed?" he asked, as she came back to him.

"They got that woman in Chicago to do it," said Kay. "It's all right. She'll probably be good."

The toast was cold. The little table had lost its look of welcome and celebration.

"I didn't do much for you by coming back, did I?" asked Jeremy.

(To be continued next week)

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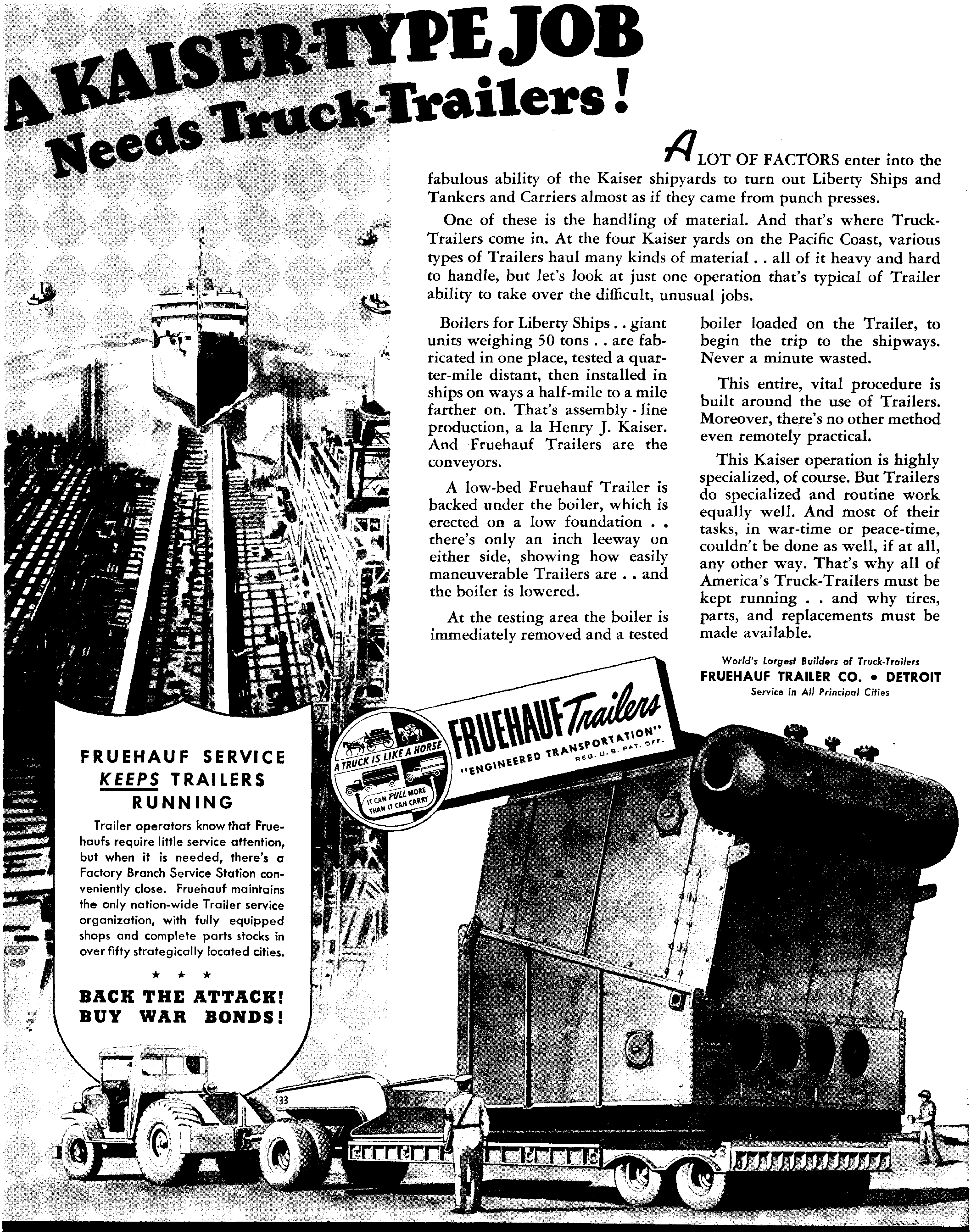

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Still Alive and Kickin'

Continued from page 14

down in the middle of the parade, bored with the whole thing, but nobody minded. Maury County was mule-broke.

Only ignorant people call mules stubborn. Horses and dogs are "willing" because they will do anything they're told, even if it kills them. A mule has more sense. It is like a machine with a safety stop that prevents it from running itself to destruction, and is thus a great deal more valuable to the Army, or to farmers, than a horse. A mule will forage and live where a horse will starve. A hot, sweating horse will gulp a troughful of water and injure itself; a mule waits until it cools off. A horse will drink bad water and die; a mule will go for days without drinking until it finds something it can drink safely again.

In Panama, one of our artillery regiments depends entirely on mules. Six of them pack each 75-millimeter howitzer, weighing almost a ton, through jungles and up and down mountains that would balk any motor vehicle. Not long ago one of these mules got lost and stuck in a mountain crevice for forty-seven days, and lived on what little mesquite it could reach. It was rescued finally and back on the job within a month, its only feeling being an acquired taste for mesquite as a diet.

The Diet of a Hardtail

The Army feeds its hardtails grain, hay, salt and soda ash, but out in Africa, some mules got interested in a native feed like chickpeas, called *gram.* After a week of this, they wouldn't touch the expensive compressed oats and beans shipped from America. Incidentally, a mule can be fed four or five days' rations and left to himself. He has sense enough to eat only one meal at a time. Give a horse four days' feed and he'll stuff himself to death. It costs the Army $115 a year to feed a horse; $93.40 to feed a mule.

A typical mule story is that of Mehitabel, a gray Missouri jughead who had a Tunisian job of packing candy and cigarettes up to the boys in the front lines. It was a regular beat and when her muleteer was sniped one day, Mehitabel just went on around the circuit as usual. On the way home, panniers empty, she came to a shell crater in which a Lieutenant Hodes and a sergeant were crouching, swapping lead with some Germans who were in another shell hole.

The lieutenant told Mehitabel to get the heck outa there, so she ambled over to the other hole and poked her nose in among the Jerries. One German jabbed her with a bayonet where it hurt. She thought briefly, and the next time the German bobbed his head up, she let him have it.

When the Americans silenced the enemy and came over for a look-see, they found Mehitabel's German completely dead, with his head kicked in. The mule, wearing a wound stripe, is now a government pensioner, credited with one kill.

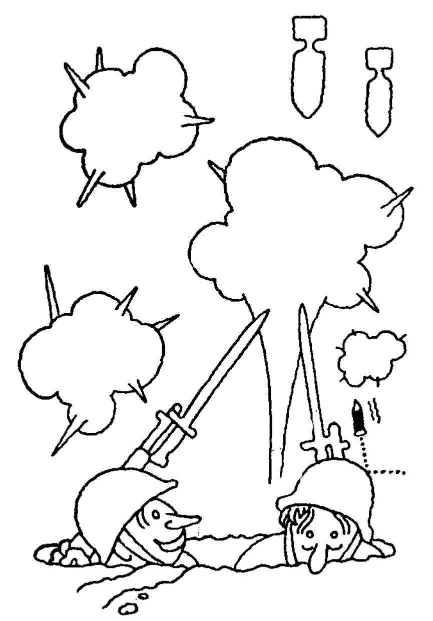
You may doubt a story like that, but don't doubt it around Ferd Owen's mule yards in Kansas City, or on the ranch of Ed Frazier, at Drexel, Missouri, which produces from 75 to 100 mules a year. Owen's yards sell from sixty to seventy thousand mules each year.

In the South, March 1st is traditionally Mule-Swapping Day, and houn' dawgs, sewing machines, rifles, seed corn and kitchen stoves get traded for shavetails. Mules were the original shavetails, by the way; second lieutenants got the nickname from them.

More than 30,000 mules packed supplies for the A.E.F. in the other war; five thousand of them were killed. When the present war started, a lot of motor enthusiasts went around proclaiming the end of the mule—and good riddance. This state of mind lasted only a few weeks until the rain and mud and mountains and jungles of the Philippines and Burma and India and other choice spots began to be discovered by the proud commanders of motorized columns. Then a howl went up for mules. They're still going overseas by the shipload.

Toward the end of the other war, some brass hat, sentimentally overcome by the quiet efficiency of his mule trains, issued an order that in future the animals were to be treated kindly and not sworn at. It is hard to learn whether the mules or their skinners were more astonished at this strange command. But the result was that the mules lost interest in Army life, and the skinners went nuts murmuring, "Come, Cuddles, be a nice mule and drag this dear little gun up yonder rise!"

After a few days of this sissy stuff, the order was rescinded, and life proceeded normally again along the mule lines and on the battlefields. Old-timers today merely say that it slowed up the German surrender for ten days. When the mules hear this they cock their long ears forward, blow through their nostrils and heave a few heehaws. You can't fool a mule.



"Boy, what wouldn't I give to be in Times Square the night this thing's over! That'll be something!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Mules seldom do anything on the spur of the moment. If mistreated, they will think it over, often for hours, and then take revenge.

Water Cure for the Major

There was a major in the Philippines who overrode his mule twenty miles through the jungle on Luzon. The mule said nothing, although it was long past drink-and-dine time. Finally they came to a river, and the major dismounted and knelt on the low bank, drinking from his hands. The mule took a short drink and then got busy. Half a second later, the major was out in the middle of the river with two hoofprints on the back of his breeches.

As he climbed back ashore, the mule ignored him completely, and nothing more was said by either party. The major walked home slowly and made up some story to account for standing while drinking at the Army and Navy Club in Manila for the next few days.

Army mules are trained to ignore battle noises by being led along amid a clatter of tin cans, exploding mines and firecrackers and having rifles shot off around them. They naturally regard all such trivialities as new aspects of human nonsense and pay little attention.

When a mule sits down, it is usually useless to face him and try to drag him to his feet with a rope. The average human face annoys him, but if the rope dragger turns and walks away, the mule, likely as not, will get up and follow.

The jughead is a five-threat enemy—four flintlike hoofs and a set of keen teeth. It can almost box with its forelegs, bat out a homer with its rear ones, and inflict nasty wounds with its incisors. It often seems to bite and kick for fun and often does so without malice, in a sort of amused contempt. Two mules often will gang up on one man, timing kicks and bites perfectly. This sort of thing always ends in triumphant blasts from the mules' bugles.

These bugles, in wartime, sometimes tip off the enemy to the location of a supply train. In the other war, various methods were tried to mute them. Everything failed, and it was found that the only way to silence a mule was to sever his vocal cords. This worked perfectly, only it killed the mule. So the mule-maulers gave it up, accepting the handicap, and the mules went triumphantly heehawing along as usual.

Adventures of a Campaigner

A famous Army mule was Pancho, who deserted from Pancho Villa's guerrilla army in Mexico in 1917 and joined the old Fourth Artillery. Since Pancho was a volunteer, he refused to be disciplined like the other mules and would carry nothing but machine guns. He wouldn't be picketed nights, and as he was a great coyote fighter and snake killer, he was allowed to roam around performing these useful functions. Mules usually dodge snakes, but Pancho stamped them to death. He once killed six coyotes out of a pack and scattered the rest.

Finally, at the battle of Agua Caliente, he got in the way of a Villista bullet, but was saved, given a wound stripe and lived high for years at Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

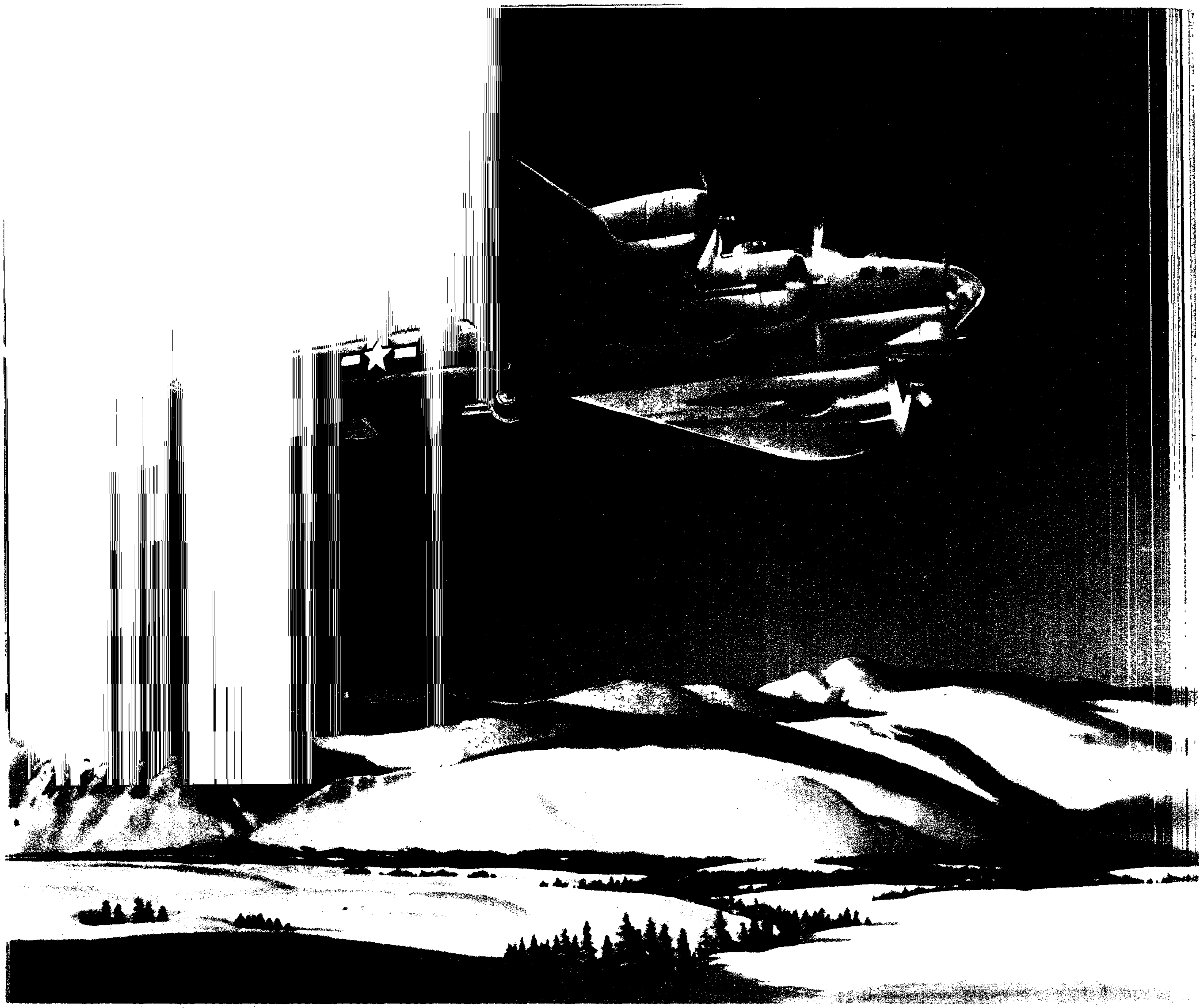
Most mules have phobias—either instinctive or acquired—and all based on sound logic. It takes a long time, for instance, to train them to back up. This is not stubbornness; the mule just likes to know where he's going. He won't take a chance on ice and, although he's a good swimmer if he has to be, he avoids it if possible. He might drown. There have been cases where mules balked at crossing rivers and attempts were made to tow them over by rowboat. These attempts usually ended with the mules towing the boats.

More than 1,600 mules were used during the 1942 monsoon season on the India-Burma front, often making seventy miles in as many hours. There were only twelve casualties, although most of the work was done in steaming, rain-soaked jungles on a scanty food supply.

In many wars, mules have ended their usefulness in the cooking pots—where some of ours ended in the recent Philippine campaign. Most gourmets who have tried mule meat say they'd just as soon eat *filet mignon,* though.

Around Kansas City, they tell you that "Missouri stands at the head in mules." That, they add, is the only safe place to stand.

THE END



© 1944, The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker craftsmen build engines for this latest model Flying Fortress

Here's the mightiest Boeing Flying Fortress of them all—the brand-new B17G. At first glance, it doesn't look much different from previous Fortress models—until you notice that new turret under the bombardier's platform armed with its two devastating 50-caliber machine guns. Studebaker has the responsibility of building Wright Cyclone engines for this invincible Boeing bomber. And the assignment is a logical recognition of Studebaker's great engine-building reputation, so brilliantly exemplified for many years in the fine power plants of the famous Studebaker Champion, Commander and President cars. Studebaker engineers, production experts and craftsmen fully recognize the urgent needs of our armed forces for more and more of the war equipment required for decisive victory. That's why they're sparing no effort on any of their wartime assignments—the Wright Cyclone engines for the Flying Fortress, the big multiple-drive military trucks and the other vital matériel they've been delegated to produce.

Awarded to Aviation Division *of The Studebaker Corporation*

Studebaker builds tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks—They've been in the thick of the fighting on the Russian front. They're serving the United Nations from Alaska to the Middle East and from the British Isles to India. Studebaker has now become one of the world's largest manufacturers of big, multiple-drive military trucks.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

Studebaker *BUILDS CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

Remember when you had that cold?

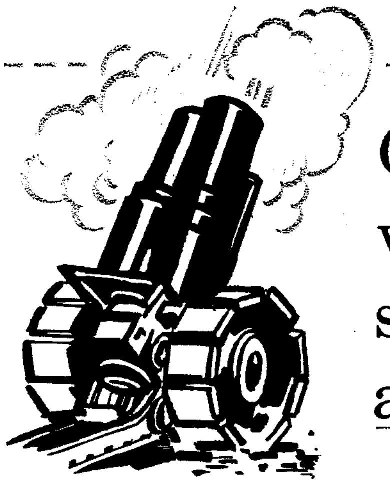
(You'd just been caught in a draft)

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE

You switched to KOOLS

(And your throat felt at ease)

If they ranked so high when your throat was raw



Great Guns, man—why not smoke 'em all the time?

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

The Jap as a Killer

Continued from page 26

it. When our men threw grenades or blocks of TNT into the pillboxes, the explosive dropped into the pits and blew up there. It hurt some of the Japs on the ledge, but not all, and the rest kept on fighting. Cleaning out these pillboxes was slow work. In the lulls, you could hear the Japs whimpering in their pillboxes.

One of our men shouted down into the hole, demanding a surrender.

Only whimpers answered him. Our man was sick in his heart over what he had to do. Ironically, if the crybaby killers in the hole get something further to shoot at, crying or not, they shoot.

At first meeting, that's a very puzzling point about the Japs as killers. Terrified as they are, they don't surrender. Our soldiers are likely to ascribe the Jap's fantastic tenacity in a fight to religious fanaticism.

But our Intelligence officers on the field are accumulating evidence indicating that the Japs are not more religious than we are. Most of them seem to have the same ideas on the afterlife as most of us: Go when you have to, but haste makes waste.

So it must be something besides religion that makes the Jap fight so fanatically. Our Intelligence officers have concluded that it's the Japanese social system that does this—a Fascist feudalism that compels with a fear so great it can overcome the normal instincts of self-preservation. On the battlefield, the Jap officer is the visible evidence of the ruling force of that social system.

The Jap sailor goes into battle without a life preserver. He is not expected to survive his ship. The Jap knows that if he is disgraced in battle and yet manages to survive, he cannot return to Japan as long as he lives. On New Georgia, I asked a wounded Jap what the men's families thought of this. Up to then, he had been as cheerful as his wound would permit.

All the cheerfulness went out of his face when I asked this question, and he looked at me stolidly for a long time. Then he lowered his eyes. "I don't know," he said. "I never heard of anybody coming back. I never heard of anybody being taken prisoner."

Death Before Dishonor

The point seems to be that the Jap soldier still does not believe Japan can lose this war. So, when the Jap knows he must die or surrender, his mind becomes a battleground between survival and lifelong disgrace. Not many Japs are strong enough in their minds to win this terrible battle and come to a clear-cut decision one way or the other. Some of them kill themselves, but more of them just lie quaking in their holes until they are killed.

I have spoken to some of the few Jap prisoners we have taken during the fighting in the Solomons. One admitted that the United States was winning in that area. It did not seem important to him. We had been so badly defeated, he thought, and we were outclassed.

Another prisoner, badly wounded, told me he had left Japan little more than three months before being taken by us. He said he had not heard anything about Japan's defeat in the Solomons until getting to Bougainville. As a matter of fact, he declared, the fighting on Guadalcanal had not made much impression on the Japanese people.

At Bougainville, however, he began to hear stories of the "Island of Death," as Guadalcanal was called by the Japs who knew anything at all about it. The stories, he said, were so incredible to him that he decided they were the inventions of veterans to sallow the cheeks of a green soldier. All the Japanese prisoners I have met paid lip service to a notion of theirs that we mutilate prisoners and then execute them. I don't believe they are entirely convinced about this, but they say they are.

Many Japanese prisoners, when taken, ask as a favor to be killed quickly. We think they tell one another that Americans kill prisoners only to keep themselves firm in battle. I have asked several Japs where they got such a notion, and they all said they did not know. They said officers do not discuss what happens to prisoners. The officers do not concede that Japanese soldiers can be made prisoners. So this idea is just something the men think up to brace themselves. The redoubtable Colonel Ichiki commanded the attack during which the Japs tried to cross the Tenaru River on Guadalcanal. They were slaughtered.

Ceremonial of Hara-Kiri

Late in the day when the colonel saw the attack had failed, he gathered what was left of his staff about him—two officers junior to him and a warrant officer—and made a bonfire of the regimental flag. The men watched the fire consume the flag. Then they lined up to commit suicide. The Marines were being rude. They were not allowing time for the lengthy ceremonial of hara-kiri. Each of the Japs donned fresh white gloves. Each took out his pistol.

The colonel, as the ranking officer present, had the prerogative of ascending to his eternal reward first. The others followed in order of rank. When it came to the warrant officer's turn, he looked around and saw there were no commissioned officers left. He put his pistol back into its holster and walked sensibly into our lines.

When our bombers go in over targets where Jap officers may be watching, Jap fighter pilots are inexhaustible in their daring. But if the fight takes place above the clouds or out of view of the target area, then they let caution be the better part of valor.

I remember once (and there are literally hundreds of cases that could be cited) when six Zeros lined up alongside a Flying Fortress returning from a search mission. Jap pilots have lost their sense of victory about the Flying Fortress, if not about the war, and these six lined up in single file out of range and roosted there like birds on a fence.

Then the lead plane of the formation, presumably one that carried the flight leader, gave a little roll, like a man shrugging his shoulders, made a wide turn and came in on the nose of the Fort. The remaining five remained roosting in line. The Jap made a good run, a real git-or-git-got run, but he git got and fell off on one wing in flames. The other five bobbed up and down a moment, then turned and went home.

Our men do not fight out of fear. They fight, more than anything else, for self-respect. They have been given a job to do and they have too much self-respect to shirk it or to take a licking from anybody while doing it. When their officers are killed, they keep on fighting. When nobody's looking, they're still fighting. Whatever happens in this war, they will still fight. Defeat in a battle or in a series of battles does not injure the self-respect of our men.

It is plain that the Jap, on the other hand, needs a sense of victory very much. When he loses it, he is just another frightened Son of Nippon.

THE END

When the Boys Come Home

Continued from page 22

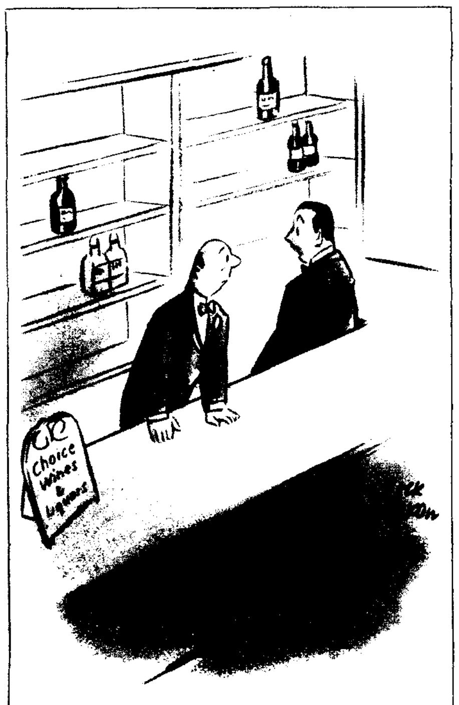
up of individuals, each with his own ambitions, urges and attitudes.

One of the claims of armchair intellectuals is that managers and labor are inherently at war. All of them—managers, technicians, workers and labor leaders—are specialists in their own fields. Efforts to create class division are the most insidious evil of American life and the certain destruction of jobs and recovery.

Organized labor and employers have a mutual interest in keeping the government out of business and preventing it from dictating to business. Labor should not be blind to the fact that trade unions are shorn of all real freedom when government becomes their employer or dictator.

There is a ground that neither the employer nor labor can occupy. Neither can for long dictate to the American people.

After the war, we shall need from 18 to 20 billions a year of federal taxes to meet our debt, veterans' pensions, unemployment insurance and other services of the government.



"I've been seriously considering squeezing it back out of fruitcakes"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

There are two ways these federal taxes can be secured. One, by inflation of prices and wages so that the national income in dollars rises, and we are able to collect more dollars. The inflation route will be strewn with the destroyed savings of lifework. The other route by which we preserve the savings of our people is by increasing the initiative, the efficiency and the productivity of America by every device known. By the production and sale of more goods, we can pay more taxes.

Reform of Taxation Needed

One of the greatest fields in which the initiative of our people can be stimulated and the brakes taken off their energies and jobs created is in reform of taxation.

I do not refer to war taxes, although these are unnecessarily killing small business. Obviously, we shall reduce taxes from war levels, but we need more than just reductions.

We need four consequences from taxes. We want revenue for the government. We want no inheritance of great power either from money or birth. We want to protect savings for old age and we want reasonable protection to the family. We want the maximum of enterprise and production for our people.

Our major varieties of taxes are excise, luxury, estate, income, corporation and capital-gains taxes. Excise and luxury taxes have the least relation to initiative and stimulation of enterprise. We can well hold to high estate taxes in the upper brackets to prevent inheritance of economic power and the making of playboys. In this field, we can encourage the living by greatly increasing the exemptions for protection to family dependents after death.

Our great reconstruction problem in taxes lies in the corporation, income and capital-gains tax fields. Herein lies the whole problem of savings against old age and for protection of the family, and in them lies the major problem of the formation of capital to carry on the country and to make jobs.

At the beginning of all new production and distribution, there must be "venture capital." Great risks must be taken in the establishment of new inventions, new mines, new businesses of all kinds. Then there must be capital for expansion and jobs. Most of this capital arises from plowing back profits. As business gets bigger, it can secure capital from the savings of the public. And in discussing this question, we must needs consider restoring and encouraging small business.

The Light on the Tax Problem

To assure reconstruction and expansion of jobs, I suggest several directions of thinking.

First: Lower all income taxes, especially those in the middle and lower brackets. Restore the exemptions on lower incomes. The whole system can be simplified to avoid having treasury employees pestering the taxpayer and compelling him to hire tax experts.

Second: Take off all capital-gains taxes so as to encourage "venture capital." These taxes stifle new enterprise. I am aware that capital-gains taxes were intended to take something from the market speculator, but he also has the right to deduct losses. I have been long convinced that, over a period of years, the net to the Treasury from him is about nothing. This tax clogs desirable trade in real estate and securities. Its removal would aid men to secure capital to start small businesses. Otherwise, we are driving the development of inventions, mines and venture business generally into the hands of the great corporation who can take on ten ventures and write off the losses on nine against the usual one winner, and pay little or nothing. The small businessman with his single enterprise is taxed if he wins out.

Third: The corporation taxes will no doubt be decreased with peace. Today, all such taxes constitute double taxation to those who save their money and invest it in corporations. I suggest that, at once, corporations should be allowed to set up tax-free reserves for reconversion and war-obsolescence purposes. Otherwise, manufacturers are not likely to have enough working capital to reconvert and make more jobs during the transition period. If after a term of years, it were found that these reserves had not been used for the specified purposes, they could be returned to the original tax status.

Fourth: There are other directions in which small business could be helped. The small businessman often must have some outside capital to begin with. In consequence, he usually has to form a corporation in order to limit the liability of those who supply his capital. They won't supply it and take the unlimited liability of partnerships. But the moment his busi-

AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
Schick Injector

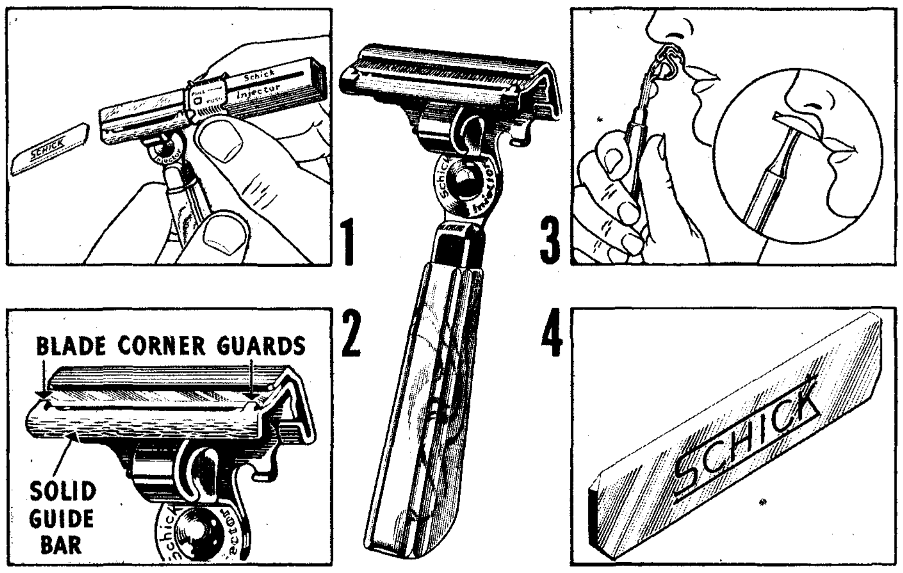
These quick shaving, easy going Schick Injector Blades Are Back

If you own a Schick Injector Razor, you're all set. There are enough blades . . . from now on . . . to keep it shaving!

Tell your friends that Schick Blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give or lend it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury.

You see . . . although there are enough blades to go around, now that we're able to meet both military and civilian needs—we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

Anyway, it's mighty good news . . . and worth repeating . . . that keen-edged Schick Injector Blades are back!



Back to work for the razor that made shaving history

It's been too long between luxury shaves . . . the kind that Schick Injector design makes possible. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features . . . the only basic improvements in safety razor design in 40 years.

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

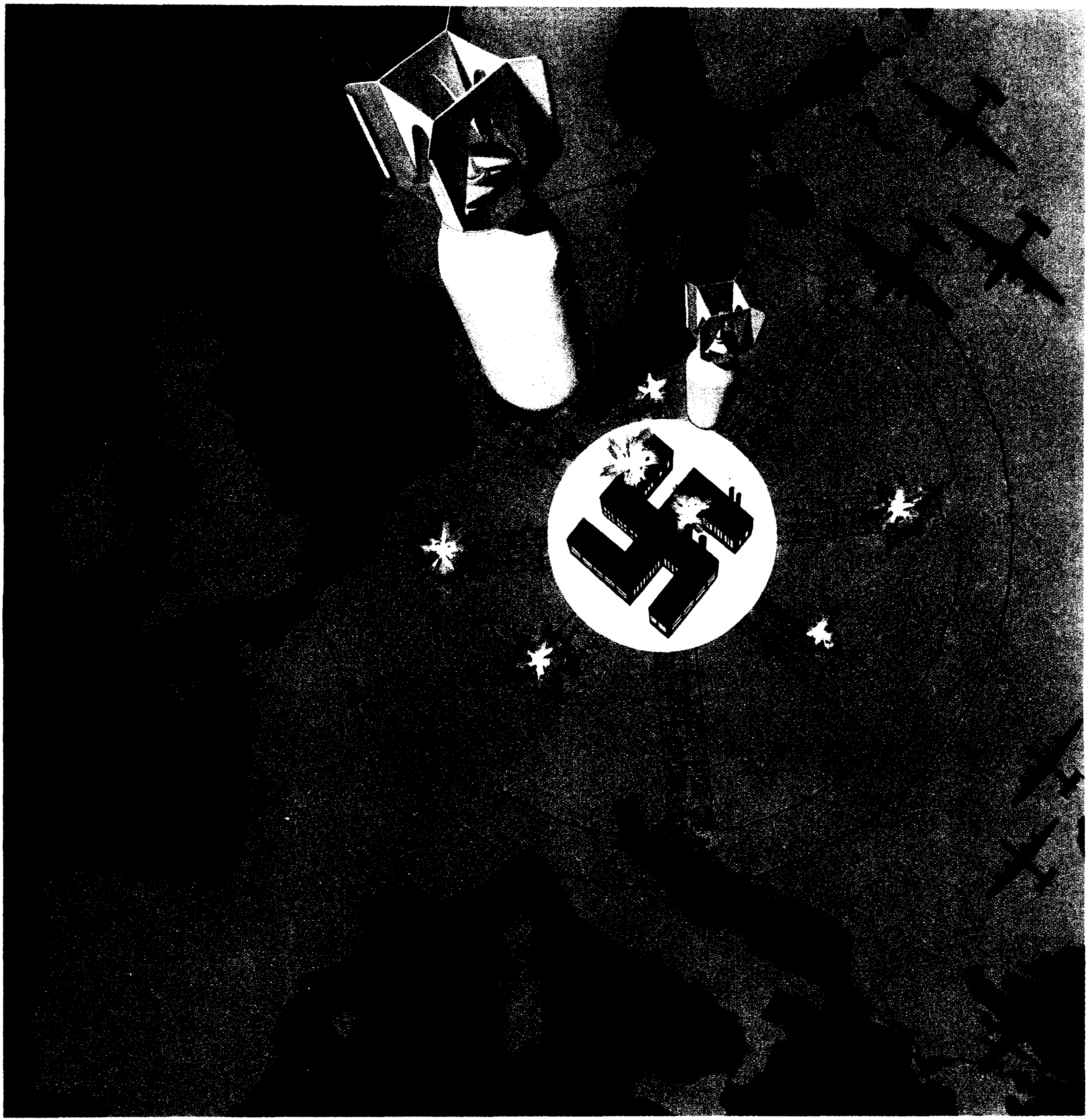


ILLUSTRATION FROM WALT DISNEY'S PRODUCTION, "VICTORY THROUGH AIRPOWER"

Blast the hub and smash the wheel!

LOOK TO **Lockheed** FOR LEADERSHIP

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION · BURBANK, CALIFORNIA ness is put into corporate form, he must pay double taxes. That is, he pays corporation taxes and then income tax on the balance, if any. If his business were a partnership, he would pay income taxes only.

Therefore, if corporations of a capital of, say, less than one million dollars, and with, say, less than a dozen stockholders, were allowed to pay taxes as a partnership, it would avoid double taxation. And this is the more important because small business must grow from plowing in capital while big business can get the money it needs from the market.

In many of these ways and others, the small business, so sorely hurt by the war, can be restored.

The first problem of the transition period is the liquidation of war contracts. With the enormous sums involved in these contracts, the ability of industry to reconvert quickly to civilian production will depend on how rapidly it can get its working capital out of war production. Unless industry gets the money fast, there will be millions of people needlessly out of jobs.

The timing of conversion does not need to wait until the complete ending of the war. Already, producers of some raw materials are getting ahead of war requirements. We have some surpluses of steel, copper, lead, zinc, tungsten, chrome, aluminum, magnesium, wool and certain chemicals. However small the surpluses are, they should be quickly released for civilian purposes. That would especially aid the survival of small business. The war in Europe seems likely to end before the war with Japan. After Hitler is beaten, we shall have armed forces, munitions workers, raw materials and shop capacity that can be released.

Immediately firing ceases, Congress should have a joint committee ready to liquidate war restrictions. There must be some authority wholly independent of bureaucrats to abolish them. No bureaucracy will ever abolish itself. Some restrictions can be relaxed after the defeat of Hitler, without waiting for that of Japan. Some restrictions will need to be gradually but firmly relaxed over the transition period. If we are to retard inflation, they cannot all be relaxed until a supply of labor and goods overtakes demand.

Clip the Bureaucrats' Wings

In this field of bureaucracy, we must have drastic reform of that phase of government known as administrative law, if men are to be free again. We must have regulation to prevent economic abuse. We have gradually endowed these administrative commissions with all three powers of government. They combine the functions of legislator, executive prosecutor, judge and jury, and, from many of them, men do not have full appeal to the courts. Congress should do its duty and set up the rules of conduct so clearly that men can understand without a lawyer. The prosecutor must be separated from the judge. The citizen must have the right of full review by the courts.

Except for those plants and raw-material reserves needed for national defense, the whole of government war property, factories, land, raw materials and everything, should be placed in the hands of a nonpartisan liquidation commission, with the requirement that government operations shall cease and all such facilities must be disposed of to the people.

Agriculture offers less immediate transition problems than industry. Due to the destruction in Europe, the world is likely to be short of food and textiles for some years after the war. It will take time to restore the fertility of the agricultural lands in the war-torn countries, and to supply them with machinery and animals. People may do without gadgets, but they cannot do without food and clothes. The farmer is likely to have a foreign market for any surplus he produces for at least two years after the war.

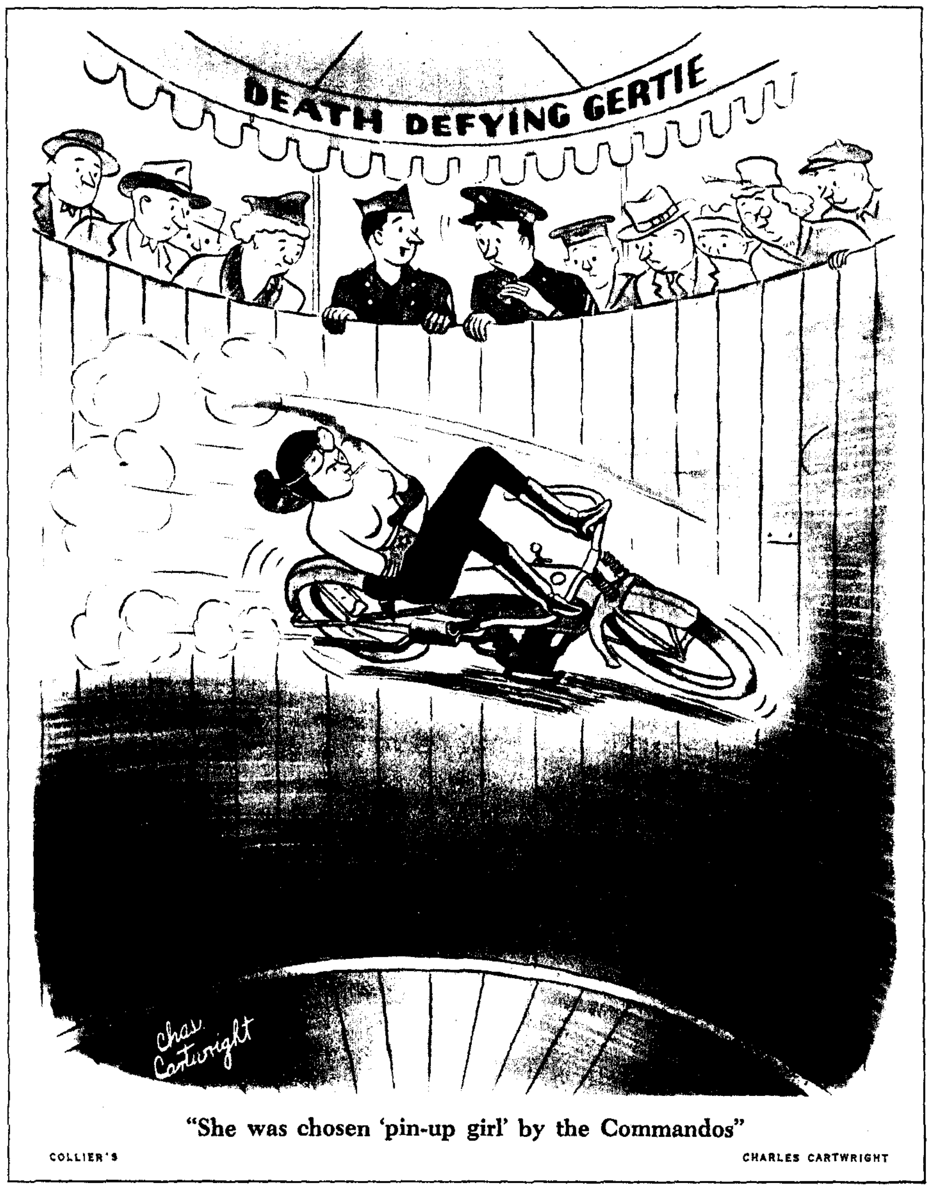
After that, several forces will operate, the sum of which is difficult to assess. The synthetic fibers will further invade the products of the land. The prewar surplus of farm products was partly due to mechanization, and thus, less farm products consumed by animals. That transformation is about over, and the increase in our human population will tend to produce a better balance. With wise protection, we could increase our acreage of vegetable oils in substitution of imports. What the farmer badly needs, in the long run, are more crops for industrial uses instead of food.

The first necessities for the development of foreign trade are stable currencies, abolition of governmental trading, cartels, quotas and excessive tariffs.

The outlook in restoration of foreign trade is very obscure, as it will rest upon treaties with other governments, yet to be formulated. It is obscure, also, because we do not know how much the trade of foreign countries is going to be conducted by governments or by government-fostered cartels.

Except for relief, when governments engage in or direct the exchange of commodities, then governments become the hagglers in the market with other governments, and all the frictions of the market place and all the emotions of competition are transferred to Foreign Offices and become frictions between nations. It is the most dangerous of roads toward war.

Either government trading or cartels require domination of domestic industry by the government. It means some sort of totalitarian economy. If a large part of the trade of other countries is to fall into these channels, we will need to set up many defense mechanisms if we are to preserve freedom in America.



"She was chosen 'pin-up girl' by the Commandos"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Foreign countries should not count on American promises of gigantic capital from the United States during our transition period beyond such credits as we can establish for the export of goods. We are going to be short of real capital for ourselves for some time.

We are now getting over the hump of the submarine losses. We have been building crude cargo ships which will have little chance of competing with modern Diesel-engine ships after the war. At the earliest possible moment we should change to the construction of the most modern cargo liners, although they may take longer to build. Otherwise, we Americans will not be able to hold our own in merchant marine.

New Day for Air Transport

The improvement in the airplane and the airplane engines on hand assure that a large part of the world's long-distance passenger and express traffic will go by air after the war. Heavy goods and local traffic will still be handled on the ground and on the sea. Nevertheless, the expansion of air transport will be helpful over the transition period. Much of such expansion will depend again on what the attitudes of governments may be. There are jobs at stake.

We will be faced with the demobilization of 30,000,000 people from the war effort, but demobilization of the Armed Forces is not so titanic as some people think. Probably 75 per cent of the men know exactly to what farm, to what firm, to what home or to what college they can return and get their own start in life. We shall need to retain a million or so men in the Armed Forces. The veterans who need jobs should have them, and if they want it, vocational training; the injured and war dependents must be provided for.

A large number of war workers will be absorbed by conversion back to civilian goods. Many of our women in war work will return to their homes. A healthy economic and social climate will produce a lot of new jobs, but there will be a margin left who must be looked after.

Our business associations through their national committees are making a great contribution in organization to take care of this marginal group. Their work represents statesmanship and courage.

Government cannot find jobs for any great numbers, unless it is going to transform industry into a full socialized state. That could be done, but it means a standard of living of about the present Russian level, and that level is as low as any city or agricultural slum in our country.

The government can do something in public works. The construction industries are the greatest balance wheel on employment. But it is an illusion that government public works are a great remedy for unemployment in slack times. I was possibly the first to advocate their use for this purpose. They did help in the mild depressions of 1921 and 1930, but when we came to the deep depression of 1931, several new things turned up. The volume of useful permanent government works that can be instituted is a small proportion to such a shrinkage in construction industries generally—all of which might be 15 per cent of the normal construction industry.

A Public Works Program?

Possibly one billion dollars per annum of federal works and another billion of state and local works could be inaugurated, and it might be a useful supplement. We were spending about seven hundred million a year on federal works in 1932, and the succeeding Administration found that it had to encourage boondoggling if it was to give substantial aid to the unemployed. This is not the place to discuss the social and economic effects of those programs, but their results were just as bad and much more expensive than direct relief administered by the local communities.

The construction industries can help the country across the transition period in the field of housing. With some federal grants of aid to municipalities and a lot more of common sense, we could really wipe out slums. But the federal government should get out of direct construction and management of housing.

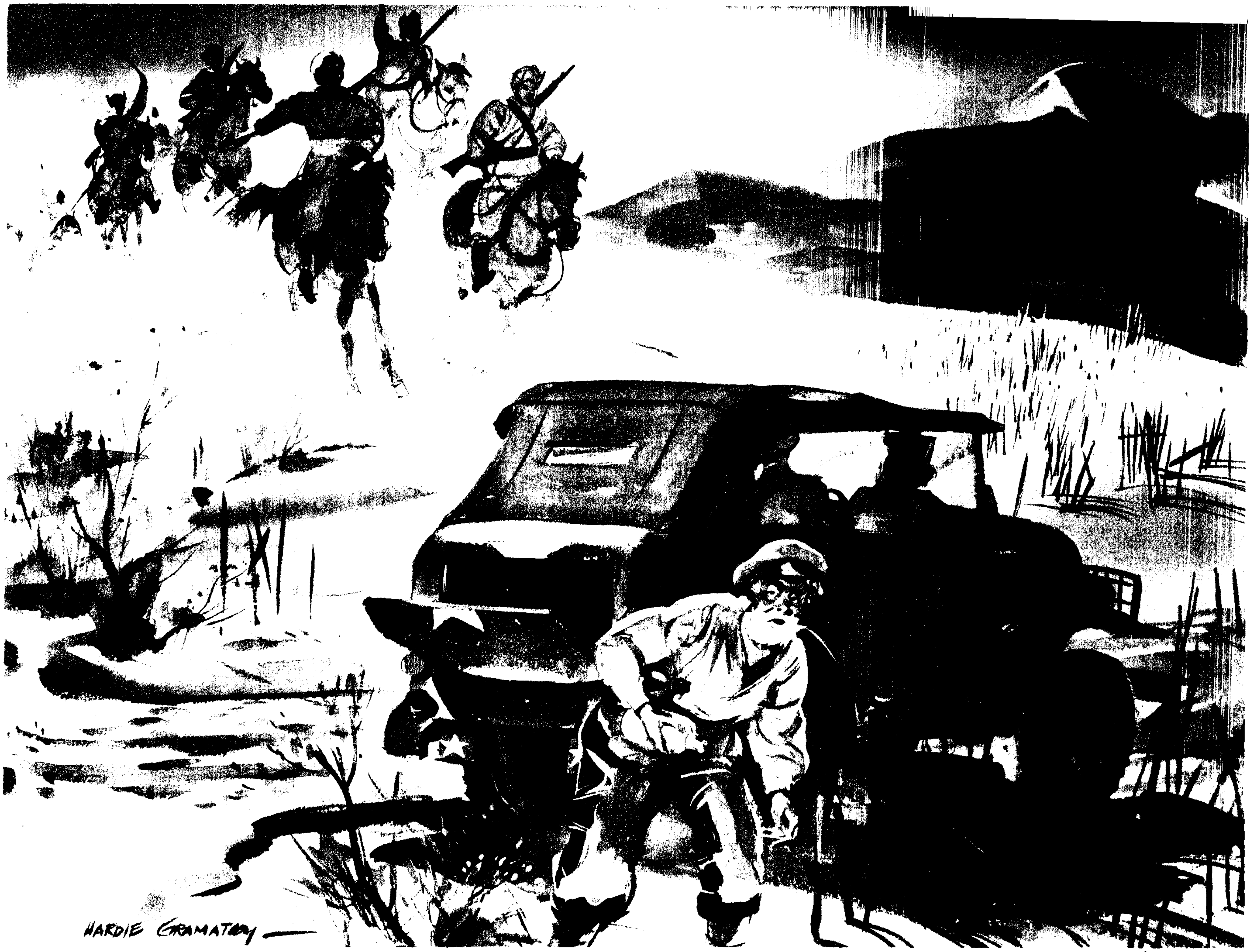
We could use tomorrow six million detached family houses of five rooms with gadgets. If labor would co-operate with the manufacturers and contractors so as to take restrictions off erecting factory-built houses, if vicious municipal building codes were removed, and if credits were organized for home builders, we would have the most certain of all aids to the transition period.

Anybody ought to be able to buy a house on the installment plan as easily as an automobile. A setup could be established in the home-loan banks by which anybody could deposit 20 per cent of the purchase price of a house in government bonds, and then borrow the money necessary to build, with repayments in installments over twenty years. Such a financing plan, together with a removal of unnecessary labor restrictions, would produce more jobs than all the public works in the nation, several times over.

Above all contributions to a regenerative economic and social climate, is the building of a lasting peace.

My suggestions by no means cover all the backgrounds or methods needed to restore America. American life is not all tangible things, and we must demobilize many intangibles. We must repair many moral standards. We must restore faith. And for these things, we need the aid of Almighty Providence.

THE END



Taking up a rock, Yarak smashed the handle of the luggage compartment. The lid opened, and he deftly extracted two bottles

The Two Swords of Genghis Khan

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

LOST: One U.S. Army detail, complete with Army nurse. Uncle Yarak, the Cossack, to the rescue —with one eye on the bottle

THERE are several motor routes from the U.S.S.R. into China, none of them good. They cross the mountain ranges of mid-Asia and what is known as the Gobi Desert. The Kurdai-Luntai route, hitherto unmapped, was discovered by the Army of the United States.

It was discovered accidentally. It might never have been found and mapped if the tribe of Dungans had not cherished a superstitious fear of the ghost of Genghis Khan, or if Uncle Yarak had been able to find any war in the settlement of Kurdai.

On that particular day, the soul of Yarak the Cossack was sick. Sitting moodily on a gasoline tin, he polished his sword with the tail of his shirt, wholly heedless of the scenic beauty of the bare heights around him. There was nothing else for him to do in this place but to sit.

"Tfu," muttered Yarak. "The devil has flown away with this war."

It had been in the west, where the sun set—no doubt of that. But he had heard there was also war in the place of the sun's rising. Whereupon he had contrived to get himself as far to the east as possible, to Kurdai, and had found himself in the shacks of a construction camp where a battalion of soldiers labored at laying the roadbed of a railroad.

Yarak had no desire to work upon a railroad. In other and better days, now long vanished, he had played his part in these barrens of central Asia as a Cossack should, with a *koniaka*—a little horse—between his knees and a real saber at his side. Then he had stalked and killed his enemies and possessed himself of their weapons. He had kissed the Dungan girls at night, after washing down his meat with corn brandy, as clear as crystal.

When Yarak thought of that brandy, he got to his feet. If he could not fight, he would drink. Only, he had no coin to buy brandy, nor did he own anything fit to sell for money—except this sword.

It wasn't much of a sword, being an ancient yataghan with some writing on its steel that he had picked up unseen at a market. Moodily, he considered it, and brightened. It wasn't worth ten kopecks but he could think up a legend about it. Yarak knew plenty of legends—more than these ignorant Russians.

To think, with Yarak, was to act. In a minute he had drawn the officer of the battalion aside and exhibited the yataghan. He had found it in a *kurgan,* a tomb mound, very ancient. This was a lie. "Look at the writing on it," he urged. "It's old, that's what." He lowered his voice: "It's the sword of Genghis Khan."

Without haste the captain inspected the yataghan. He knew Yarak. "The sword of Genghis Khan?" He laughed. "With Arabic writing on it? Pin your shirt tail with it. It's not worth ten kopecks."

"May the dogs bite you, Brother Captain Ilytch," growled Yarak.

The engineer captain considered. "Tell you what, Uncle. Sell it to the Amrikans."

"The which?"

"The Amrikans. They don't know anything, Yarak. Look at them, over there—reading a book to find out where they are. They're dumb, but they have coin."

So it happened that the Cossack Yarak sallied forth across the roadbed to try his luck with the Amrikans.

Five of them were clustered about a sixth, reading a book, on the running board of a motor truck. The seventh was a woman, also reading from a book, leaning against a new command car. Yarak noticed that their uniforms differed from the Russian gray and their cars shone like new.

The woman wore boots of a kind, and trim khaki. She had a clean, lovely face, and her gray eyes looked full at Yarak in surprise as he strode toward her.

What a woman like this was doing with the strange Amrikans, Yarak did not know. But young as she was and dumb, he liked her looks. He put one arm around her and, with the other, displayed the ancient curved yataghan.

"Hai, dushenka," he growled invitingly. "Hi, darling, do you want to buy a sword cheap, for brandy money? And such a sword!"

The darling said something Yarak could not understand, although he knew most of the dialects of central Asia. Then a man's arm with stripes on it was shoved against Yarak's chest. A stocky soldier appeared in front of him, shoving hard.

"Het!" Yarak yelled.

He kicked out at the offending soldier's thigh, and the soldier dodged, swinging a heavy fist below Yarak's belt. This heavy Amrikan had gray hair and he breathed like a bull. Pained, Yarak jabbed him in the throat and swung up the yataghan. The soldier reached for an ax. Before either one could land a blow, in between them jumped the girl.

She seemed to Yarak to be an angry girl.

"Fold up, you zombie!" said Nurse Branson crisply, keeping her slender person between Yarak and the sergeant.

In a previous war, Sergeant Lanihan had served in a regiment known, for good cause, as the "Infighting Irish." Now he was ready to go and he protested: "The guy made a pass at you with a knife."

"Oh—rats!" said she, and she looked at the officer wearily. "Can't you do *anything?"*

"I—I'm sorry, Kitty." The officer flushed.

Now Kitty Branson had been through a good deal, and all of it unexpected. The transport plane bearing her and this Captain Whittaker with other officers had made an emergency landing through the overcast on unknown terrain, shaking up its passengers. True, they had been picked up after due time by cars summoned from the nearest emergency field by radio. Thereupon, this same Sergeant Lanihan had lost his way driving back to the field, in the enveloping mist that Captain Whittaker called clouds.

There being no roads, apparently, and the leading cars being lost to sight, Sergeant Lanihan had relied mistakenly upon his compass, forgetting that the metal and electrical system of a motorcar had more attraction for a magnetized needle than the true north. The truck, containing a 60-mm. mortar detail and several rifles, had followed Lanihan's car obediently.

Now, after a foodless day and a sleepless night, they were lost. All that Captain Whittaker could say for certain was that they were nine thousand one hundred and eighty feet over sea level.

Feeling their way through the clouds, they had stumbled upon this battalion of Russian engineers. But they could not communicate with the Russians, owing to the barrier of language.

Surveying Yarak's six foot three of height, his gaunt, pockmarked face and flowing mustache, Kitty Branson longed for the gift of free speech. She had a manual of Russian phrases with her and she had been able to ask these Russian engineers for bread. But when she tried to ask for the landing field, they brought her out a cot.

"Are we going to stay here," Kitty inquired in clear Boston accents, "making signs for the Red army to feed us, until they get that railroad built, and a Trans-Siberian express comes along to take us somewhere?"

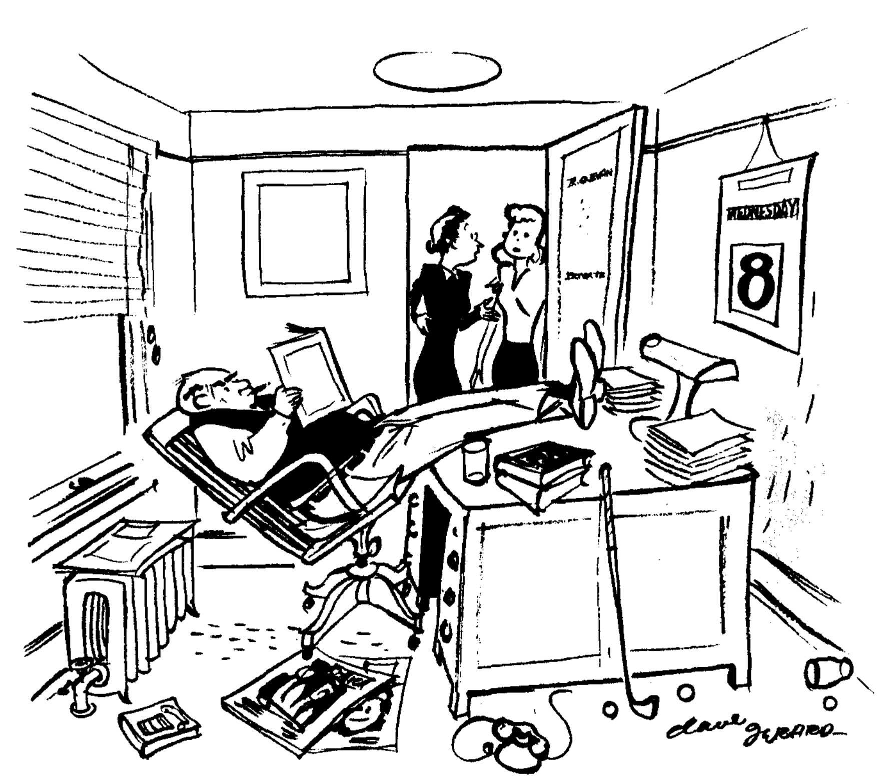
Far overhead, a plane droned past, invisible above the drifting clouds. Bitterly, Kitty reflected that the crew in that plane was probably American, perhaps searching for them at that moment.

"How about it, Captain?" she asked, with malice.

THE bars upon Noble Whittaker's shoulders were shining and unscarred. He had worn his uniform for no more than three months. Never had he been placed in command of men or set his foot upon the soil of Asia before now. Shy and spectacled, he had one enthusiasm—map making. Upon a drafting board, with the skill of an artist, he had brought to life the delicate contours of elevations, the dark shadings of depressions, the tracery of rivers. He had dreamed of so delineating this misty mid-region of Asia, which of all the areas upon the globe, not excepting the North Polar region, was the least known topographically. And to carry out this dream, the Army had clothed him and sent him forth—but not to give orders to fighting men.

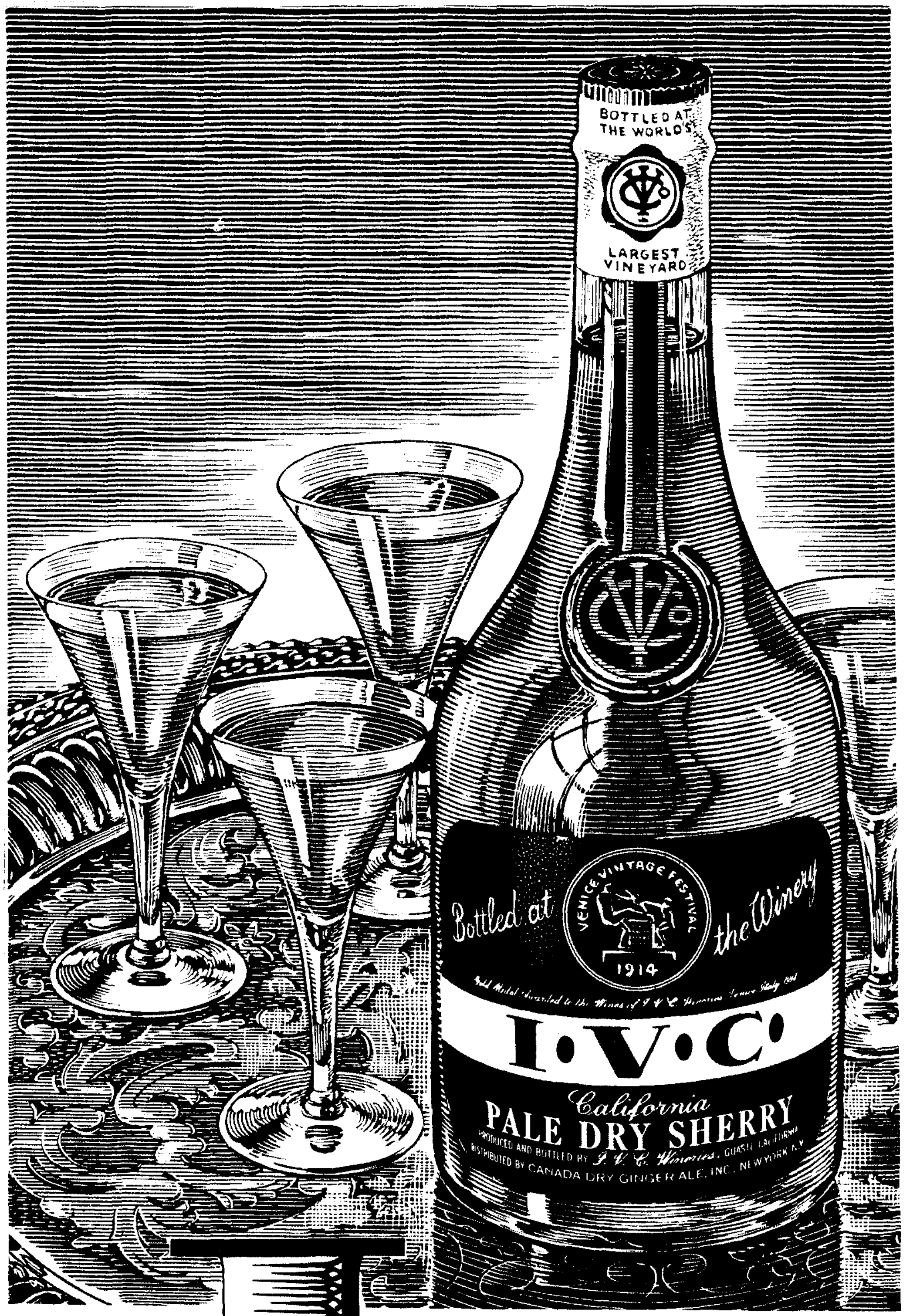
Technically, Whittaker was not in command of this mixed detail, but he was the only officer present and he felt the weight of full responsibility resting on his slender shoulders. It was up to him to get them all out—somewhere, somehow.

Then came the flash of inspiration. He remembered that the pilots in the transport plane had talked about another



"He's like this every Wednesday. He figured by his tax that he works one day out of every week for the government"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD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WINES BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

MEN WHO ASSAY THE FORESTS

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MASONITE PRESDWOODS

THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

emergency field set up near a place called Luntai.

"Wait a minute," he said eagerly, and he had Lanihan unlock the rear compartment of the car, so he could get at his map case. When Lanihan obeyed reluctantly a half dozen bottles were revealed among the assorted baggage.

Yarak, watching the strange actions of the Amrikans, moved up instantly. Some of the bottles held a brownish liquor that might well be brandy; some, square in shape, contained liquor clear as crystal—unmistakably vodka. His thirst increased.

Meanwhile the officer was regarding a map very thoughtfully. He had found Luntai. "Ask that Cossack," he demanded, "if he knows the bearing of Luntai. That is—where it is."

In grim silence, Kitty extracted her Russian phrase book. *"Piu na Luntai?"* she gave forth presently.

Yarak pricked up his ears. Two generations of wandering had tuned his ears to the dialects of Asia, and he decided the Amrikan girl was trying to speak Russian, which he knew almost as well as his native Ukrainian. Whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

Yarak: "That way, darling." He pointed, and Whittaker by use of the compass took a bearing of almost due southeast. It looked about right to him.

Whittaker: "Does he know the road there?"

Kitty: "Road—to Luntai?"

Yarak: "There isn't a road. But I know the way through the mountains like my doorstep. Look, commander, that way." His eyes quested along the mountain barrier and spotted a ravine through which large birds were flying. Yarak had no notion of the way to Luntai, but he knew that such birds did not enter a ravine unless it led somewhere.

WHITTAKER (studying the ravine entrance through his field glasses and observing a track of some sort): "Will he guide us there—for pay, of course?"

Kitty (having difficulty with this): "Will you—go there—leading us—for money?"

Yarak: "Certainly."

It was just as Brother Ilytch had said. These Amrikans could not do anything without reading books and looking at maps. Moreover they had money. But Yarak was chiefly interested in the bottles.

He spat three times and crossed himself. His problem was solved. With these Amrikans, he would go out of railroad-building Kurdai, and when they drank the good brandy and vodka, Yarak also would drink.

If not, he need only wait until there was an accident and then he'd abstract a couple of bottles from the rump of the small car. Knowing these mountains, he did not think these Amrikans would get far on their way.

As for Luntai, Yarak had no wish to go there, beyond the mountains. In the memory of man, no Christian souls and no wheeled vehicles had gone there. On the contrary, Yarak would wait for the accident to happen.

Meanwhile the Kurdai-Luntai expedition was being launched in a fashion unforseen by anyone but Whittaker, who was making something like a speech to the four enlisted men.

"It's really up to you guys to decide. We can stock up with chow and gas by purchase from the Russians, I hope. Enough to last for five days or a week. Then we can proceed in one of two directions. Lanihan can try to guide us back to his field."

There was silence at this. "We just as well try to fly," said one of the mortar detail at length, "than follow him around any more."

"What's the other direction?" demanded Lanihan, and added, "Sir?"

"China."

No one said anything. Kitty looked at the captain curiously.

Whittaker explained about the AAF's emergency field. It meant a hundred miles through the mountains, and then thirty miles or so across the barren Gobi Desert. Perhaps they could get the cars through the mountains, if the gas held out. They'd have to take their luck with water.

"The printed maps are lousy about detail," he assured his audience. "But I think I can pick up Luntai."

Whittaker tried to keep enthusiasm out of his voice. He wanted earnestly to explore these unmapped mountains.

The enlisted personnel looked at him, looked at the sergeant and voted to try for Luntai. They were tired of chasing mist in this no man's land, and China sounded good to them.

"If you find it," said Lanihan sourly.

"What about you, Miss Branson?" Whittaker asked.

"I seem to remember that Marco Polo was the only European who found a road ready for him in this part of the world."

Whittaker nodded. His shyness had vanished. "Yes. I figured we'd have to make our own."

Kitty looked at him with respect. Right or wrong, he had guts.

DURING the next five days, Sergeant Lanihan decided that the track they followed—Marco Polo or no Marco Polo—had been made by animals, and that those animals had been goats.

For five days, Yarak found his hopes unfulfilled. These Amrikans did not open up a bottle even when they cooked supper. Moreover, he could not manage to break into the rump of the car with any tool he found handy. The girl, for some reason best known to her, kept the key of the compartment.

They escaped an accident by a succession of miracles. They climbed steadily into the silence of the heights, where they could look down on the eagles when the cloud rift cleared. Where the slope was too steep, they made the smaller car haul itself up by a wire cable, and then the small machine towed up the big one.

Where a sandstone outcropping blocked the way, the noncom cleared it by accurate blasts from the small trench mortar. Where a gray glacier-fed torrent had torn out the track, they rushed the cars through. Finally the track failed altogether, but the Amrikans slid the machines down a rubble slope on the cable and followed the dry bed of a stream out upon a plain bare of everything except gray tamarisk and dead reeds. Here the ground unexpectedly gave off heat like a covered oven.

Yarak decided that, although the devils of the mountain pass had been strong, the devils in the Amrikans were stronger. At every point, the Amrikan officer had sketched in his compass bearings on a new map, taking observations of the drift of the mountain range and the summits when he could. Under his pencil, the road through the pass took shape.

COLLIER'S "Let's see a smile" CARL ROSE

Then on the sixth day, the accident happened that Yarak had expected hitherto in vain.

It began with a stoppage in the thermostat on the truck, due probably to bad water. While Lanihan and his gang were investigating the thermostat—and digging for water—Whittaker searched the plain with his glasses and observed no sign of Luntai. He was in the Gobi Desert, but where in the Gobi Desert he did not know.

To his questioning, via Kitty, Yarak returned only evasive answers. Luntai was a town, he admitted, yet it wasn't. In what direction it lay, he would not say.

So Whittaker took Kitty and the Cossack in the command car and went forth to investigate the gray plain upon which appeared no sizable tree, or any building built by the hands of men.

"It looks empty," Kitty observed, "and dead." After those five days she was the worse for wear and she was hot. "Are you sure Luntai *is* a town?"

"No," said Whittaker.

Through his field glasses, he saw what looked like a division of infantry, standing in open order on an endless parade ground. But when he headed the command car toward them, the formation turned out to be a few square miles of desiccated and iron-hard poplar forest. Only the lower trunks of the trees survived, poking upright in billows of sand.

Steering between sand dunes, drawing away from Lanihan and the truck, Whittaker came upon some strange sights. All around him the roof beams and gates of wooden houses, gnawed by sun and sand, projected from the ground.

"Luntai!" said Yarak, peering at them.

A few holes had been dug down into the sand-buried houses. Horse tracks crisscrossed the loose sand, but not even a lizard seemed to be alive and crawling in the ruins.

"This," said Kitty emphatically, "is the grandfather of all the ghost towns. I don't like it."

Whittaker assured her they must have come upon one of the sand-buried cities of the Gobi. A couple of millenniums ago, the remnant of a salt inland sea had moistened this vast depression. The bed of the sea had dried up into salt crust, and the encroaching sands had buried the houses of Luntai, preserving them in that bone-dry atmosphere. Triumphantly, he pointed out how this was proof that the Kurdai-Luntai road had once been a caravan route across Asia.

"You're a good guesser," Kitty admitted wearily, wiping the sweat out of her eyes. After the icy cold of the heights the heat from the ground made her dizzy and she felt like crying. Noble Whittaker didn't seem to think of anything but a line on the map.

AT THAT moment Yarak sighted the Dungans. They came galloping over the mounds of sand, sun-blackened riders in flapping sheepskins, on shaggy ponies, with a tall swordsman leading them.

"Kubardar bratsui!" Yarak yelled, and slid out of the car.

Neither Whittaker nor Kitty understood his warning. The tribesmen flowed in like a human tide on their horses, making for the motorcar.

Whittaker reached for a pistol, then took count of the numbers of the Dungans. He did not know what they were. He looked for the damaged truck, but it was out of sight.

Yarak perceived that at last an accident was happening to the Amrikans. Taking up a large rock hastily, he smashed it down on the handle of the luggage compartment. The lid opened to his pull, and he extracted deftly two of the bottles, one brown, one white.

He had had experience with the tribes of the Gobi region; he proceeded to get himself out of visual range. Jumping into a hollow, he crawled off between the sand dunes. He did not think the Amrikans would get any farther, and he had saved at least two of the bottles.

Lying prone in the sand, he looked back and saw the wave of horsemen swirl around the car. In their black sheepskins, the Dungans looked like animals.

Dismounting, they pulled the Amrikans out of the car. They knocked Whittaker down and trampled on him. Then they began snatching at the crates of stores.

"Tzee-tzee!" their voices chanted around the leader on the white horse.

Unobserved, Yarak caught the rein of a wandering horse. It was a good, swift-paced Kabarda pony, and before the tribesmen sighted him he was a half-mile off, heading back toward the hills.

Beyond the first rise, Yarak dismounted to watch his back track. All this rapid exertion made him sweat. The ground was hot under his knees. Gratefully, he ripped the fastening off a bottle and drank.

It was the white liquor and it tasted much like vodka. Smiling, Yarak opened

WHEN YOU FEEL A COLD COMING ON

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5 BASIC THINGS TO DO FOR COLDS
advised by physicians and public health authorities
(See how lemons help with all 5)

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2.	**ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.** Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms *sodium citrate,* excellent to offset acid condition.
3.	**KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR.** Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.
4.	**EAT LIGHTLY. TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.** Citrus juices are most frequently advised.
5.	**KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL.** Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, call your doctor.

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Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration . . . take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then – continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

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WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

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the brown bottle and tried it also. It had the pungent flavor of brandy, and Yarak sighed with satisfaction. At leisure, he quaffed from the square white bottle, and then from the brown.

A sense of increasing comfort pervaded him. The ill luck of the Amrikans had been his good fortune. Now he had a horse and most of two bottles.

With this assurance of well-being, however, a vague discomfort assailed his Cossack spirit. The liquor of the Amrikans was good liquor. They had come over the mountain pass in their machines like devils. They had been like *kunaks,* brothers of the road. And now, by force of an accident, he had to leave them.

The dumb lady had smiled at him, like a merry girl. When the Dungans discovered she was young, they wouldn't leave much of her.

"Tfu," he muttered. "Impossible to ride off and leave a girl like that." But he couldn't think of anything else to do.

Then he heard the chugging of a motor, and the truck came surging up to the rise, its injury repaired. *"Het!"* yelled Yarak, pulling his horse over to it. The truck stopped suddenly.

SERGEANT LANIHAN and the half squad surveyed the scene below them in the sand-buried city of Luntai. "Hell's bells!" said the sergeant and let the truck slide back out of view.

He reflected that he had in the truck only the 60-mm. mortar and several rifles. Also, he knew that the Asiatics swarming around the captain and the lady were at present beyond the mortar's effective range. He wanted time to size up the picture.

"Are they Japs, Sarge?" someone asked.

Lanihan did not answer because he did not know.

Then Yarak came up, jabbering and gesticulating. The eyes of the Cossack gleamed under shaggy brows, and his breath gave out with gin and whisky, although Lanihan could see no bottle on him.

The sergeant knew no Russian and less Ukrainian, but in days gone by, he had argued with Frogs in similar situations. Bending his ear attentively, he tried to make out what this Cossack was saying but it made no sense.

When Yarak mounted the Kabarda and went swinging off to the side, back toward Luntai, Lanihan nodded to his henchmen. He had a reputation to maintain, and that reputation had suffered recently.

He thought he could guess what Yarak was doing.

"Co-ordinate on this, you guys," he told his excited detail. "Maybe them's Japs, an' maybe they ain't. The Cossack's gone to find out. But never mind him. We got to move quick. We couldn't find our way out of here without that captain."

With the Kabarda between his knees, Yarak trotted up to the Dungans in the ruined city. His mind was alert with drink, and he was shaping a stratagem. Tribesmen like these could be frightened by something they did not understand—by the supernatural.

The Dungans, beholding him returning of his own accord and alone on one of their horses, watched him with great and growing curiosity.

"Chortiaka," he growled at them, "insects out of a dunghill, make way for me."

He saw the two Amrikans and was relieved that neither the girl nor the officer called out to him. They were not afraid of the Dungans.

Kicking his way through the armed crowd, he dismounted and strode up to the leader of the riders, who now sat upon a horsehide in the shadow of a gate. A heavy man, with a scar closing one eye, he looked like a hard soul. Silent, he sat on his ankles instead of his heels in a curious fashion.

"Yah Beg," said Yarak. "Chieftain, I have come where the spoil is gathered. I have come for my share."

The strange Beg rolled his good eye up at the empty hillside and back at Yarak. "A dog barks at the wind," he rasped. "And who art thou?" He hissed the words as if they were strange to his tongue.

"One man," replied Yarak modestly, pleased with his stratagem. "Yet a mighty manslayer. The sword I carry is a sword of power."

Behind him, the tribesmen breathed audibly and strained closer to hear. Yarak turned on them, touched the ivory hilt of his yataghan and shouted, "Tell me, jackals, what spirit rides in the night over these mountains when the sand dunes sound with the beat of drums?"

"The spirit of Genghis Khan!" voices clamored.

"True. And this is the sword of Genghis Khan, taken from the tomb of Genghis Khan!"

His words brought instant silence. The tribesmen gaped at him, their hands on their mouths. Yarak put his hands on his hips proudly.

"Thou?" yelled one. "That is a lie and a poor one."

Gripping their rifles, they surged around him, staring at the ancient yataghan. "Our leader has the sword of Genghis Khan!" they chanted, and they pointed at the chieftain, who did not sit like a tribesman of the Gobi. "The power is in *him.* In the night, his eyes see. No bullet can harm him. *Ai-a,* all who follow him shall slay and be victorious over the Christians."

The leader of the Dungans had indeed a sword different from any Yarak had seen—long, in a black lacquer sheath, with a shining hilt.

"From the place of the sun's rising, from *Jih pen kuo,* he has come," the Dungans cried. "These rifles he gave us, to slay the western Christians."

Laughter shook the crowd. Yarak noticed that the rifles were serviceable, with a bolt action. He spat vigorously.

"Bow down, Cossack," rasped the chieftain. "For I set my foot where the spirit horde stands guard. When the white spirit horse came, in the seventh moon, I took this sword from the grave of Genghis Khan. No enemy can stand before me. Bow down."

SILENTLY the seated man drew a blade of polished steel. Yarak felt a chill of fear. But he had no mind to bend his head, to have it cut off by that sword. He slid a glance toward the two Amrikans. They were empty-handed, their arms tied, and on the height behind them, there was no sign of soldiers or truck.

"Then prove it!" he shouted. "A dog can bark, a lama can lie. I have the true sword. It is your head that will fall."

He began to feel uneasy. The Dungans patted their hands on their hips, overjoyed by the challenge to their swordsman. The chieftain lifted the long shining blade of the sword gently and stepped forward arrogantly. The Dungans surged back. So did Yarak.

Rather he jumped back, and swung himself into the saddle of the Kabarda pony. *"Het,"* he shouted, "to the saddle, thou. Are we to fight like women, in the dirt?"

So quickly had he moved that the Dungans had not been able to stop him mounting. Moreover, they appeared supremely confident in the prowess of their swordsman. That person hesitated, then swung himself not too easily into the saddle of his fine white horse.

Instantly, Yarak rode at him, swinging the yataghan. As he suspected, the strange Jihpenese was a poorer rider than swordsman. Circling him, Yarak cut savagely, whirled the Kabarda and slashed again.

Each blow fell against the rigid blade of the long, tapering sword. A chill of misgiving went through the Cossack. The stranger used the sword as if it were part of him. The razor point flashed at Yarak's belt, and the Cossack almost lost his seat. That sword had a power in it.

Yarak felt afraid. He was tired and panting. The stranger pressed him inexorably. Yarak whirled the Kabarda, kicking the little horse. He would have to use his pony more than his sword.

As he streaked away toward the hills, with the swordsman two lengths behind him, the greater part of the Dungans scrambled into their saddles and whipped after the fighters, yelping with excitement.

Watching back as he rode, Yarak gripped the Kabarda with his knees. The little horse was strange to him, but nimble on its feet—racing with its head tossing up, alert. Yarak crossed himself with his sword hand and decided to risk a trick.

Savagely he jerked the rein around and up. The startled horse missed stride and spun on its heels. With all the strength of his arm, Yarak pulled up its head.

He pulled the rearing Kabarda around and full into the racing white horse that had no time to swerve. The Kabarda's hoofs struck into the head of the white horse. Yarak slashed down with the yataghan.

This was the *lava,* an old saber trick of the Cossacks. The white horse fell heavily. The Jihpenese shot out of the saddle with his head half off. The blade of the yataghan had caught his neck. Hurriedly Yarak dismounted and caught up the strange sword.

Waving the two weapons, he yelled at the oncoming Dungans, "Which sword has power? Which, now, is the sword of Genghis Khan?"

Bending down from the saddle, the tribesmen glared at the body of their leader, with the blood running out of it. The power of magic had not protected him, who had given them rifles to slay these Westerners.

Cra-ash! Something exploded sharply at the edge of the surging crowd. It was followed by the crack of high-powered rifles.

Yarak jumped, then looked over his shoulder. Momentarily he had forgotten the other Amrikans. He saw them now.

Over the ridge, two hundred yards away, one driver steered the truck. Beside him two riflemen advanced on foot. Two others were reloading the trench mortar hastily. Sergeant Lanihan's detail had all the appearance of the advance point of a strong force.

"Het!" Yarak yelped.

The second burst came full among the Dungans. This firepower stunned and awed them. As one man, they headed off into the sand dunes, lashing their horses.

After that, it seemed only natural to Kitty that Captain Whittaker should sight a plane when it was no more than a speck on the vaulting skyline. It seemed only natural that he should plot its course, and that finally they should arrive at an American emergency landing field—a cluster of brown tents ranged along a clear stretch of clay, all ferried in by transport.

Not until they had eaten canned soup and prunes and slept the clock around on real cots, not until Whittaker completed his sketch survey of the way they had come and showed it to the major commanding the field, not till then did Kitty realize that the captain had accomplished a small miracle.

The major stared. "You came through the mountains?" he exclaimed incredulously. "From Kurdai to Luntai? By my map, it's impossible."

"We had an excellent guide," Whittaker said. "He knew an old caravan route."

"Great Scott!" The major beamed. "This means we can supply the field overland—by truck."

KITTY heard the wind beating at the sand dunes with a roar like that of drums and she went out into the night to wait for Noble Whittaker. When he had finished with the major, he found her and she pointed out how bright the stars were.

He peered up at them intently. "That's Orion," he said, "just south of here."

Kitty stared at him for a moment and then smiled. For all he was a man of courage, he was also a man of maps. One day perhaps she might draw him a map, a different sort of map than any he was accustomed to reading, but he would follow it.

She took his arm and said, "Let's find Yarak. We haven't thanked him."

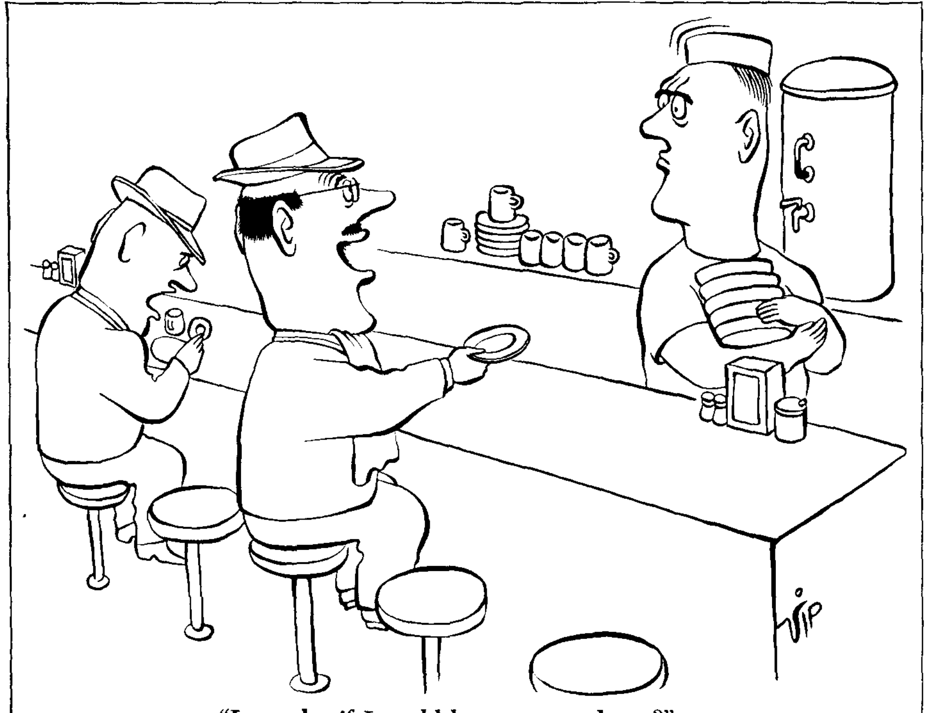
"Nor paid him," said Whittaker.

It was not hard to find Yarak. Something like a free-for-all was taking place at the campfire, where most of the enlisted personnel of the field gathered around the gaunt Cossack who had taken his stand on a gasoline drum. Voices cracked out and fists were thrust up at him.

On the drum beside him rested a bottle of Kentucky bourbon and another of gin, now empty, Whittaker observed. Above the tumult, Yarak waved the long curiously shaped sword of ancient workmanship. In the upraised fists of the American soldiers, Kitty sighted bank notes and Chinese silver.

"He's auctioning off the sword," she laughed, "of that Japanese officer."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I wonder if I could have a second cup?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
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THIS IS the question asked by many customers ... surprised by the wide adaptability of Bostitching in speeding production ... from fastening fragile glass bottles onto display cards ... to stitching heavy gas tanks. "What next!" is the question we are *all* asking ourselves as war conditions improve and new production opportunities loom in sight.

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"What next!" Although Bostitch products are still engaged in war work all over the world, we are planning *now* with our customers for better days:

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... will help *you* to prepare and help *us* to plan for the revival of civilian industries. Send for details.

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Left: Bostitch Autoclench ... one of over 800 peacetime models

DEPARTMENT
CONTAGION
KEEP OUT
BOARD OF HEALTH
9

When the contagion sign is removed from the door the danger period really begins. At this time children are vulnerable to dreadful and often incurable infections

NOT A MEDICAL JOKE

By Mona Gardner

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

Such ailments as measles, mumps and scarlet fever rarely kill anyone but infants. But the aftermaths—the secondary infections—can be terrible. Here's how to guard your children against them

THE boy couldn't have been more than eight. He had a bright, eager face, and his alert gray eyes weren't missing a trick in that crowded waiting room outside the great ear specialist's office. The nurse turned to the lad and asked a quick nurse's question. In that instant, his face clouded; over it spread the queer, dazed look which tells that a child is meeting tragedy head on.

The boy's mother pushed unwilling words out. "He can't seem to hear much any more," she said, and then she added, "It's since he had the measles, you know."

Heads nodded sympathetically as the patient went into the specialist's inner office, and then tales—the currency of waiting rooms—passed and were given in exchange. There was the little girl whose blue eyes were as blue as ever except that she couldn't see with them since she'd had the measles; there was the lad with a rigid neck whose tongue just couldn't talk fast after he'd got over mumps. The nurse looked up from her case cards long enough to murmur fervently, "If mothers would just take common-sense precautions instead of acting as though measles and the other children's diseases were some medical joke!"

Have we assumed that children's diseases should be classed, medically, as minor irritations? If so, we're emphatically wrong. They're certainly nothing about which any mother dare be contemptuous.

And they're not on the wane. Of the 29,991 contagious diseases recorded in Philadelphia in 1942—and these figures match those obtained throughout the country—some 83 per cent were children's diseases. Fatality among the infants was appallingly high, as it always is. But the other half of the picture is worse. It shows thousands upon thousands of children growing up into men and women with dimmed eyes, clogged speech, jangled nerves, enlarged joints, infected sinuses, and a dozen other permanent aftermaths of these far too common diseases.

Many of the aftermaths, the child specialists tell us in hard, accusing tones, can be prevented by a little intelligent nursing on the mother's part.

There's the tragedy of eight-year-old Nancy, who had a typical light case of measles. Her never-alarming fever went down; the moderate rash was disappearing, and because she whined and nagged to get up, she was allowed out of bed during the afternoon hours. Next morning her fever was raging, she was vomiting and there were intermittent periods of convulsions and unconsciousness. Doctors pulled her through this, diagnosing it as secondary encephalitic invasion.

Eight years later, Nancy was found to be continuously nervous and irritable. She had never been promoted beyond the third grade even after six years in school. Neither motor disturbances nor physical defect could be found to account for this. The penciled conclusion by the examining doctor was: "Severity probably induced by depleted vitality because patient allowed up too soon."

Actually the common contagions attack anyone who is not immune—infants, adults and oldsters of seventy. But because the incidence is very much higher among the two-to-fourteen-year-olds, they have come to be known in and out of medical circles as "children's diseases." The most common are: measles, mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox, German measles and scarlet fever.

The Greatest Troublemakers

Of these, measles and mumps are by far the greatest troublemakers, particularly in wartime. During the last war, the number of days of absence from duty among soldiers, due to measles and mumps alone, was equivalent to the toll of any other disease including the venereal. The incidence in this war, though far less, has risen to epidemic proportions in several camps.

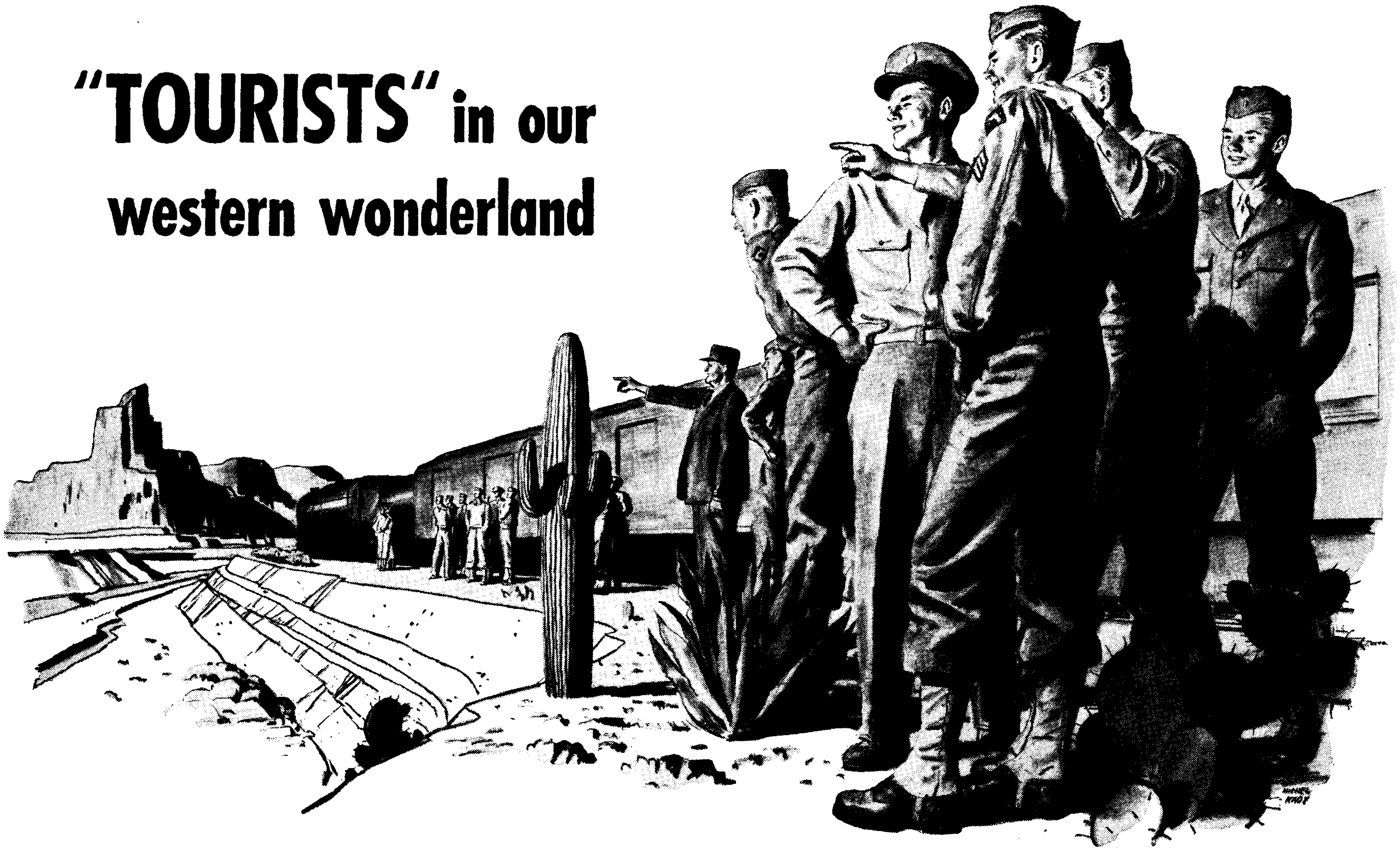
In itself measles is seldom serious. It is the secondary infection—bronchial pneumonia, ulcers of the cornea, meningitis, cerebral abscess, spastic paralysis—for which it paves the way, that runs up the death toll. Bronchopneumonia occurs in nearly one fourth of all measles cases.

The measles virus hits a town hardest in three-year cycles, and when it does, age and season are important contributing factors. Infants under three years have a mortality three times higher than those over six. There is a long period during the adolescent years when its effect is still further minimized. Then, with a diabolic about-face, the microorganism becomes acute again, the whole course of the disease being much more degenerative than in youngsters.

Recognizing this, good medical advice now is to expose a child deliberately to measles. Some pediatricians say: If the child is between six and fourteen, if there are no other acute diseases in the household, if it is spring, if he is in good condition, go ahead and expose the child to measles and see that he gets the new globulin measles serum within seven days of exposure. This way, his case will be light, and he will have acquired a protective immunity which should last him the rest of his life. It is revolutionary advice which even the most intelligent mother (the pediatricians admit) is reluctant to take.

The globulin serum for measles is so new that civilian doctors only heard the details of its use as recently as last November 17th (1943), when complete reports of it were released by the Army for the annual meeting of the Southern Medical Association in Cincinnati. In this gamma globulin (as it is called), antibodies are concentrated 14 to 17 times. Records of

"TOURISTS" in our western wonderland



Southern Pacific is host to thousands of men in uniform who are now "visiting" the West for the first time.

Some had never been aboard a train till war came. Many had never been very far away from their home city or village.

These bright, sturdy youngsters with faces pressed against our train windows—what do they think of our western country? Will they want to travel here again after the war when they can do as they please?

NOW THESE YOUNG MEN are riding along the bayous and cypress glades of Louisiana and across the great sweep of Texas and Arizona on our Sunset route . . .

Or down through the Middlewest and along the old Long Horn Trail on our Golden State route from Chicago to El Paso . . . across the colorful Southwest with its deserts, buttes and mesas . . .

Or on our Overland route they follow the historic path of the Forty-Niners over the High Sierra and down through the old gold workings to San Francisco. Or climb the Cascades and the Siskiyous on our Shasta route which skirts lovely mountain lakes and great forests of California and the Pacific Northwest. They are seeing new horizons of their America.

AMONG THOSE WHO KNOW these wartime tourists best are our "train riders"—the S.P. passenger representatives who accompany troop trains and act as liaison officers between the military and the railroad. The train riders tell us these boys are absorbed in what they see and surprised by the great distances.

"Gee, what a *big* country!" . . . "Think I'll come back some day and fish that stream!" . . . "What crops do they raise here?" . . . "Swell country, huh? I sure would like to look around out here again when this is over!" . . . "My, this is a pretty place"—and then with constant loyalty and some wistfulness—"but you ought to see *my* home town!"

Yes, we think a good proportion of these service men now sampling the West will come back in peacetime. Then they'll see Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, Carlsbad Caverns, our giant Redwoods, Crater Lake, and other attractions few fighting men have time to visit now.

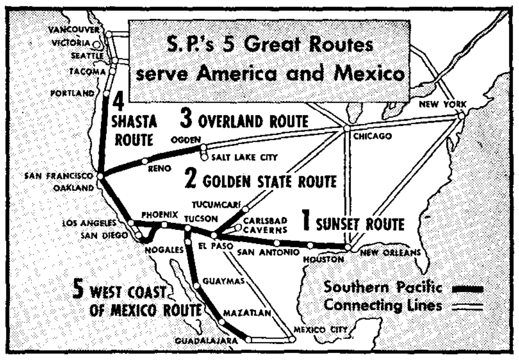
WHAT THESE TRAVELERS THINK and feel interests us as railroaders, as westerners, and as fathers with sons of our own in the service.

Right now we are doing our best to handle a heavy traffic load, to keep the war trains rolling, and to give the best transportation possible during wartime.

Until this war is won it's up to each of us to give our armed forces the kind of backing that will assure the greatest number coming back safely!

We look forward to the day when we can serve these men again, and in better fashion. After the war we will be able to provide service not only better than the wartime variety, but service improved beyond all previous peacetime standards.

Keep on buying WAR BONDS!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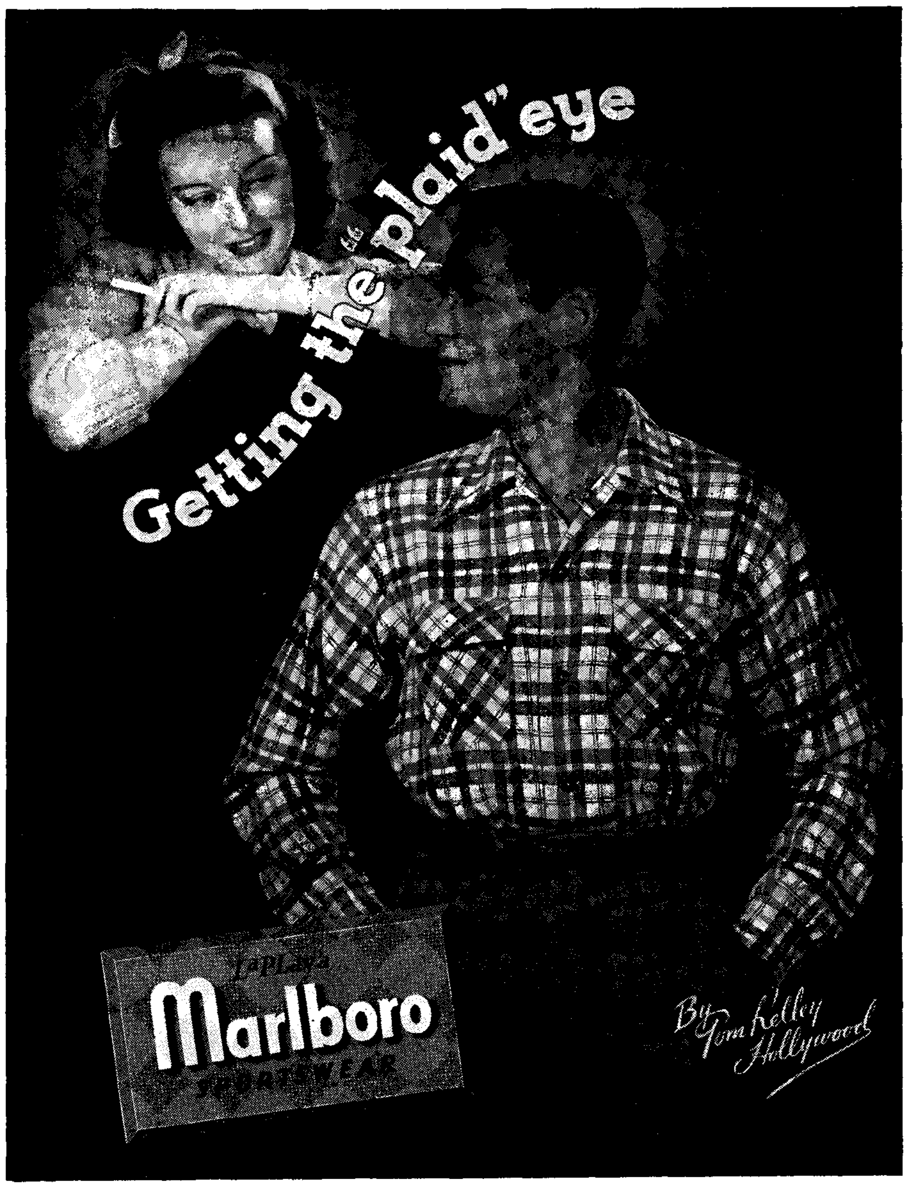


more than 1,000 cases at the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, the Boston Children's Hospital and Johns Hopkins Medical School (where it has been used experimentally for more than a year) show it to be highly effective in such small doses as $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 and 3 cubic centimeters.

According to the dosage, the whole course of the disease is so modified that fever is uniformly lowered, only a faint rash appears, and there is no acute respiratory stoppage. More important still, these mild modified cases do not develop into pneumonia or the crippling paralysis of encephalitis, and at the same time, effectual lasting immunity may be established.

Globulin serum is not yet available for civilian use. The first amounts were kept for the Army and Navy hospitals, but now that it is being made in larger quantities, civilians are slated to receive it very soon. It is obtained from the pooled human serum, collected regularly by the Red Cross, from immune adults. Its reduction to the globulin fraction has been done at the Harvard University Medical School, where the brilliant work with blood plasma and albumin is credited with saving the lives of thousands of battle casualties.

Doctors define common-sense nursing of a measles case as:

Keep child in bed, even in mildest case.

Guard against exposure to other infections.

A well-ventilated room never hotter than 70 degrees. The old idea of bundling in blankets and a sweltering heat is now said to invite pneumonia and ear infection, besides making the child more restless and irritable.

Bed placed so that no direct strong light shines on eyes until all inflammation has subsided, meaning: no reading, no writing.

Systematic daily eye irrigation with a 2 per cent boric acid solution.

Avoid solid foods, giving instead a liquid diet of soups, broths, milk and fruit juices.

Mumps look pretty comical, and it is no secret that they are hardly ever fatal. Still they rank with the more formidable diseases because of the severe complications they set up. They are not a mere local disease of the salivary glands, but a thoroughgoing poison which invades all the other glands of the body. Sulfa compounds do not halt the poison; and mumps immunizing serums are still very much in the experimental stage.

Cold wet seasons are the favorite mumps weather. While the ailment most frequently attacks the 5-to-15 age group, no age is exempt. Permanent immunity usually results, but equally severe second attacks have been reported.

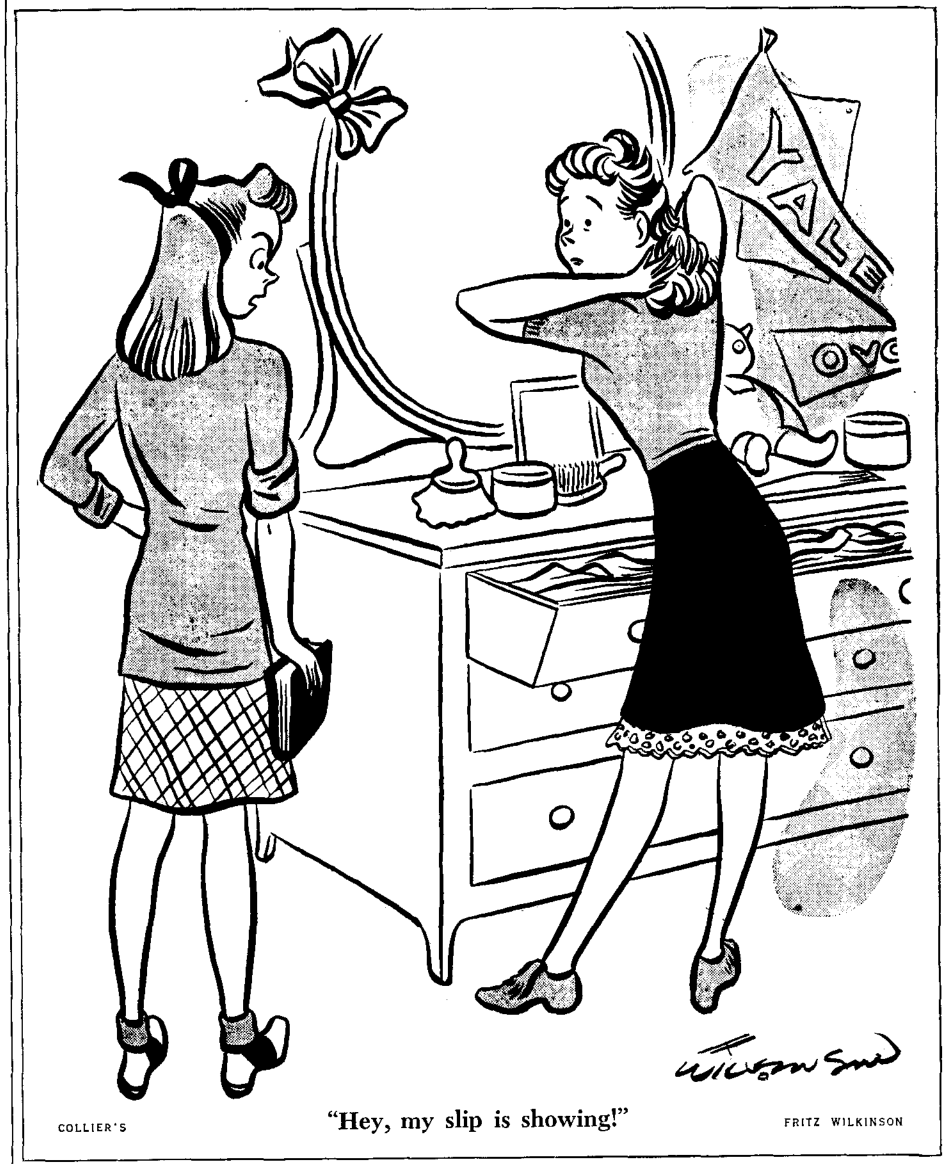
"Crowing cough" was the old wives' name for the violent paroxysm we now call whooping cough. The American Medical Association says of it that, "in the light of frequency and seriousness of its complications, we in America must regard it as the greatest menace of early life."

Early Stage Most Contagious

This prostrating eight-to-ten-week congestion of the upper respiratory system seldom attacks those over twelve. The majority struck by its autumn and spring epidemics are under four and have adenoidal growth. The early catarrhal stage is most contagious, when an irritating persistent cough lasts through the night. But the paroxysmal stage—which usually develops toward the end of the second or third week—produces the greatest strain.

It is generally conceded that whooping-cough serum is of definite value in prevention and in treatment. This hyperimmune serum is taken from human donors who have been immunized repeatedly. It is available at all seasons from certain human-serum centers.

Weather permitting, a whooping child should be kept in the open air through daylight hours. All excitement should be avoided, since excitement induces a cough-



COLLIER'S "Hey, my slip is showing!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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Simple headaches often strike without warning. A package of quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders in the medicine cabinet is usually good "headache insurance." 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

Some things haven't changed

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

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ing spasm. Little and often is the best rule for feeding, and it should be done immediately after a paroxysm. Orange juice is good, so is grapefruit juice and any others with the ascorbic acid of vitamin C in them. Since the debility which follows the long siege of this disease is considerable, thoughtful attention to nutrition must be maintained for months. A special tonic or a change of air may be necessary.

Doctors have decided that chicken pox so lowers the vitality of a child that, a month after it, the onset of tuberculosis can be charted in a definite percentage of cases.

That it attacks the central nervous system is shown by the case of six-year-old Harry. He was recovering uneventfully, when suddenly he had several convulsions and became semiconscious. These neurological signs increased until the left arm and both legs were in a spastic state. In a few days, the more severe features disappeared, and by the end of three weeks, the boy had apparently recovered completely. However, now (two years later), although he is mentally alert, he is unable to walk without support, the coordination of his lower extremities is poor, and his speech is slow and slurred.

Even the mildest cases should stay in bed until the crusts of the rash fall off, with strictest attention given all during that time to keeping the body and the hands clean. A calamine lotion helps to reduce the incessant itch. Frequent warm baths followed by application of a paste of bicarbonate of soda is also very soothing. Some physicians recommend painting tincture of iodine on the pockmarks on the face, just to make sure no secondary infection gets in and leaves permanent scars.

It isn't known yet what causes German measles, which doctors prefer to call rubella. Bacteriologists assure us it is a distinct clinical entity.

The pale pin-head rash of rubella appears suddenly without any warning and may be gone next morning with the same suddenness. But it can leave behind a guilty trail of running ear, severe eye infection and arthritis.

Here again, a sojourn in bed is the sovereign protection until the slight temperature is quite gone, all swelling of the lymph glands is reduced, and the usual accompanying cough has disappeared. Even then, there should be no going outdoors for two or three days. Sugars, starches and meat should be left off the diet for several days, and large quantities of water should be consumed.

Scarlet fever is an erratic and irregular form of streptococci. Susceptibility to it varies greatly in families. Pigmentation also has its effect, for East Indians, Eskimos and American Indians seldom have it, while it decimates Anglo-Saxons. It comes in five-year epidemic cycles, and no fair-skinned person in the temperate zone who has not already had it is immune.

The virulent poison this strep infection manufactures acts, at first, as a powerful stimulant: eyes are bright, cheeks flushed, and there is a clear mental alertness. Then the burning 105-degree temperature begins to take its toll wherever resistance is lowest—in the nervous system, the kidneys, eyes, mastoid or sinus. However, the present scarlet-fever antitoxin and the several sulfa compounds are effective modifiers if they are given soon enough; and they cut down considerably on the devastating sequels, always providing the nursing is of the best.

Doctors say the sickroom should be well lighted, well ventilated, but without drafts. Three weeks in bed is the absolute minimum; longer if a single symptom remains.

Running ear is the other chief specter of childhood. It may be due to diseased tonsils, enlarged adenoids, or the sequel to scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, influenza or a bad cold in the head. It strikes always when resistance is lowest. It is serious because it usually involves the mastoids, resulting in deafness. It can also paralyze the facial nerve.

Watch for the Symptoms

There is never any mistake about the symptoms—pain in the ear, and fever. A local application of one half of one per cent phenol in glycerine on cotton relieves pain quickly. If it persists, prompt drainage by a doctor is indicated. The ear may be syringed every hour with powdered borax in warm water, then wiped dry and plugged with sterile gauze. Never use oil. Rest in bed is certainly important, since the pain is a physical as well as a mental strain. A liquid diet is best until fever is gone.

Only lately, medical opinion has shifted completely and doctors are giving specific and concentrated attention to the disruptive action these various children's diseases have upon the highly vulnerable and unstable central nervous system of childhood. No longer regarded as a simple ailment which must run its course, each virus is now believed to generate a potent poison which directly attacks the nerves in a way that may not be fully apparent for months. If this is true, then every ounce of the child's resistance must be mobilized to offset the nerve poison. This is where rest and intelligent nursing are as effective weapons as anything a doctor can pull out of his black bag.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

a forty-foot sea running. They just touched the top of one roller, but crashed into the next, "like hitting a brick wall," and the plane sank in five or ten seconds. The crash opened a gap in the fuselage, through which they were able to step out on the wing, so they all got out, but they had quite a bit of trouble launching the dinghies.

It took forty minutes of struggle in the numbing, icy waves to get them both inflated and right side up, and by that time, three of the crew had gone down. The other seven were picked up by the British Air-Sea Rescue Service.

Next to landings at night or in very rough weather, the toughest conditions, strange as it seems, are offered by the kind of deep blue, glassy and utterly transparent sea that is found in the Caribbean and some parts of the Pacific. Pilots flying between Miami and Nassau can follow the 100-fathom configuration line of the bottom 600 feet below the surface, and amuse themselves by looking for the wrecks of Spanish galleons. But if they have to come down on it on a calm day without a riffle, they are apt to go right on into it for not knowing where the surface is. The answer supplied by experience is, of course, to drop a few smoke bombs.

The "little things" are all perfected by drilling: Opening the overhead hatches ahead of time so they won't jam; getting out fast; and who carries what in the way of water, radio and other necessities of life on a raft. But there is no way to practice the ditching itself.

As somebody once said: "Why practice anything that has to be perfect the first time?" HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

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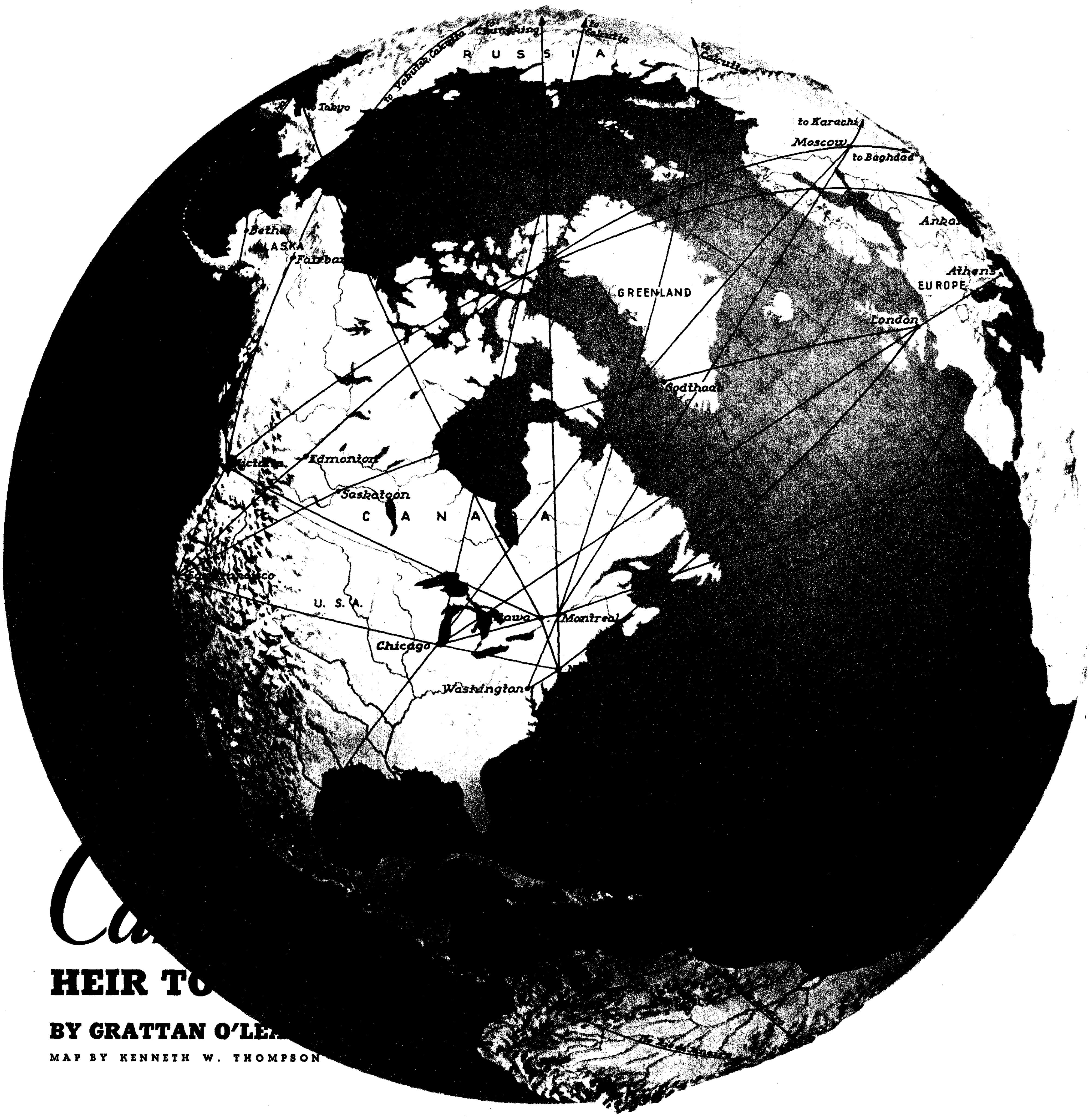


Ca

HEIR T

BY GRATTAN O'LE

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

With her war record, her air bases and her air routes as sleeve cards, Canada will not be content to let any Big Four or even Big Three dominate the decisions of a peace conference, says the editor of the Ottawa Journal who, as a journalist and broadcaster, frequently speaks for his government

CANADA emerged from the first World War with a legacy of debt, and her national unity impaired. Wanting no spoils from World War II, she is determined to salvage from it at least one active asset. The asset of her air. Says two-fisted Air Minister Charles Gavan Power: "Geographically, Canada is sitting pretty. We are on top of the world."

It is because Canada is literally on top of the world, a center and main street of global airways, that she is sitting pretty. On a direct line between the oldest industrialized countries of Europe and the great unexploited markets of Asia, she is at the junction of the skyways, convinced of her destiny in future world commerce and transportation.

Canada's air position is backed by more than geography. The war brought her two great air systems aimed toward Europe and Asia. One is the northwest route from the United States border to Fairbanks, following roughly the Alaska Highway. The other is the northeast route to Britain, its Newfoundland war-built installations providing transatlantic facilities surpassed nowhere.

Canada, in short, has the best and shortest air routes; the airfields and the pilots; the strategic materials of airplane construction—steel, aluminum, plywood. She has the northeast ferry route to Europe; the northwest ferry route to Asia; and the northern mid-continent area, a junction of the airlines east and west to the Arctic. Add to that her ownership of one fourth of the polar islands, and there is her air picture.

Canadians, listening to air talk from London and Washington, are sharply conscious of that picture. Thus Prime Minister King, most deferential of international statesmen, rose recently to say, "We intend to press vigorously for a place in international air transportation consistent with Canada's geographical position and progress in aviation."

That was intended for London as well

(Continued on page 65)

Funnyman

Continued from page 15

the staff small and probably inexpert, the clientele splendidly dowdy. A bar glistened emptily along one wall of the room, and he guided Joyce to it. Dock was grateful for her presence. He wouldn't, he realized, have liked being alone. He felt raw and vulnerable, and he felt tired of it.

The room behind them was reflected in the mirror over the bar, and Dock idly surveyed it.

There was a particularly fine, tall young officer at one of the tables, and Dock turned his head to see him more fully. He marveled; it was nearly too good to be true. The officer was straight and stalwart, frank-featured and obviously unflinching in the face of the gravest dangers. But as Dock watched, the girl with the officer spoke, and the young man looked straight at Dock, answering her. The girl rose and came toward the bar.

For as long as he possibly could, Dock didn't believe it. He had known that it might happen some time but he hadn't wanted it to happen and he was good at avoiding things like that. For years now, he had gone no single place where this girl might be, and now she walked across a room to him in this remote, unlikely place, looking so much the same that it would be impossible not to recognize her. The same slim, clean length of her, the same look of solemnity plus gaiety and of beauty minus prettiness, the same inviolate presence, but clothed now in the color his eyes avoided and his mind shunned, wearing the khaki blouse and the pink skirt, with the two silver captain's bars on her shoulders.

Kate—the same Kate—but in khaki.

He rose at her approach and immediately sank back on the stool. It was a calculated rudeness but there were other reasons. At last, he was feeling the way his doctors kept telling him he might feel, if he should stop being careful.

SHE said, "I ought to have recognized the back of your neck, but I didn't. Not until you turned around."

"That will teach me to gape."

"Were you looking at me?" she asked simply, with the remembered directness.

He shook his head. "At the pretty creature with you."

She laughed. "He is, isn't he? How are you, Danny?"

The "Danny" hit him hard, took the breath out of him. He could only shrug.

"You're in radio now, aren't you?"

"Deep in," he managed. "Mired." He looked her up and down, slowly. "And you? What are you doing in that play suit? What about the garment business?"

Her grin included Joyce, not forcing the introduction he was unwilling to make, simply acknowledging her presence. "You know how it is. You work like a fool to get a shop established, then it *is* established and does just as well without you. It's rather discouraging. So I got into this—play suit."

"Very becoming," he murmured.

Plainly she was thinking of something else. Then her eyes grew suddenly wide with realization. "Of course! How stupid of me, asking if you were in radio! You must be with the Jim Kelly show."

"That is correct. I *must* be."

She made a little bow. "We thank you for your efforts in our behalf."

"Don't!" Dock said. It should have sounded laconic; instead, the word snapped out sharply, desperately, betraying him. He wished she would go away. He wished exceedingly that she would go away. When he heard her saying goodby, he got suddenly, shamefully frantic. When she had gone, there was no relief.

One of Joyce's hands rose to stroke the mink that wrapped her voluminously. "That girl," she pitied. "With her looks. And in a *uniform*. It's a crying shame."

"Isn't it? You know who she is?"

"No. Who?"

"My ex-wife. Shall we go?"

He laughed himself to sleep later on. At intervals all night long, he would wake and find that he was still laughing and that he couldn't stop. He'd see himself meeting some friend of his, a little guy with a high, condescending voice and no face that he could identify. After a while, this little guy would ask him sharply, "Weren't you married, Martin?"

"Yes, I was married."

"And where is your wife now, Martin?"

"My wife?" he would say. "My ex-wife? Why, naturally she's in the Army." And then he would add, "*I'm* in radio, you know."

It wasn't funny, this dialogue he imagined, but it killed him.

THE next day was the bad one. It always was. For six or seven weeks now, it always had been, and he recognized it instantly, while he was still on the edge of sleep. If it had been raining outside or if the hotel had been on fire, he would have known it in the same way, physically, without the necessity of thought; today was the day of the broadcast.

With his eyes kept tightly closed, he saw the day before him and hated it. It would be a thoroughly military day. There would be many military courtesies and much gruff, military humor. There would be a military festivity of some kind (a luncheon, usually) and certainly there would be a long military tour of dozens of points of military interest. The day would rise slowly, inexorably, piling annoyance on annoyance, torment on torment, until at last it reached the nearly unbearable climax of the broadcast, the main event, the agony. Even as it produced them, his mind scorned and denied the words, but emotionally there was no denial; they were true words.

He swung his legs over the side of the bed, groped for his slippers and remembered to open his eyes. It was not just the bright light of noon, today's noon, that had awakened him. Joyce stood patiently at the foot of the bed.

"I'd begun to think you were dead. You *looked* dead."

"Let's retain our delicacy. Let's ignore how *you* must look in the mornings."

She grinned at him. "You've been talking to one of my husbands. It's a pity that people have to depend on rumor. Personal experience is much more reliable."

"Can't you wait until I'm awake?" he protested.

"I never get anywhere when you're awake."

She spread her arms wide in a gesture that was frankly appealing, if rather more frank than appealing. It was the gesture she used at the climax of a song, when she wanted absolute, final possession of her audience, and it admirably displayed an admirable body.

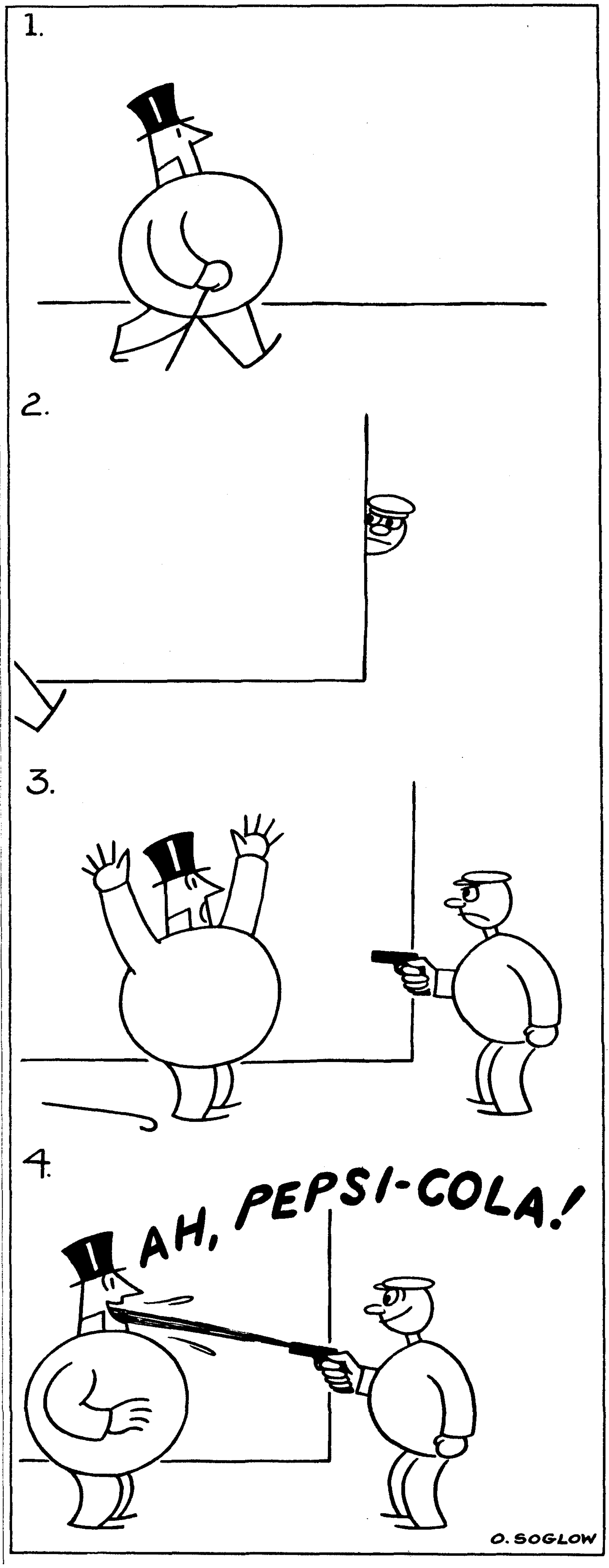
"Could there be something wrong with me?" she asked doubtfully. "It's obvious that I have looks, brains and talent. My charms are praised from coast to coast. And ever so many people will tell you I'm simply the perfect wife."

"You've been married twice. Just twice. Quit bragging."

She shrugged, laughing. "So I'm in the market—"

Why not? Dock thought. I've always known I'd probably do it one day. And there'll never be a better day than this one.

"Do you think—*we* ought to get married?" he asked.



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"I certainly do. Why did you think I married those other tramps?"

"All right—why?"

"Simply because you were so reluctant, darling."

With more difficulty than he had anticipated, and with more sincerity, he said, "I'll try and make you happy."

"You needn't, fool, even try." Moving over her, against any attempt she may have made to disguise it, was a new look—a warmth, a softness, an impossible light. For a moment he saw her like that, then she turned away, glancing at her watch.

"It's almost time for our lunch date."

"A luncheon today, is it?"

"Naturally a luncheon today. Complete with colonels. Hurry up and put your pants on."

He had to say, "My armor, too. But I've just put that on, Joyce. It's you."

She was at the door; her head nodded slowly but she didn't turn around. "You'll find me sturdy," she said.

THE room was, as always, large and drab. The table was, as always, large and ringed with gold-marked khaki, punctuated here and there by the civilian dress of the radio troupe. But Dock's discomfort was not quite as usual; today it had an added fillip; it was fancied up.

Across the table from him, an accepted member of the Army that was his own and yet obscurely his enemy, sat the girl whom he had once married. Beside her sat the beautiful, healthy, gracious young man of the night before, a Major Cunningham. Aside from that, everything was as usual.

In answer to the inevitable question, Jim was telling the story. The story was lousy but Jim's delivery was not.

"Dock," he was roaring, shaken with laughter himself, selling it to them. "Dock—with a K. We'd always called him Doc, of course, for Doctor, because he could take a poor crippled script and make a good thing of it. But then one day he sits down in his Bond Street pants—he wears 'em even yet, believe me—and tells me that he was born in the tenements. As a baby he crawled all over those ol' docks. He teethed on barnacles, practically."

The laughter rose satisfactorily. Jim paused slightly, his mouth still wide in a grin, waiting, and Dock interposed, as he always did, "I was drunk, naturally, when I told him. I've never been drunk since."

The laughter held, then fluttered down obediently in deference to the pay-off.

Jim pounded it home. "The docks," he scorned loudly. "The docks of the Riviera? The docks of nasty, sordid ol' Mayfair? My heart bleeds for the guy."

Everybody laughed like anything. The colonel, Major Cunningham, Joyce (who didn't like the story), Kate, very gaily, after the smallest silence; even Dock.

Then he felt motion within himself. He was being rid of the heaviness he had worn too long. He was on his feet, leaning across the table. He was saying, before the laughter was quite gone, before Jim had savored the last nuance, "This is as good a time as any for an announcement. Joyce and I are going to be married. We'd like you to be the very first to know."

There was the moment of surprise, of military wonder at this odd civilian caprice. Dock thought: What am I standing here for? He glanced at Jim and could share his astonishment, if not his subsequent, swift malice. The congratulations broke loose. He wanted to look at Kate, and couldn't, and was glad he couldn't.

Finally he heard Joyce say, without felinity, as if she didn't want to but felt she must, "I'm glad it happened here, if forewarned is forearmed." She nodded toward Kate. "You see, Captain Martin has been through all this before."

Kate nodded, her expression a nice blend of graciousness, humor and regulations. "We'll have a good long talk and I'll tell all," she said to Joyce. "The poor wretch shan't have a chance."

The colonel was startled and then embarrassed. This, he was thinking, is the kind of thing that happens when you let women in the Army—this unexpected, awkward, feminine kind of thing, that would never occur to a man.

He rose abruptly, bringing the luncheon to a distinct conclusion. "Extraordinary," he murmured. "Captain Martin, you had been assigned to take our guests on a tour of the post, but perhaps—under the circumstances—"

"I'd be delighted," Kate said firmly.

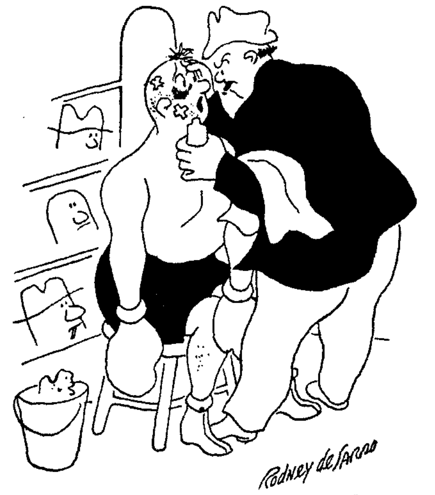
Outside, on the company street, the dignitaries departed. So, too, did Kate's look of polite ease.

She said, "Dan, there's something I must say—"

Jim took her arm. "I've never had such a beautiful guide before, Captain, and I want to be guided." He threw a glance at Dock, grinning without humor.

Kate held back, her face pale and deeply troubled. She almost cried it. "Dan—Dan, we're not divorced. I—I never got one."

Then she allowed the pressure of Jim's hand to start her off down the bright, barren street, with Jim still beside her. The little party fell in behind, straggling along in an untidy, indifferent group; they had been on these sight-seeing excursions before; they had been on one every week for what seemed a very long time.



"This round I'm gonna kayo him with all the savage fury of my killer instincts—if I can last it out"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Dock thought he was the last to start, but when he moved, Joyce moved with him, evenly, close by.

So the past and the present were inseparable. The memories that had been tearing at him all day long were not memories at all; they were reality. They were everything there was. They were everything he was.

Dock, plodding along through the dusty streets, pausing dutifully to inspect some point of interest, saw none of it. He saw the things he had hoped never to see again.

He saw the resort hotel, that summer when he had been a slavey, and Kate had been a guest. He saw the young Dan Martin, washing the eternal dishes or raking the cigarette butts from the beach, and always watching Kate Dunlap, always, unreasonably hating her. Because her life had ease and grace. Because she was sweet and young and full of delight. Always above all else, because of that.

He saw the ambition, the relentless, insatiable ambition that had driven young Dan, that had set him to writing plays and composing music, that had made him teach himself to play the piano and to dance and that had somehow produced the money, so that others might teach him more. He knew again the headiness of first success, with the spotlight on him and applause thundering all around. Young Dan had—was it in 1939?—the most talked-about night-club turn in New York.

One night, as he had known she would be, Kate was in the audience. Her face was soft and wondering, awed and loving; after the last show, Dan had walked for hours, trying to decide. They had been married three weeks later.

They were poor, despite his rising success. Kate had borrowed a considerable sum of money from her father and with it had opened a dress shop which succeeded in losing, each month, a little less than the month before. And Dan spent every cent he earned, and more. He spent it with dance and voice and diction teachers, with dramatic coaches, with famed but temporarily impoverished pianists. Dan was getting ready.

Being poor, they were probably happy, too. Dan frequently felt that they were but he never consciously thought it; that would be pressing your luck.

He remembered one night when, making love to her, he had used the trite words, infrequent and reluctant on his lips. She tensed beside him and then she began to weep convulsively.

"I know you do," she said. "I know you love me. But you hate me, too. There's an insecurity in you makes you hate and suspect and distrust everything you love."

If she had been going to say anything more, he hadn't let her. He had stopped her mouth.

Dan Martin's preparations for fame had not been in vain. The next year he got the lead in a Broadway musical which, considered experimental and risky, was a huge success.

He and Kate were very gay. They went everywhere and bought everything. They were perpetually tired but happy. It was toward the end of the second month of the run that Dan noticed the tiredness especially, but by that time it was too late.

During his big dance number, one performance, he felt a sudden, terrible halt, a stoppage in his brain, his body, his life. He felt it freezing his expert feet, twisting his widespread arms to a grotesque uselessness. Just as he fell, he heard the great surge of laughter from the audience.

The doctors said it was his heart. He'd be perfectly all right if he didn't overdo, if he never danced again.

He said, "You'll never see me on another stage. Not ever. I've learned my lesson; you can count on it."

"But—*why*, Danny?" Kate had cried. "You were never just a dancer. You still have all your talent. You could play leads or comedy or—"

Emotionlessly, with the lethargy already on him, he told her, "I'm Dan Martin, from the wrong side of the world, who tried too hard and got slapped down. I won't stick my neck out again."

SHE was ridiculously loyal. More and more, he shut himself away from her, but she didn't leave him until the day when, in willful renunciation of all the old hopes, he took a job in an advertising agency, writing copy at thirty-five dollars a week. Then she knew that he was all right financially and, in every other way, terribly wrong. He would never forget what she had said to him.

"I can't live with your hate, Dan. Your negative hate. Your hateless hate. It makes even my loving you seem worthless. I can't live with nothing." Then she had said, "Forgive me, Danny," as if it had been her fault.

Those were the things Dock Martin saw, that he had wished never to see again. Those things—and the drifting. The drift through advertising into radio. The drift through radio, effortlessly, easily, to the top of the ladder: No. 1 gag man to America's No. 1 comic.

Now he felt an external pressure. Joyce had taken his arm, pulled him off the street and into the shadow of a building. She was staring up into his face.

"Don't leave me, Dock. Please don't go away and leave me like this."

He said, "You don't understand. I don't *want* to leave you. I'm done with being alone."

He stepped back into the street and, far ahead of him, his wife was still pointing out places of interest.

Looking out over the solid khaki color of the audience, Dock felt wryly that tonight he wouldn't mind it so much—not the improvised stage beneath his feet, not the oversimple wit in the script of his own devising, not the mass of invincible young manhood, so clearly and painfully superior to himself. After today, the broadcast would almost look good.

The moment of going on the air was fast approaching; Dock retreated back into the wings and found something comfortable to lean against. Just a little more than half an hour, and the day would be over, the day that got an A for Annoyance. He and Joyce would have a talk on the train tonight. They'd be married just as soon as they could, and he'd make her happy. They'd go on living a life of pleasant unimportance, with no more days like this, no more days threatened with emotion.

But the day was not yet done. When he saw Jim rushing toward him, his face white and anguished beneath the sweat, Dock knew that there must be a trick or two left.

Jim thrust a script into his hands. "Damn!" he moaned. "They've just taken Mac to the hospital. Appendicitis, of all things. You'll have to read his lines."

"No!" Dock said.

"What do you mean—no? You trying to ruin me? Who else can do it?"

"Get one of the boys in uniform."

"And corn up my show with amateur talent? You know nobody's Crossley can stand that. I'm taking enough of a chance with you."

THE warning signal sounded. Jim groaned wildly and clutched at his forehead; he turned and walked out on the stage, giving them the Kelly grin, and had them in his pocket without saying a word. As if it were all part of the act, part of the gag, he waved urgently toward the wings for Dock to follow.

He followed. He moved heavily to the other microphone, glad that the footlights were bright and his eyes unused to them. But even if he couldn't see it, the audience was there, and he was facing it—an audience blood brother to the one that had once roared with laughter when he twisted so absurdly and fell, an audience of men and women who had never known such weakness, whose strength was publicly endorsed and nationally sanctified.

He was on a stage again, at the mercy of such an audience.

The minutes which he had stretched and crammed with laughs came forward like years. The opening orchestral number. A monologue from Jim, finishing with a parody of a popular song. Business with the orchestra leader. Business with the saxophone player. Business with the announcer. The weekly, ever-popular attempted love-making with Joyce. Joyce's song. Then the big finish, the skit, including practically everybody—including himself, Dock Martin, with Mac's lines to read.

He tensed for it, gripping the script. Even before he spoke, he could feel the audience wondering. Where was Mac, who was almost as funny as Kelly himself? Who was the other guy? Then he read his first line and felt them freeze. He was recognized as a substitute, and they didn't want substitutes. He read a line coolly, without Mac's vocal acrobatics, and they didn't want it read that way.

Another line, and another. He was getting only the slightest response, and Jim was rushing him, covering up. Then, on the next line, he heard a feminine laugh, authentically gay and infectious. It was Kate's laugh, louder than he had ever heard it, more carrying. He read a feeder to Jim, and it came again, joined by titters from a few of the Wacs. He read a gag, and the entire Wac section made itself heard. Then heavier male laughter deepened the sound progressively.

Automatically, without being aware of it, he was playing up. He was delivering his lines with the old precision, the old air of being above his material and yet tolerant of it, of sharing with his audience the pleasing, harmless stupidity of the whole thing. When he realized what he was doing, he was both appalled and disgusted, but he couldn't let an audience slip back again into indifference. It was physically impossible.

Afterward, Jim said acidly, "You're a very funny guy, aren't you? Ever thought of going into radio?"

IN a silence he was strangely unwilling to break, he took Joyce back to the hotel. He unlocked the door of his room, and Kate was there. He was not surprised.

She faced them squarely, and he thought that he seemed to cause her pain, no matter what he did—or at least, discomfort; discomfort, probably.

She said, "I came to tell you how terribly sorry I am—about the divorce."

"That's all right," Joyce murmured. "Dock's the cad. He's been letting me make passes at him."

Kate said urgently, "*You* must get it, Dan. You can go to Reno or somewhere, and it will be quick." She smiled stiffly. "Regulations hardly allow for six-week leaves in which to get divorces."

Joyce said, "Why hadn't you got one before?"

"Because—neither of us seemed to need it."

"I think you're lying."

"I am," Kate said. "Does it matter?"

Joyce turned suddenly away. "I'm as crazy as a loon but I'm going. I'm getting out of here, and heaven help me!" She faded back toward the door and Dock wanted to stop her. Alone with Kate, he would be completely vulnerable—but he couldn't stop Joyce.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "Unless, of course, you *want* to miss the train." Then she was gone.

Now he had no defense except the fake strength of anger.

He spoke to Kate roughly. "What did you think you were doing out there tonight?" The question held all the conglomerate fury of the entire day. It was unreasonable and he knew it, but he didn't, he couldn't care.

"You made me laugh," Kate answered.

"You were leading a rooting section, perhaps? Sis-boom-bah?"

"You made all the others laugh, too."

"I felt like a fool—"

She said, "Isn't that the way you're supposed to feel? Like a fool? You're the smart comic, the bright buffoon. Isn't that how you're supposed to feel?"

There was no answer to that, and he could find none. He only knew that the comfortable, protective lethargy was gone. He had lost it, and it would never return. He was alive again, for better or worse.

She gave him her hand. "Good luck, Dan!"

"Goodby," he said. "I—may be back."

Her voice winced. "Back—here?"

"Here—and in all towns like this. In all service camps like yours." Dreamily, in huge surprise, he discovered something. "I could have my own company. I could keep them laughing."

For it was true. He could imagine now, dimly and still in the distance, a laughter as warm, as new, as incredible as his wife's khaki-clad arms.

THE END

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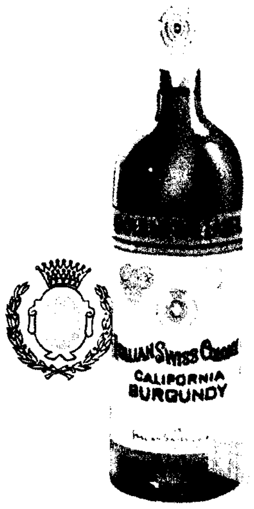

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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The Week's Work

Roderick Maybee strikes a pose as a sergeant, and Artist McLeod works from the photo to produce this week's cover

Barbara Dickinson

WHEN Collier's staff writer Kyle Crichton goes to a baseball game the spectators don't watch the game, they watch Crichton. They're drawn to him as to steam shovels and street fights. "Murder the umpire!" Crichton yells, and the stands quiver. "Tear him up, he's yellow, beat his brains out!"

It is believed in some quarters that the Crichton yells, issuing with terrifying force from the brawny six-foot Crichton frame, have on occasion actually intimidated American League teams to the point of losing, Crichton being a National League fan himself.

Certainly a similar Crichton approach, used at parties and when he interviews the persons about whom he writes, has a devastating effectiveness. Crichton selects his victim and, in a voice that one and all can hear, demands to know, "Who are you? What do you do? Make a living at it? Got a husband? Why isn't he here? Yah, he's probably through with you." This approach, sometimes described as steamroller, works one way or another. Either Crichton and the party of the other part settle down to a cheerful exchange of insults which may become the basis of a fine friendship, or they draw apart snarling. In any case, they are strangers no longer. A Crichton interview is even more of an event.

Now we couldn't recommend this sort of thing to aspiring young people who wish to know how to succeed as journalists, but we must admit that Crichton somehow has come to be known not only as the noisiest writer in America but also as one of the wittiest, most sensitive and best informed (see p. 18, A Show is Born). His forthcoming book, The Proud People, to be published by Scribner's in the early spring, is, we understand, proof of his prowess.

Crichton's life started out to be as violent as his speech. The youngest of seven boys in the family of a mine superintendent in Bethlehem, Pa., he soon outdid everybody in sight at ice skating, swimming, diving and daredevil bobsledding. He loves to tell how he worked in the coal mines as a boy, but his brother Harry says, "If he did, I don't remember it." Following a distinguished athletic career at Lehigh University, Crichton became a reporter in Charleston, W. Va., and then mysteriously fell ill with tuberculosis. He traveled to New Mexico on a stretcher and there he remained for the next nine years, seven of them spent in bed. His eventual complete recovery still is held up as a hopeful example to other patients. During the years of enforced quietness, he turned to writing fiction and articles, and later he did publicity about New Mexico's weather.

Crichton's wife, May, and his three children, soldiers Andy and Bob and reporter Vivian, have, among other laudable characteristics, exceedingly quiet voices.

THAT tough sergeant you've come to know from Collier's covers (see him admiring a new beard on this week's cover) isn't just a face Artist Ronald McLeod thought up, but an actor by the name of Roderick McLeod Maybee. As an old Army man himself, Maybee has the greatest respect for the hard-working men of that rank, and hopes his cover portrayals will win them a spot of public sympathy. Maybee learned about sergeants while he served with the First Virginia Cavalry and the famous Richmond Light Infantry Blues. To his disappointment, he still was stationed at Camp Lee when the armistice ended World War I.

IN ANSWER to our request for biographical data, Barbara Dickinson, author of Funnyman, p. 15, writes: "California born and educated; I wanted to write, and thereafter, of all things, I wrote. First, stories in which all the characters died horrible deaths—or worse, didn't; then plays for the amateur theater; then 'originals' for the screen. I write, of course, seated on a bed of hot coals, with my feet in a stock and a clothespin on my nose. Is there another way to write?" . . . A. P.

Kyle Crichton

KNOPF-PIX

The New Girl

Continued from page 17

the street in her bare feet and across the Bascomb lawn

"Thanks," she said to Lane as he opened the screen door for her. No doubt an obsolete courtesy. "Hello, Mrs. Bascomb Have you seen Fran yet?"

You'd think Fran Hamilton had already won the war singlehanded.

"Not yet, darling. Sit down."

"Golly." Marcia sat down. "Was she something driving that truck? There was a whole line of people on the curb watching, and the other drivers were older, and when Fran came along all the kids whistled and she never even looked—"

"Fran," said Mrs. Bascomb, "is a very efficient girl. Lane remembers her." Mrs. Bascomb smiled at the olive drab sock. "As thin as a witch, and jitterbugging all the time—"

They yelped. They had forgotten Fran had jitterbugged. But good, she had been, too—

"Here she comes," cried Joanie.

Both girls raced off the porch and across the grass. Lane waited, visualizing a skinny little thing who had developed into the pin-up girl of Moreton, who had just got out of uniform into something light and cool, her dark hair long and silky, and long silky legs. . . .

THE voices were close behind him, and he stood up to see Fran Hamilton.

As smoothly as an Indian she padded across the lawn in her bare feet, one of her father's shirts hanging out over her rolled-up dungarees, a flower in the short dark cloud of her hair.

"Lane," she exclaimed and broke away from the other two. She didn't call him "Laney."

He went down the steps of the porch. It was the least he could do. He saw her, and it was true. Something wonderful had come to pass, and he was filled with a great sadness. Anybody could see that this girl should not be driving trucks. She should not be wearing an outfit that a day laborer would have scorned.

"The warrior home from the wars," said Fran in a voice that brushed your nerves, soft and vibrating.

With both hands she took his, the left one gently, the right one in a hard, truck driver's grip. "How's the arm?" she asked.

"Fine," said Lane gravely. "How's yours?"

She laughed, with a lovely backward toss of her head.

"Hello, Mrs. Bascomb," she said, turning away and going up the steps.

"Franny, darling!" Mrs. Bascomb rose and hugged her. "I hear you're the best Army truck driver in the country."

"I'm not bad," said Fran. The other two followed her onto the porch. They all sat down. They were off. They would gabble now, as though they had all the inside dope on how to win a war.

"It was easy," said Fran. "They're the medium trucks, you know, three gears, and we had to simply crawl because they're new—"

"I'll be seeing you," said Lane.

They peered at him through the screen and said, "Where are you going?" in mild surprise.

"Just up to the firehouse for a little while."

"I want to go." Fran jumped up. "They've got a Kimball truck up there and that was my baby last year in school—we worked on Kimballs—"

"No!" It was all that Lane could manage in his sudden fury.

Fran held the screen door half-open and looked at him without resentment. "Well, don't go up to nine hundred," she said. "It's bad for your arm."

He shot her a glance of the purest dislike and turned and strode down the walk. She wanted to go with him to look at more trucks. He almost choked. . . .

Shorty and Chuck, the paid firemen, and Al the driver, were playing rummy. They greeted Lane gladly and asked him to sit in. He said, "No, thanks," and wandered around the sitting room, looking at the trophies in the showcases as though they were new to him. They were the ones he had helped win for "best-appearing volunteers" and for "best performance of volunteers."

"Thought you'd be having a date tonight," said Al slyly. "I hear the Hamilton girl is home."

"Oh, you mean Fran Hamilton." Lane laughed. "She wanted to come with me. Some idea of taking the rig apart and putting it together again."

They made noises in their throats and in their noses but nothing really surprised them. Chuck wagged his sandy head. "And maybe she could," he said. "I wouldn't bet on it. Boy, it's a different world than the one you went away from."

"Yeah," said Lane, lighting a cigarette.

"The chief wants to see you," said Shorty. His tuneless whistling as he regarded the seven Al had just discarded would cost him about thirty cents.

"He does!" Lane waved the match out and concealed his pleasure.

"Yep. He thought you might like to look after the green volunteers. It's about all we got now, green ones. And you wouldn't have to ride on the rig. You could go with the chief." They guffawed quietly. "Or drive your own car. Not that we're apt to have much till the cold weather shows up all the defective chimneys."

"I could ride on the rig, all right." Lane drew on his cigarette.

The doors of the engine room were open and he gazed at the glittering quadruple combination rig. He thought of the times he had ridden on it, wriggling into his rubber coat, secure and exhilarated as he clung to the hold.

"Maybe," he said, putting his cigarette out in the sand-filled urn, "he wants me to take Spike's place—since Spike was careless enough to break a leg. You ought to have more than one driver handy."

Al shuffled the cards and closed one eye at Lane. "I'll get Number One where she needs to be. She's never failed yet. You ever sat behind the wheel of a quadruple rig?"

"You ever sat behind the wheel of a bomber?" popped Lane and was instantly sorry. Al was married, he had two kids, and besides he was too old for the Air Corps.

"Golly," said Al, his nice brown eyes shining generously, "I'll bet that's something."

"You'd be good," said Lane heartily.

"HI, SOURPUSS," said Joanie the next night at dinner. She and Marcia and Fran had been out all afternoon on their bicycles, and now Joanie, having had a shower, managed to look both cool and sunburned.

"Not today," said Lane, grinning at her across the roast.

"So I noticed." She smiled warmly at him and winked—with some screwy idea of her own. "Roast beef right on our own table!" she cried. "Black market, mother darling?"

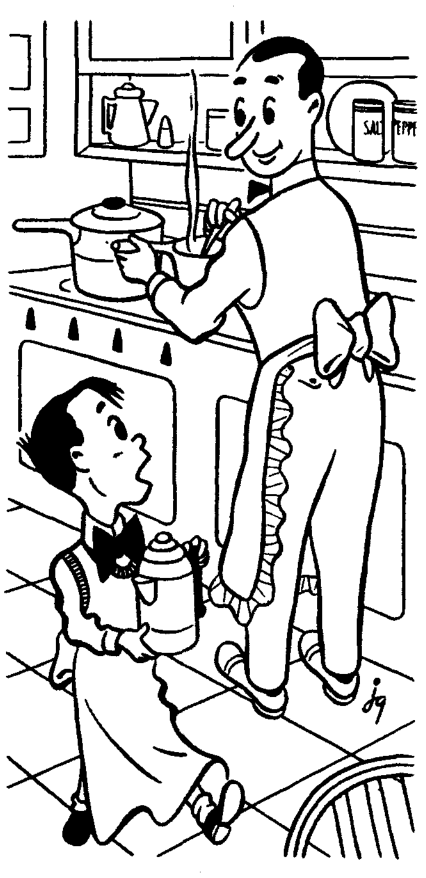
"Certainly not. We had chicken and fish most of the week, so there were plenty of points."

A little anxiously his mother watched Lane carve. He had a nice family. They didn't nag. They didn't call him "Sourpuss" until he was no longer a sourpuss. They let him carve, even if his left hand was awkward. Being home for a few weeks was great and he felt fine.

It was not necessary to tell them that Dr. Wilson had gloated over his arm this morning at the hospital and said, "I want the interns to see this. I don't think you'll be hanging around here more than a month more"; and that Chief Upson had said at noon today, "You bet we can use you, Lane—if you're sure you won't do that arm any damage." As though he'd take any chances on that! And his arm was usable. It had been usable enough to bring his plane down on its own field when those same muscles had had no skin to protect them from the frosty night air.

His mother said he was carving beautifully. You could enjoy a month at home when you had something to do besides run back and forth to the Gifford Memorial Hospital where they had this new treatment for flak-chewed muscles.

There was a little breeze tonight, enough to keep the mosquitoes and flies away, and they sat out on the lawn in low chairs after dinner. His mother knitted, and Joanie bounced as she talked about the engineering-aide course she was to take at the university.



"Let's use mom's good dishes, then she won't let us wash them"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

Heels clicked on the sidewalk and the grass swished under light feet.

"Hi," said Joanie, and Mrs. Bascomb looked up with a welcoming smile.

Lane saw a yellow dress, light and soft and rippling in the breeze, and long silk legs (sleek with the one pair of Nylons that everyone had saved up) and there was a whiff of something that came from many expensive things but not from any known flower.

"Hello," he said, standing up. She looked the way he had known she would look in a yellow dress, and she wasn't skinny any place except possibly her waistline, and her eyes were that lighted-up gray in the smooth bronze of her face, and there was a little yellow bow just where it belonged in her dark hair.

"Hello," said Lane. "Where did you get the funny dress?"

"Where I get all my funny dresses," said Fran. She sat down, not forgetting that practiced seductive look for him, a look that might be the beginning of something special, if you were interested . . . and for no reason at all, Lane remembered how it felt to be leaving the briefing room, not hurrying and not delaying as he fastened his helmet, with the cold, terrific feeling in the pit of his stomach, glad to be going, aware that this might be It and not shrinking—

"How does it seem to have a date?" Joan asked Fran, without envy.

"Young. I keep wondering nervously what I'll talk to George about."

Fran had a date. Here was a girl who was so efficient that she did not neglect a thing. Maybe if Lane had asked her last night, or if just for fun he were to ask her tomorrow . . . he ought to have at least one date with a girl who looked like this in a yellow dress. . . .

George, sent across the street by Fran's father and mother, arrived in shell-rimmed glasses and a light suit—the Selsby kid, of the lousy rich Selsbys, deferred on account of eyes or perhaps his father's war plant; just the kid to be knocked out by dangerous seductive glances.

They all sat around and talked politely. George was impressed by Lane, and Lane, watching in amusement, saw that Fran forgot to give George anything but the most impersonal and friendly of looks.

Then George and Fran went up the street to the bus stop, her heels clicking, her head tilted up toward Four-eyes as she talked, not nervously, to him, and their clasped hands swung between them.

"Is Fran going to marry George Selsby?" asked Lane, gazing after them.

"George!" screamed Joanie softly. "Heavens, no—at least I don't think so."

"Pretty chummy—the way they're holding hands."

"Darling, where have you been? Don't tell me. I know: Africa. Why, everybody holds hands on a date—"

"Damn' silly custom."

"You think so, huh?" said Joanie.

Lane snorted.

MIDAFTERNOON quiet lay over the sitting room of the firehouse. Chuck and Shorty were slumped in the old comfortable chairs, talking lazily. Al was at the telephone, listening with a much-married, slightly worn air. Lane was tilted back in his chair, belonging here now that the chief had said he could use him. He was thinking about his date tonight.

Fran had been sweet on the telephone this morning, almost, he could have sworn, a little breathless. And this thing about holding hands might be all right—

The other phone on the desk rang, and Al reached for it. He said tersely, patiently, "Where, lady, where?" and they all rose to their feet.

"You take it, Chuck." Al, already halfway across the room, meant the siren. "Section 22. Lane, you ride on the seat with me."

Before Al had finished the sentence Shorty and Lane had their rubber stuff down from the top of the rig, and thirty seconds after the call came in, they were rolling out to the street.

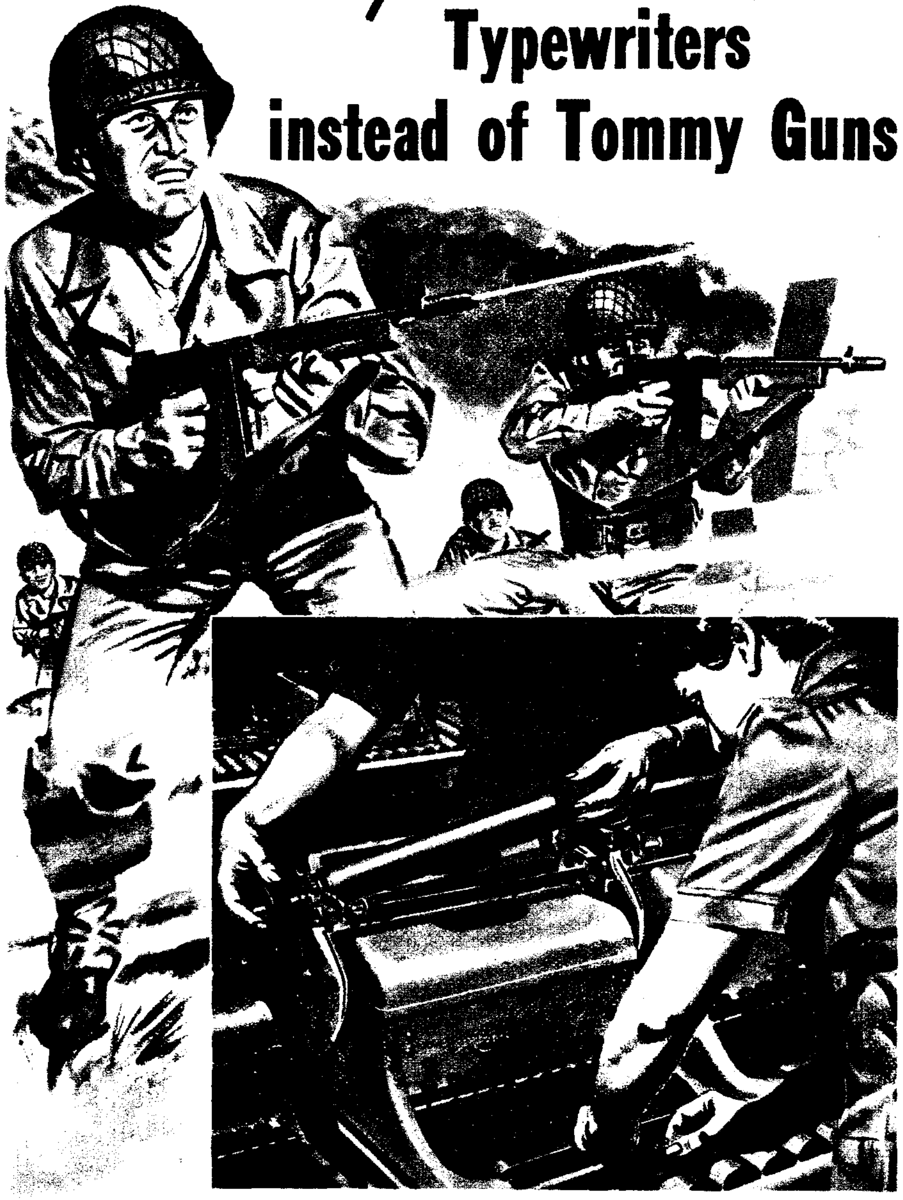
Lane, swaying easily and happily on the front seat, had a moment to spare in gratitude to Chuck. He, Lane, should have been the one to stay behind at the manifold to send out the call. But Chuck had grinned and waved him on. That, if anyone should ask, was real friendship. The volunteers, green or not, should be there almost as soon as the rig.

"Your street," said Al, as they tore along, the rig siren going like crazy, an obbligato to the measured blows of the firehouse siren.

"Our house?" shouted Lane without agitation. His mother and Joanie would have sense enough to get out if they were at home.

"Nope. Hamiltons'." The Hamiltons

WHEN the pressure is on to build
Typewriters
instead of Tommy Guns



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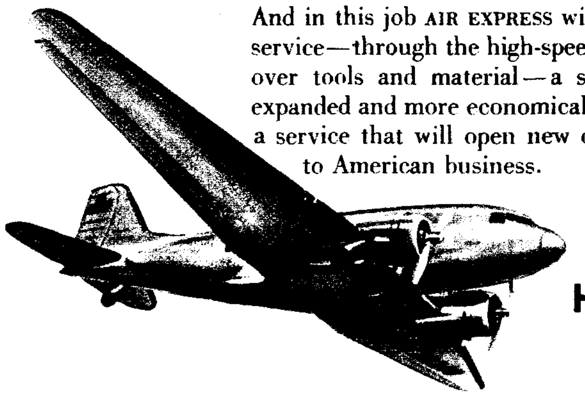

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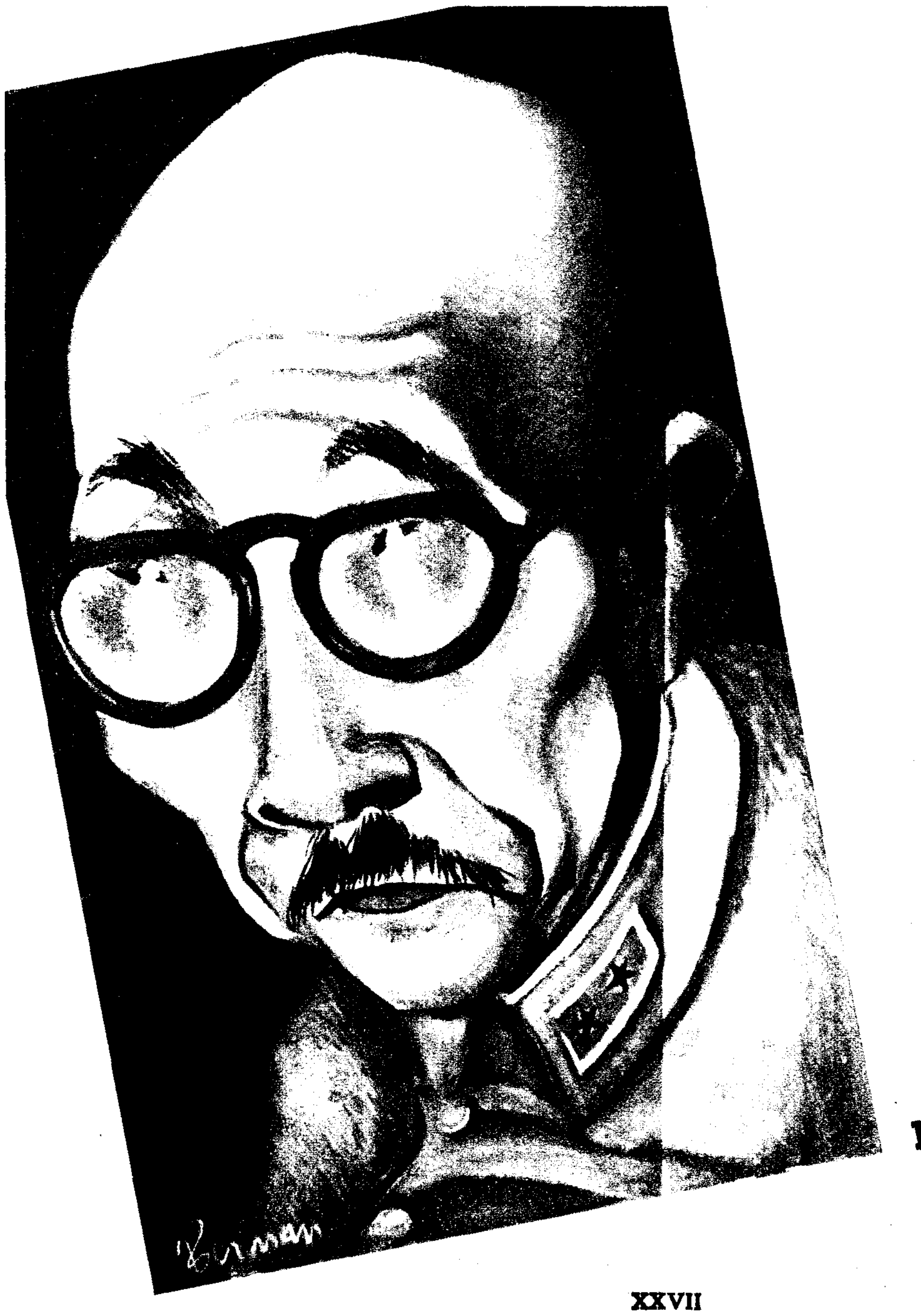

HIDEKI TOJO

XXVII

THE real ruler of Japan is not Hirohito but chunky, granite-faced Hideki Tojo. As Premier, War Minister and Home Secretary, all power is in his hands, for he controls the courts and the police, as well as policies and military operations. The members of the Japanese Diet are his rubber stamps, for his assassins are quick to liquidate dissenters. More than any other, this walking venom sac embodies the fanaticisms and ferocities of his race, for even as he forced war with China and the United States, so is he waging both wars with a barbarity unknown since man quit running about on all fours.

The horrors of Nanking, Hong Kong and Shanghai did not proceed from the sudden fury of wild beasts excited by the smell of blood. Japanese troops acted under the direct orders of Tojo himself, conveyed in these precise words: "In pursuit, be thorough and *inexorable*." The bayoneting of British and Canadian captured and wounded, the rape and murder of hospital nurses, the torture of prisoners, the beheading of Chinese noncombatants until the very gutters ran blood—all of these bestialities trace back to Hideki Tojo, insane in his hate of "foreign devils" and infatuated with the German theory of *Schrecklichkeit.*

The Death March from Bataan, that ghastly journey in the course of which hundreds of American soldiers died of starvation, beating and stabbing, is another crime that lies at Tojo's doorstep. His violation of every rule of civilized warfare was deliberate, and warfare in the Pacific is marked by the same ordered animalism. Captives lashed to trees and bayoneted into pulp; others mutilated, daubed with honey and staked out on the ground for the ants to eat; still others blinded and broken and thrown into the jungle and its night creatures. For these and all other atrocities, Hideki Tojo, supreme war lord, is responsible.

The whole life of the man is red with blood and black with treachery. He first rose to fame in 1932 when he and his assassins set out to still every voice that preached peace or liberalism. Prime Minister Inukai, Finance Minister Inouye and Baron Takuma Dan, head of the great House of Mitsui, were murdered in swift succession, and, two years later, Major General Nagata, chief of the Military Affairs Bureau, and Tojo's superior, was stabbed to death as he sat in his office.

The pace, however, was too fast even for a people accustomed to assassination, and an imperial order sent Tojo to the sticks. A forceful schemer and unresting, he soon reappeared as head of the Military Gendarmerie, a combination of Gestapo and Ogpu, and then bobbed up in command of the Kwantung army. He proceeded to aggravate the "China Incident" by marching his men into the province of Chahar, starting the bloody business that was to lay China waste.

"Slaughter battles," the massacre of unarmed civilians, was a Tojo invention, and it was Tojo who accelerated the opium traffic, even doping the candy given to little children. He also rounded up vast numbers of Chinese for deportation to Manchuria where they died by thousands under the lash of Japanese masters.

There were still some sane men in the Tojo government and, in 1936, the indefatigable Tojo engineered another "patriotic purge." Officers of the army, forming a murder gang, shot down 80-year-old Takayashi, Minister of Finance, Admiral Saito, Lord Keeper of the Seals, and Inspector General Watanabe. Prime Minister Okada was on the list, but the assassins killed his brother-in-law by mistake. On the heels of this purge, Tojo was made Vice-Minister of War, and lost no time in declaring for the Greater Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, meaning an end to all white interference in the Orient.

Konoye, the Prime Minister, stood out against war with the United States, and so did Baron Hiranuma, the Home Secretary, but when an assassin's bullet put Hiranuma in a hospital bed, Konoye found it expedient to resign, and deadly Hideki Tojo took his place. With the army under his absolute control and Hirohito no more than a puppet, the iron-willed gangster struck the match that was to set fire to his powder train. Hurrying Kurusu to Washington to keep the United States cajoled and befooled, he launched his attack on Pearl Harbor.

There will be no peace as long as "Old Razor Blades" stays at the head of Japan's government. As venomous as he is implacable, he has ordered a war to the death and he means just that: No quarter. Kill, burn, torture and hara-kiri—the samurai way—rather than capture. That is the sad part of it. Hitler and Mussolini, in all likelihood, will break and crawl at the last, but Hideki Tojo will never let himself live to be tried by "foreign barbarians." The only thing to do is to hasten the day when he will plunge a knife into his belly, draw it across and turn it upward. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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would have sense enough to get out if they were at home.

In a moment they could see it. Smoke was curling in little wisps from under the eaves of the red brick house and, as they drew up, flames, pale orange in the sunshine, rose and sank again behind a closed bedroom window.

"Shorty'll take the hand line." Al was down and already making the nearest fire plug. "Think you can manage the soft cotton one?" as Lane ran to the back of the truck. Lane dragged it off easily.

Shorty wasted only one kick on the locked front door and without hesitation broke a front window with the nozzle of the hose. He and Lane, careful of jagged glass, climbed in and ran together up the stairs with their lines.

"Damn!" said Shorty, before he was quite to the top. "Door closed, too. Ready?"

Nodding, Lane stood well to the side of the bedroom door in the wide upper hallway. Shorty reached out the full length of his arm, turned the knob and leaped back. There was a roar as oxygen rushed into the closed-up room and a sharp tinkle of glass as the windows blew out.

"Hope nobody was under those windows," said Shorty grimly, coughing and playing his hose on the crackling sheet of fire that was like a bright tapestry on one wall. Lane, having trouble with his line, so much heavier now that it was full, did not answer. Fran, the efficient, might know of a way of putting out a fire without ruining her pretty green-and-white room but experienced firemen did not.

Almost at once Chief Upson came running up the stairs. He took the line from Lane. "Pike poles," he yelled, coughing. "There's something inside that wall." Ungrudgingly Lane ran down the stairs. This was the only thing he was good for. The muscles of his arm were aching. He heard the chief call after him, "See if they got Doc Evans all right. The wires here are burned out."

Volunteers were arriving in their own cars. Helmets and rubber coats were scaling ladders to the roof. Little knots of people from nowhere were gathered up and down the street, as Lane dashed to the truck for the long pike poles. He had a curt friendly wave for the three girls across the street, their bicycles beside them on the grass.

These were not the girls to weep and wring their hands, not even Fran whose pretty green-and-white room was being ruined. They stood there calmly, interestedly, watching a fire be put out. They were all right. They were darlings. They had no misguided help to give, no unwanted advice to offer.

LANE saw the inert form lying close to the shrubbery as he ran back with the poles. Mitch, one of the volunteers, was giving first aid.

"You get Doc Evans?" cried Lane, as he dashed by.

"He'll be here in a minute," Mitch answered.

Little licks of flame still came stubbornly from the blackened baseboard in the bedroom, and as they tore at the wall with their poles, the smoldering laths and frayed wires were exposed.

After that, it was only minutes before the fire was completely out. The firemen stood about on the trampled lawn, breathing the satisfying smell of wet charred wood, rolling up the lines, sweeping up broken glass. The woman who had called the fire department was running around telling everyone.

Doc Evans knelt beside Al with his little black bag. He had pronounced his verdict, and Al was grinning wanly. The bleeding had stopped and Al would have a distinguished bald spot where the stitches would be.

Nice work, they all assured him, an experienced fireman galloping around a house just as the windows let go. And Al was making the retort courteous when the sure wail of a siren silenced them.

"Four," said the chief, alert.

"I'll find out," called Joanie across the street and ran into her house to telephone. She burst out again in a moment.

"It's the powder plant," she cried, and now she was wringing her hands, "in East Moreton. The chief there has called you, Mr. Upson."

With blanching faces the firemen started for the truck and their own cars. Then they stopped, arrested, their eyes on Al. Al struggled briefly, the blood starting again, before he was pushed back by the doctor.

"I can drive her," said Shorty.

"How many times you had her out?" barked the chief.

Shorty swallowed. "I've watched Al," he said.

"Nothin' doin'," said the chief, his black eyes a little wild.

The siren wailed again, its call insistent, and Fran Hamilton walked across the grass to the chief.

"I can take it," she said, looking as though she could.

The men jerked their heads around to glare at her, offended and impatient.

"I've torn them down," said Fran, "and put them together again. I drove our Kimball all over the campus last year and this is the same one—four speeds ahead and one reverse—"

"Go away!" The chief pushed his helmet back on his graying head and stared at the beautiful helpless engine. He turned and stared with disbelief into the white strained faces around, disbelief that Number One could not be where she had to be immediately. Number One had always been where she had to be.

The siren was demanding, as human as a voice.

"It's a powder plant," said Fran. "It's a matter of lives."

The chief's face flew apart and then hardened as he made the inevitable decision. They had all known what it would be and had put off knowing as long as possible.

"Okay," said the chief in a dead voice.

The men were already climbing on the truck, without protest except for a rolling of the eyes, a hand passed smoothly across the throat. Lane could not bear to look at them. Indeed, so low had some of them fallen in their senseless civilian complacency that they laughed.

Not so the chief. Fran's foot was on the step when he pulled her around. He shook his fist in her face. "I don't mind having to resign—if I have to—but remember this, Fran Hamilton! We haven't got a nickel of insurance while you're driving and there'll be six or eight men on her."

"There are four hundred men and women at the powder plant," said Fran and broke away.

Lane stood on the bedraggled Hamilton lawn, breathing hard through his nose, his arms folded, his hand over his left upper arm where the muscles ached. He hardly felt the ache. All he knew, as he turned his eyes away from the most revolting sight they had ever seen, that rapt triumphant face above the wheel as the truck moved forward in low-low, was that this was no place for him. Now he had seen everything. He wanted no part of this insane home front. He'd apply for readmittance to the government hospital, or get himself arrested for not wearing his uniform in public—

That is, later he would. At the moment he found himself tearing along with the chief, remembering, as blurred trees flew past, the guffaws with which the firemen mentioned the chief's driving. The car siren was on, and even the dogs were pale as they yipped out of the way. Bracing himself, protecting his arm as best he could, Lane felt no fear. Or maybe it was that he did not care what happened. . . .

THEY shot into the graveled area in front of the powder plant. Number One was there, throbbing gently, and all the men were down, doing nothing. Chief Maguire of East Moreton waddled fatly toward them, grinning.

"So that's the way you get your cups for 'best-appearing volunteers,' is it, Upson?"

Nobody would have blamed Chief Upson if he had hit Chief Maguire. Instead Chief Upson said, his voice hoarse with relief or pride or something, "You got any girls in East Moreton can drive a quadruple rig?"

They laughed and shook hands, and Maguire said, "Wastebasket fire in the front office. Sorry to have got you out, but we couldn't take any chances—"

Lane walked toward the rig. An orderly file of four hundred men and women was moving back into the long frame buildings, and Fran still sat high up behind the wheel as though she could not bear to get down. It was necessary for him to say, "Nice work, Fran," and to say it right. Then he would not have to say much of anything to her, ever again, except maybe hello. And there would be no date tonight. The hospital is where he would be, having his arm looked at.

His face thin and sardonic under his helmet, he gazed up at her. She did not know he was there, and her expression was not triumphant. It was grave and satisfied. There had been a job to do and she had done it. That was all. Looking at her he was aware of a sudden almost unbearable longing. It was the wrong time for them to have known each other. There could have been something wonderful between them, there could have been everything, but the time was wrong. . . .

She saw him and smiled, and stood up so quickly that one leg of her dungarees slipped over the big chromium clutch just as she stepped down. Lane should have yelled but it was too late. She was already pitching forward and he caught her, the full one hundred and ten pounds of her, as she fell.

Holding back the live agony until he had set her on her feet, he sighed and surrendered to the blackout.

IT WAS pleasant to lie here and listen to the voices while his arm beat dully. He could not have been out for more than a minute. Someone had slipped his rubber coat off, and skillful fingers touched his arm.

"What in hell a guy with an arm like this," said a professional-sounding voice, "was doing at a fire! Flak, huh?"

"He didn't have anything else to do!" This voice was indignant, a trick voice, the kind that brushed your nerves. "It was my fault. He should have let me break my neck."

"Well, he's put those muscles back just about three months."

Lane groaned.

"Darling," said Fran. "I'm so sorry." Nobody had ever sounded so sorry.

"You can do everything," said Lane, not opening his eyes, "except get down off a fire truck, can't you?"

"We've had to learn," said Fran sensibly. "Somebody had to."

"You think you're smart," said Lane. "You love it."

He caught a whiff that came from no known flower. She must be very close. He wanted to put out his hand and tell her about the time being wrong, and that it was too bad because they might have got along fine together . . . but she wouldn't be interested in the kind of talk girls used to be interested in, she had all these exciting jobs to do—

"Look at me, Lane." Not Laney.

He opened his eyes. Her eyes were that lighted-up gray, seductive—not for anyone else, not for the Selsby kid—and her beautiful mouth was close to his. The East Moreton doctor moved away. He said, "You kids be careful of that arm," and they did not hear him.

"You've done K.P., haven't you?" said Fran. "You've learned to make beds neater and tighter than we ever did. Barracks floors, I understand, are spotless." She smiled at him. "Darling, do you like housework?"

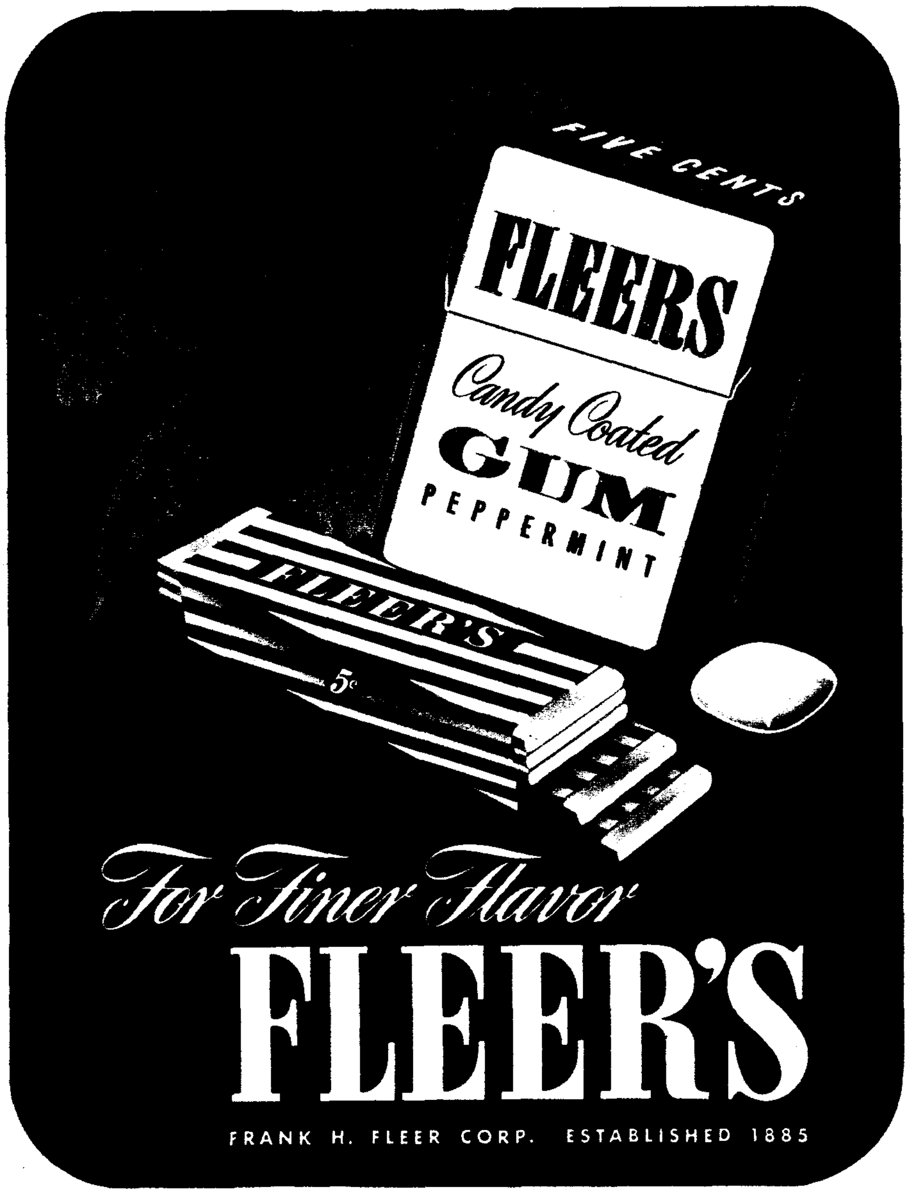
Leaning hard on his right arm he sat up, and Fran helped him.

"I didn't mind," he said. "It had to be done—"

"You see," said Fran, looking at him with sweet expectancy.

Yes, he saw. And as she slid into the circle of his good right arm he saw that the new girl, with her dungarees and short hair and her Kimball trucks was not so different from the old girl with her long silky hair and long silky legs and her dates. If anything, there was a slight improvement.

THE END



On November 23, 1942, we inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers. The thoughts expressed in it are even more important today than they were when first published.

MONEY TALKS

Make it speak the only language the Axis understands:

THE RUMBLE OF TANKS
THE ZOOMING OF PLANES
THE CRACK OF RIFLES
THE ROAR OF CANNON
THE BURSTING OF BOMBS

BUY WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

One of Our Own Kind

Continued from page 24

Canavan stiffened. “Prince Jamie? Very well.” Wariness flowed back into him. Morrissey had been big in the movement when Canavan was a boy. Just by living so long, the man had proved his worth. Canavan rose. “What does he want with me?”

“I told you,” said Mary-Kate, gazing up at him. “I do not know, but he is close to the Leader now. It was Jamie Morrissey's men that guarded the way to the picture theater last Easter. And he risks a lot coming into Belfast, Hugh. The government would give much to put their hands on him.”

“Yes,” said Canavan, frowning. He gave Mary-Kate a cigarette, took one himself, and lighted them both. He was thinking hard. Nothing Morrissey touched was ever small. But why had this meeting been arranged? The room felt suddenly closer.

Mary-Kate smoked, watching him. Canavan stepped toward the window.

“The light,” said Mary-Kate quickly, smoke making her speech visible. “I wouldn't look out, Hugh. The blackout. We're not supposed—”

“I'll be careful,” Canavan said. He slid the tips of his fingers behind the heavy drapes and peered out. He saw the man strolling past on the far side of the street break stride, then walk on. A casual man, not hurrying, with his hands in his pockets. Canavan raised his glance to the house opposite. It was blank and dark. Canavan let the curtain drop into place, then flipped it aside again. Against the sky behind the rooftop, there was a blur of movement.

Canavan walked back to the table and ground his cigarette into the ash tray. He could feel Mary-Kate watching him, but anger flushed into his face, and he wouldn't look at her. “They didn't have to do that,” he said evenly. “I'm not an informer.”

She knew what he'd seen. She said, “They're only there to protect Morrissey. You know we have to be careful.”

He heard her take a breath and turned. Mary-Kate's head was still, listening. Canavan faced the door.

It was well done. There was the single creak of a footstep in the hall, and, then, a tall boy was in the doorway. He stood there, motionless, with his smooth face shining pink like a choir boy's. From under the peak of a cap, two dark eyes stared at Canavan.

“Sonny Farral, Hugh. This is Canavan.” Mary-Kate's murmured introduction seemed politely grotesque.

THE lad's eyes shifted as he glanced around the room. He spoke, barely moving his lips. “All right,” he said, and stepped aside.

James Morrissey came into the room He was a short man, neat and dapper, with a long Irish face and bright eyes. Every button of his trench coat was snugly fastened, and he carried a dark felt hat in one gloved hand. Morrissey walked on the balls of his feet, with the light step of a dancer.

“Mary-Kate, my dear,” said Morrissey, bowing. “You'll excuse my coming in at the back. It was no insult to your house. Merely a precaution.” He smiled, and glanced past her at Canavan. “A greeting, Hugh.”

Canavan said, “Hello, Morrissey.” He felt the man's charm and frowned it away irritably. He must be close to sixty, thought Canavan, but the old Prince Jamie is still there. The dark curls had retreated from Morrissey's forehead, leaving a long widow's peak, and the curls themselves were spattered with gray, but these were the only signs of age.

“Hugh, lad,” said Morrissey, stripping off his gloves. “My hand to you.” He slapped the gloves into his hat, laid it on the table and held out his hand. As they shook, Morrissey put a palm on Canavan's shoulder. He said, “Welcome home. God keep you with us!”

“I'll take part of that,” said another man, who had followed Morrissey in.

Canavan didn't know him. “Hello,” he said, with raised eyebrows.

“O'Connell,” said the man, shutting the door. “Okie's brother.”

“Oh, yes,” said Canavan, not remembering. He had known many O'Connells, all called Okie.

Mary-Kate rose and brought glasses from a cupboard. Pouring drinks, she said, “Sit down all of you. There's time for a drop before business. A cup of tea, Sonny?”

Canavan glanced at the tall boy. Sonny returned the look. Canavan noted the bulge in the boy's pocket. He has not taken his eyes off me, thought Canavan.

“No, thanks,” said Sonny, mumbling the words.

“Sonny doesn't drink,” explained Morrissey.

Canavan said, “Good for him.” Sonny didn't sit either, he noticed. The others sat, sipping and friendly, but Sonny lounged against the wall. That one is waiting for trouble, said Canavan to himself. He straightened his shoulders and took a breath. “I was a little surprised at your note, Morrissey.”

“A stiff note,” said Mary-Kate. “Not friendly.”

Morrissey smiled. “We've a bone to pick, too, Hugh. We waited three months for you to get in touch.”

Canavan wanted no mistake about it and he picked his words carefully. He said, “I left the organization when I left the country. I have not been connected with it these twelve years. I wish it no harm and expect the same from it. Let us leave the past buried.”

MORRISSEY put his elbows on the table and cupped both hands around his glass. He spoke gently, as if addressing the whisky between his palms: “Hugh. There is no need for us to waste words in orations. You know the cause. You fought beside us—killed beside us. I don't believe you've forgotten that.”

Canavan said nothing.

Morrissey's voice went on: “There was a reason why we asked you here.”

“Ordered me.”

“Ordered you, then!” Morrissey raised his head and glared, but only for an instant. “I have ordered men to their deaths—when they knew it, and I knew it—for the cause. But we brought you here to help us.”

Canavan wet his lips. “What is it you want?”

“Not me,” said Morrissey. “Not me. The organization.”

“Put a name to it,” said Canavan.

“All right.” Morrissey pushed his glass away. “We need guns. Guns and the bullets to use in them.”

O'Connell plucked at his lips in excitement. “Garands,” he said. “The new rifle of your Army. I have had a liking for that gun since I first set eyes on it.”

“Garands,” said Canavan. He kept the surprise out of his voice but watched Morrissey. Morrissey's swift glance at O'Connell held anger. The name Garand was the key, thought Canavan, and he was not ready to use it yet. If they wanted Garands, they wanted U. S. Army stores. Canavan wondered how much Morrissey knew.

But Morrissey was a good man and a veteran. He offered no information. He looked at Canavan and waited.

Canavan said, “And how do you get Garand rifles?”

“That is what we asked ourselves,” Morrissey told him. “And there seemed no answer. And then, Hugh Canavan was stationed by the grace of God, in Belfast.” Morrissey's gaze was level; his look was steady on Canavan. “A sergeant technician in the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army. And somebody—an old woman maybe with sharp eyes—recognized a lad who had served with the Irish Republican Army. So we sent around an invitation to a reunion.”

“Get on with it,” said Canavan angrily. “I make a rotten mouse.”

Morrissey bowed. “And I a poor cat. Briefly, then! This side of the river, below Queens Bridge, is a warehouse. Laflin and Doherty's warehouse. Now taken over by the government and given to the A.E.F. for its use. In that warehouse are several hundred cases of Garand rifles, also some cases of Browning automatic rifles, with complementary ammunition for both types. I can give you the exact number—even the serial numbers on the boxes if you wish.”

“You're well informed,” said Canavan.

“I have found it pays. We want those guns. You will help us get them.”

CANAVAN stalled. He lighted a cigarette. “And how do I do that?” he asked.

“You work in that warehouse,” said Morrissey. “You do most of the clerical work—paper work—for your officers. You know when shipments of goods—including rifles—go out to your armies overseas or to your troops here. They leave the warehouse in lorries; we have watched them. Well, the next train of lorries that carries guns should be fairly soon. We wish to know the day, the hour, the route and the number of armed men and lorries. That is all.”

“All, hell!” said Canavan. “You're asking me to spy. I took an oath—”

“Two!” The correction was swift. “And ours came first. But this much I'll do for you. Give us the information well in advance, and if there's trouble for you afterward—well, we always take care of our own.”

“If it comes to that,” added O'Connell, “I can name a dozen places in the hills where they'd never find you.”

Canavan said, “I did not put on this uniform to hide in any hills. There's a war on. A big-league war.” He wanted to shout at them, to tell them how big it was, how much bigger than the old quarrel with England, but he kept his voice down. “I've been in it, and I still would be, only I drank from a water hole they'd poisoned. I'm going back as soon as I can. I'm in till it's over, and they've not been paid for that drink.”

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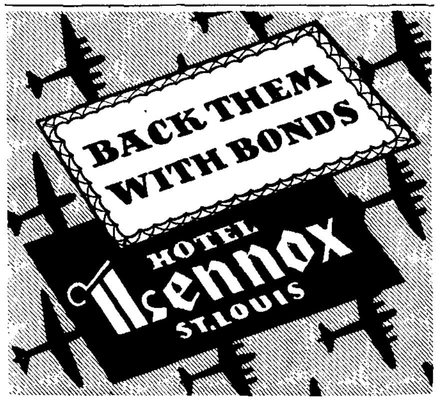

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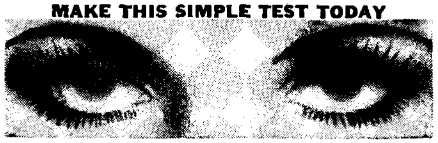

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He saw no understanding in their faces. They were listening with blank attention, but that was all. The words mean nothing to them, thought Canavan; nothing.

"Go back to your war, then," said Morrissey. "If you're smart, no one need ever know. The United States is rich. It won't miss a few guns more or less."

"That's right," said Mary-Kate. "And think, Hugh! Think what those guns mean to us! A chance to free Ireland!"

Canavan bit his lip. That was the way I talked, he thought. It must be. And now it sounds hollow and wrong.

O'Connell said, "And you'll have that to remember as you fight against the Nazis. We didn't know you had a private grudge."

Canavan lost his temper. He felt it rush through him, but there was no stopping it. His voice shook with rage: "It's not a private grudge! That's what I've been trying to tell you! It's bigger than you and me! The whole world is in it, and all you can see is what's under your noses! I'm ashamed of the lot of you!"

THERE was a shocked silence. Mary-Kate gaped.

"Ashamed!" said Canavan. "You talk as if Ireland was on another planet! And your talk makes me sick to my stomach!"

"Is agam an leigheas!" shouted Sonny, from across the room. The boy took a step toward Canavan. His revolver was in his hand, and his lips were white.

"Sonny!" Mary-Kate and Morrissey spoke together. The man went on in a quick flow of Gaelic. O'Connell said something in the same language.

"Talk English!" said Canavan. "I never knew the old language!"

"I said: I have the cure," said Sonny, with passion. He thrust the revolver forward.

Morrissey slapped his palm on the table He snarled another Gaelic sentence. Even Canavan could hear the bite of command in the words, and Sonny, breathing hard, lowered the muzzle of his weapon. Morrissey watched the boy a moment, then turned to Canavan.

Canavan felt tired, hopeless. The exchange of Gaelic had driven the fact home to him. He was a foreigner in his own land.

Morrissey realized it, too. He narrowed his eyes shrewdly and said, "All right, Hugh. The choice was yours and you made it. I had hoped you would help of your own free will. But if it's hard words you want, we have those, too."

"I am listening," said Canavan.

"Listen, then. You seem to have forgotten all you knew of Ireland. Have you also forgotten a policeman dead in a lane?"

Canavan said, "So we have come to that."

"You forced us to it. I prefer not to buy a man's aid. But we need those guns. And for your help we will pay—silence."

"And if I will not sell?" Canavan asked the question calmly.

Morrissey smiled. "Think, man. Put a cork in your anger and think. Tell us what we ask, and the thing is done and forgotten. No one is the wiser. Do not tell, and there is trouble between your Army and Britain, and an old killing brought up. Why put your neck in a rope?"

"You would turn me in?"

"I would. Either you are with us or against us. We will have guns or they can have your life!"

"That is blackmail," said Canavan, with scorn.

"Worse," Mary-Kate said. She stood beside the table, staring down at Morrissey. "Worse! You can't mean that you would inform on him!"

O'Connell said, "Stay out of this, *agra.*"

"Yes," said Morrissey. "It is not your concern, Mary-Kate."

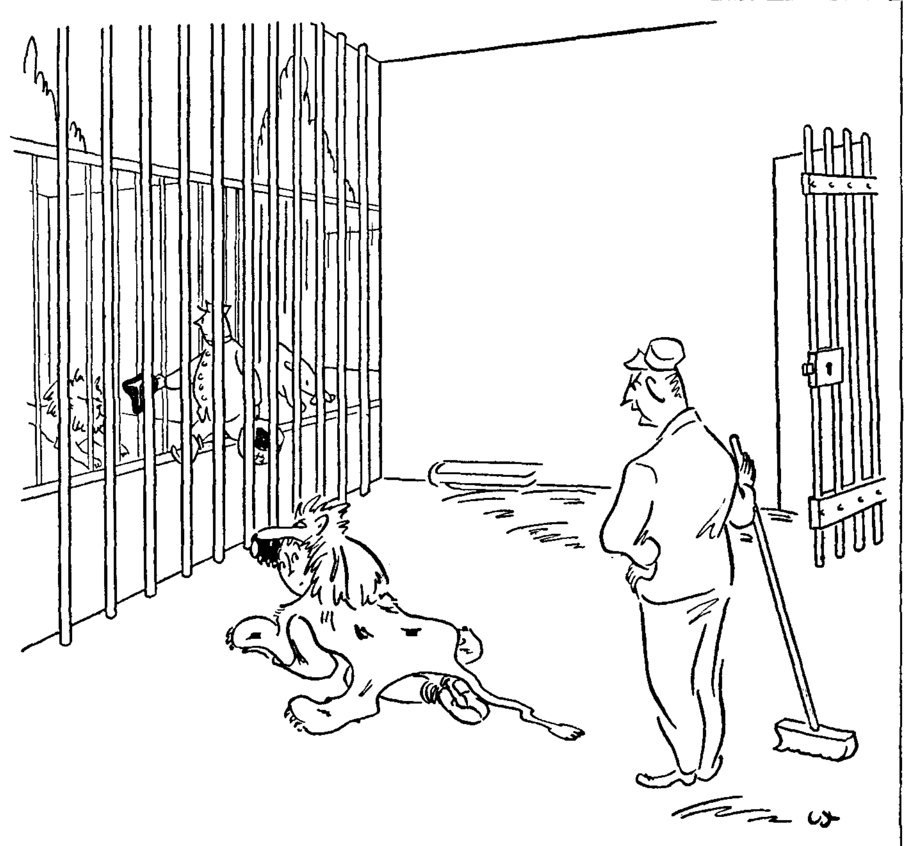
"No informing," Mary-Kate said stubbornly. "If there is one thing I hate, it is an informer! Guns or no guns, we'll have none of that!"

Morrissey's voice was cold and deadly: "I am running this, Mary-Kate and I gave up halfway measures years ago. The cause comes first! I would inform on the Leader himself if he blocked the cause!"

"My father and husband died because somebody turned informer," said Mary-Kate. "Whatever your reasons, it is a low thing. That killing was done when Hugh was one of us!"

"If he is still one of us," said Morrissey, "he has no cause to worry, and if he is not, let him hang! There is no discharge from our army but death!"

Canavan said, "I am in another army now." He was trying to get the talk away from Mary-Kate. Tension was tightening in the room, and someone would get hurt



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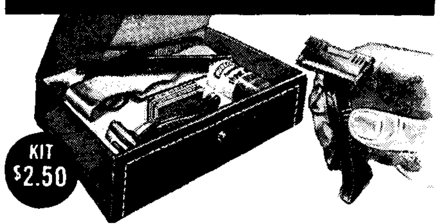

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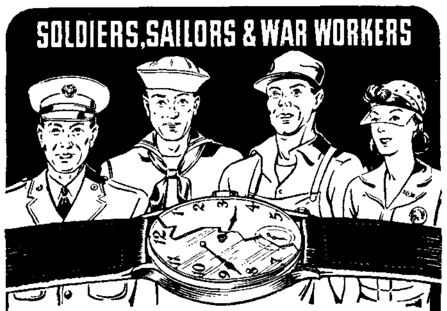

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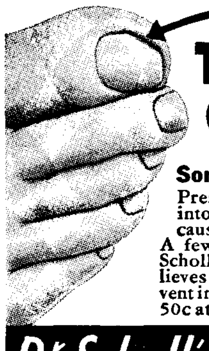

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when it snapped. "Find someone else to do your spying!"

"Then you'll take the consequences," Morrissey said.

"I'll have no part of it," said Mary-Kate. She turned and walked to the door. With her hand on the knob, she spoke over her shoulder: "Remember this, Jamie Morrissey. Once you start informing, there is no telling who will be next!"

That tears it, thought Canavan, and gathered himself.

Mary-Kate had the door open when Morrissey said, "Wait."

Sonny moved two quick steps and grabbed the girl's arm. "The commandant's talking to you," he said. "Come back here!"

The three men were all turned, watching Mary-Kate, and Canavan took his chance. He reached out for the whisky bottle and hurled it at Sonny. One heave sent the table over onto the others. Canavan was charging when Mary-Kate switched the lights out in the room.

Sonny's figure was clear in the lighted rectangle of the doorway, and Canavan dived at him. The tackle drove the boy out into the hall. He heard Sonny's gun go off beneath them and the door slam like an echo. Sonny's head hit the floor with a force that jarred Canavan. He felt the boy go limp.

CANAVAN kicked himself loose and whirled. Mary-Kate, on hands and knees, was scrambling for Sonny's gun. As her fingers closed on it, another gun roared inside the room. The bullet splintered the panel of the closed door.

Mary-Kate pointed the revolver at the door, steadied one hand with the other and fired.

Canavan pulled her to her feet. "Quick," he said.

"Upstairs," panted Mary-Kate. "I turned the key, but that door won't hold them long, and others are outside."

They raced up the stairs, Canavan a step behind Mary-Kate. He had just reached the bend in the stairway when three quick shots blew the lock from the door. An automatic, thought Canavan, with the trigger held.

He glanced down as Morrissey burst into the hall. Morrissey had a long-barreled Luger in his fist, and he wasted no time. He raised the gun and fired. White dust flew from the plaster over Canavan's head.

Canavan cleared the remaining steps with one bound. Close, he thought. The man can shoot. He threw himself flat on the floor of the landing. "Down," he said to Mary-Kate. "Give me the gun!"

Mary-Kate fumbled along his arm and put the gun in his palm. They lay there in the darkness of the upstairs landing.

A good position, thought Canavan. The first long flight of stairs was below them, across a narrow stair well. The stairs were lighted, they were in darkness, and Canavan's gun was on the flank of anyone climbing that stairway. He balanced the revolver in his hand, getting the feel of a strange gun. He heard Mary-Kate's quick breathing beside him.

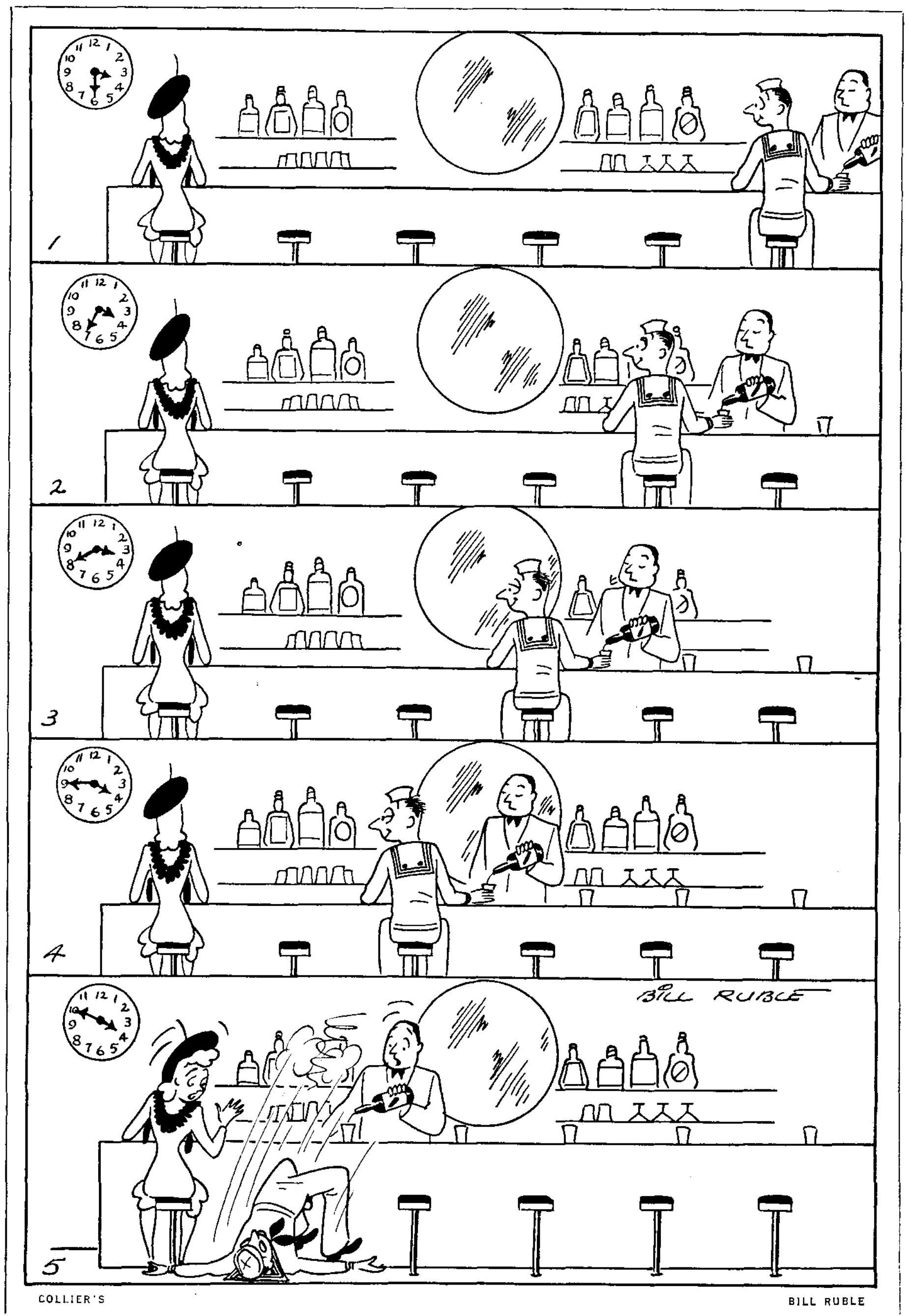
Below them, Morrissey's voice was clear and unhurried: "O'Connell, pass the word. We don't want her getting away over the rooftops."

Her! Mary-Kate was the important one now. She knew too much about the organization. Canavan muttered, "Why didn't you keep out of it?"

"I don't like informers," whispered Mary-Kate.

O'Connell argued. They could hear the buzz of his words. "There's time enough," said Morrissey. "I'm doing this. Follow orders."

Canavan nodded in admiration. Morrissey was a veteran commander. He knew his job, he gave his orders, he would not be hurried.



After a moment, a door slammed somewhere. Canavan nudged Mary-Kate. "Back door," she murmured. "O'Connell."

The hall light went out. Canavan blinked at the sudden blackness. Mary-Kate gasped. Canavan cursed himself for an idiot. He should have known Morrissey was too smart to come up that lighted stairway.

A SHOT roared, and a bullet struck the balustrade. Canavan frowned. Why should Morrissey do that? He broke open the revolver and ran his thumb around the cylinder. Five cartridges. Two had been fired, and Sonny evidently carried the hammer on an empty. With a Luger, Morrissey could afford to draw a shot. The man had a reason for everything.

Canavan raised himself on his elbow. Darkness could work both ways. He clicked the cylinder back into place, cocked the revolver, and waited, aiming between the uprights of the balustrade.

There was no sound for so long that Canavan's ears ached from their straining.

Then Mary-Kate's fingers dug into his arm and her mouth touched his ears. "The fifth step creaks," she said.

It was the lowest of whispers, but Morrissey fired. Canavan saw the flash and squeezed the trigger of his gun. They both heard the bullet hit. A solid sound, different from Morrissey's bullet.

Morrissey fell down the stairs, scraping and bumping, to land with a crash at the bottom. After a moment, he spoke, still calm but a little surprised: "Very fine shooting, Sergeant."

The front door banged open, and a man shouted: "For God's sake, Jamie! We've got to get out of here! They'll be on us like hornets!"

"All right," said Morrissey. "All right. Come here and help carry Sonny. I've got one in the shoulder."

Canavan heard another man run in, and some cursing. Their footsteps hurried away. He was just relaxing when Morrissey spoke again: "Canavan."

The voice was distant, but Canavan tensed so that the gun in his hand quivered.

"Canavan," repeated Morrissey. "Get out of the country. This wound will not take forever to heal, and when it does, I will come looking for you."

Morrissey sounded mild, but the threat was plain. Morrissey said, "For the moment, we will leave it at stalemate. You keep your secrets, Mary-Kate, and we will keep Canavan's."

Mary-Kate stirred. "Thank you for nothing," she said.

"You are welcome," said Morrissey. "And I have a word for you, too. I'd advise you not to stay long in Ireland." There was a pause, and the back door creaked open. "Good night to you both."

When the door shut, Canavan said, "I am sorry, Mary-Kate. There goes your cause."

Her answer was light with relief: "I think, perhaps, my cause was always centered on a man, Hugh—first my father, then Denny."

"And now?" asked Canavan.

Mary-Kate said nothing, but her shoulder touched his. They waited like that in the darkness, until they heard the police cars sweep into the street.

THE END

Canada—Heir to the Air?

Continued from page 54

as for Washington, and Mr. King underscored it: "All air concessions and privileges that have been granted by Canada to other countries as part of the war effort will terminate with the end of the war."

Ironically, Canada designs and builds and flies airplanes, but has not yet built airplane engines. Britain and the United States, with their vast production, would doubtless sell her all the postwar engines she could use, but some uneasy Canadians ask whether, during the conversion period, Americans and Britons might not meet their own needs first and leave Canada on a waiting list.

Knowing she couldn't build airplane engines overnight, and perhaps never build them economically, Canada knows she does not rule the air roost. She knows that the British and Americans hold air cards, too; that she can't afford to play dog in the manger; and that air routes must be fixed under international agreements, with codes and equitable arrangements.

Also, Canada understands that there are world air routes other than Arctic routes; that there is South America, and the Pacific, and the Caribbean, and the Mediterranean.

When the United States, after Pearl Harbor, had to develop new transport routes to Greenland and Alaska, using Canada's territory in the process, Canadians didn't argue. Instead, taking with good grace the jokes about the "U. S. Army of Occupation," they sublet northern Canada for the duration; with the saving stipulation that the premises be vacated with all *movable* property at the end of the shooting. Canada knows this bargain will be kept.

When Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the U. S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, visited Ottawa, he spoke "off the record" to Canadian members of Parliament and officials. Boldly dragging out the air question, he said to them in effect: "You have got to let us have air bases; bases in Iceland and Greenland and Newfoundland and Labrador."

Future Security from the North

No one objected, and Newfoundland, which stands astride Canada's sea lanes to Europe, may find itself a postwar part of Canada's territory.

Nor are Canadians thinking merely of air bases or of international air codes and agreements. They ask themselves where the international air traffic is to come from, who is going to fly what, to where, for how much. About domestic traffic, they have no doubts. In 1942, the privately owned Canadian Pacific Airlines carried 60,000 people on their feeder and bush routes, plus one and three-quarter million pounds of mail and ten million pounds of freight, they took to and brought from the northland, machinery for mine and mill, and lumber and cement and even livestock.

The government-owned Trans-Canada Lines, operating a fast service between Toronto and New York, linking Newfoundland with the Maritimes, flying on to Montreal and thence through Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, is a going concern and carried 104,000 passengers and 2,300,000 pounds of air mail in 1942. Peace will bring much more traffic.

It is in the international field that the position is blurred. Will commercial aircraft move freely and in increasing volume between Canada and the United States? Will planes take off from Canada's bases and fly over the top of the world with passengers and freight for London, Moscow, Bombay and Chungking?

The answer lies in the degree of freedom and honesty of postwar international trade.

In that realization, what Canada fears most of all is a United States return to prewar trade nationalism, to the thought of the Fordney-McCumber and Smoot-Hawley tariffs. Against such a thing, in so far as it *might* apply to her own economy, she will use her air bargaining power to the limit.

Upon one thing all Canadians, regardless of party allegiances, are united. That thing is that, this time, Canada is not going to the peace conference or to any other postwar conference, whether about air or trade or anything else, with any small-nation complex, or in the mood of a supplicant.

That is what Prime Minister King had in mind when, discussing future world organization for collective security, he said that the place and influence of nations on its governing body should be determined by a "functional" test—by what they have to contribute. Mr. King was thinking of Canada's part in this war, and of the part she can play in the peace. He had in mind that Canada today is the world's fourth trading nation; that she has stood third among the United Nations as a net war producer; that she is today the world's third greatest aviation power.

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SHORT STORY

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He had in mind, also, that the western half of the North Atlantic is today under the guardianship of the Canadian navy; that the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, built and paid for and manned by Canadians, has been through most of this war the "airdrome of democracy," and that, apart from R.C.A.F. squadrons in all theaters of conflict, more than 30 per cent of the air crews of the R.A.F. are Canadian-born. He had in mind the guns and tanks and nickel and aluminum and the vast food supplies that Canada has sent to Britain and Russia and China. He had in mind, perhaps most of all, the hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat which are now stored in Canadian elevators, which will be tapped to stop starvation in Europe.

With that war record and peace promise, Canada will go to the peace table, in no way content to let any Big Four or Big Three dominate her decisions. She will have her air bases and her air routes, but back of them will be her war part, and back of it her industrial power and organization, her possession of foodstuffs and key raw materials that the world will need vitally, plus the vast tracts of land that she can still offer to Europeans and others willing to take it and till it.

There is the pull of geography, which, long before the war, was stronger than tariffs or tariff wars.

As far back as the early 1920s, Canadian-United States trade was the greatest two-way trade in the world, with Canadians buying $856,000,000 worth of goods from Americans annually, and selling them in return $542,000,000 worth. Canada was the United States' best customer last year; trade between them amounted to $2,100,000,000.

Americans, tariffs or no tariffs, sent their dollars to Canada. They sent them as investments in government securities, in public utilities, in finance and insurance companies, in land mortgages and industries, until the total reached well up to $4,000,000,000—a sum far greater than the British investments in Canada. Before the war, the number of United States branch factories in Canada—plants wholly or partly financed by Americans—was roughly 1,500.

Boom in U. S. Tourists

Americans followed their dollars. In the 1930s, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the number of United States tourists visiting Canada each year ranged between 16,000,000 and 19,000,000.

Canadians, remembering these things, ask themselves why Canada's air assets, her bases and short routes, should not be regarded by Americans as another rich heritage of North America—as something not for monopoly or rivalry, but to bind the two countries closer economically, with gain for each.

But some Canadians wonder about American writers who discuss "Our Mediterranean of the North" and "North America's Hudson Bay" and "Our Arctic Outposts" including in the "outposts" Canada's arctic islands. They wonder, too, when a "U. S. Minimum Defense Zone" map is seen to include all Canada, Greenland, Iceland, Newfoundland and Labrador.

Of Washington's precise air plans, or London's—assuming they have definite plans—the Canadian government knows nothing. From London comes talk, unofficially, of an "over-all" Empire scheme, one presumably in which Canada would join, and which the whole British Commonwealth would press for and bargain with together.

The case for this, which has found some public support, is that Canada standing with the whole Empire would be stronger than Canada standing alone—an argument which is hard and realistic. But the Canadian government's present position is that Canada must stand on her own feet, co-operating with London or Washington—or with both where co-operation seems called for—but that she will not be tagging along behind either.

"The policy of the government," says Minister King, "is to make temporary arrangements, leaving issues open, so that Canada may be able to support, in international negotiations when they take place, whatever policy appears best at the time."

One thing is sure: If Washington and London imagine they can settle postwar matters between them, they are inviting trouble. Canada will negotiate and cooperate, and she will seek Anglo-American agreement. She will not be dictated to or play second fiddle. She has too much at stake and she holds too many cards.

THE END

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a long way

Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints"?
Absorbine Jr. may really help you.
Apply a few drops—rub it in!
As your circulation increases,
Nature releases certain lubricating
fluids in the joints—they seem
to limber up—feel "easy." Always
keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy.
$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.
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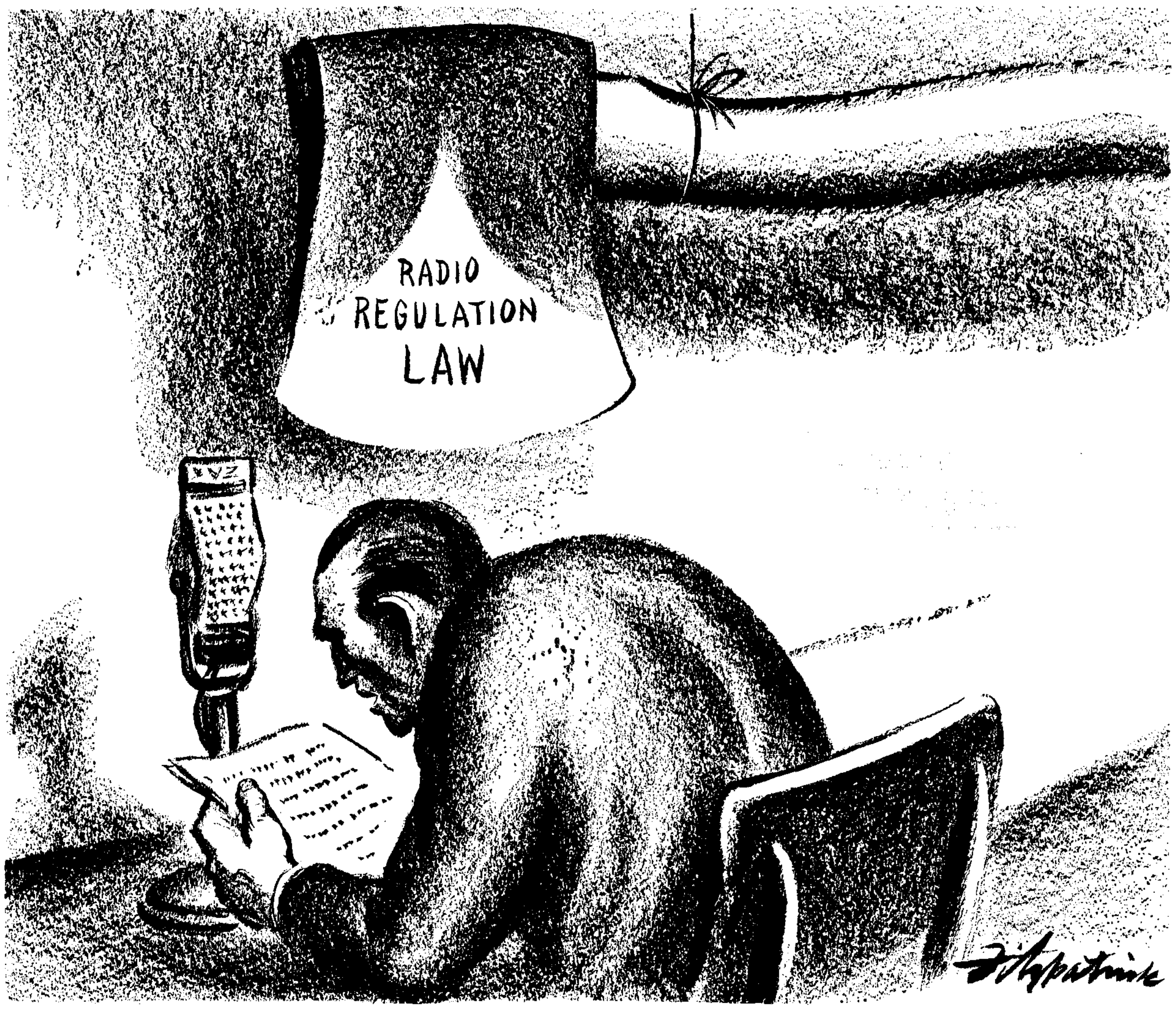
WHEN YOUR
EYES FEEL HOT
AND TIRED
from over-work...
glare...close-work...
EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

USE EYE-GENE! It's the only prepared formula on the market containing the exclusive ingredient that brings such instant, cooling relief to tired eyes.

KEEP EYE-GENE handy, always! Get a bottle of this safe, stainless eye lotion from your nearest Drug or Dime store...today!



TAKE THE CHAINS OFF RADIO

WE'RE in favor of the program of Niles Trammell, president of the National Broadcasting Corporation, for the bringing of radio in the United States within the Bill of Rights' guarantee of freedom of speech. Radio does not now enjoy that freedom; yet radio is one of our great media of speech and communication.

At the present time, the Communications Act of 1934, a vague and loosely worded statute, is administered by the Federal Communications Commission, better known as the FCC. The FCC's chairman, James L. Fly, is a veteran business-baiter. Accordingly, he is forever trying to extend the FCC's power to coerce the 900 to 1,000 broadcasting agencies in the United States into singing only such songs as this government agency wants sung.

The Supreme Court recently held that Fly's grabs for power, even to the power to oversee choice of programs, were legitimate under the 1934 law; that it is Congress' job to clarify that law and thus limit the FCC's powers. These include the life-and-death power to revoke a station's license if the station fails to please the FCC.

Mr. Trammell proposes that Congress write the following points into the law regarding the U. S. radio industry:

A declaration that radio broadcasters have full freedom under Amendment I of the Constitution (the freedom-of-speech clause of the Bill of Rights).

A flat order forbidding the FCC to exercise any kind of program control.

Long-term or permanent licenses, revocable only for specified causes.

Licenses to be revocable only after jury trial and conviction in the federal court for the district where the accused station is located.

FCC to be forbidden to administer antitrust laws against radio; these laws to be enforced against radio in the same manner as against any other industry.

Government to be ordered to issue experimental licenses and encourage development of new radio services.

Discrimination to be forbidden on basis of occupation or business in granting licenses.

Procedural parts of the 1934 Communications Act to be revised to conform with recommendations of the Federal Communications Bar Association and the National Association of Broadcasters.

All these improvements look good to us. Some of them are embodied in the White-Wheeler bill, a measure pending at this writing, to clarify the 1934 law. We think all the Trammell recommendations ought to be written into this bill, after which Congress should pass the bill. It is time to knock the bureaucratic chains off the American radio industry, for the benefit of the listening public and the industry, and out of a decent respect for the Constitution of the United States.

OPA ON THE UPGRADE

UNDER its new Administrator, Chester Bowles, the Office of Price Administration—OPA—appears to be doing a great deal better than it did at the outset. Since the OPA has the two essential jobs of fighting inflation and managing the rationing system, this is a real gain.

Bowles has registered this gain in a way that should be instructive to some other government agencies which wonder why the public doesn't love them. Bowles has simply followed, conscientiously and thoroughly, his Congressional instructions to weed theorists and cranks out of policy-making OPA jobs and to replace them with men who have had practical business experience.

Names of such practical men as H. H. Williamson, E. Barrett Prettyman, Daniel P. Woolley and Bryan Houston now ornament his executive lists. Results of these appointments are now showing up in the form of decreasing public resentment against OPA. These men have made lifelong careers of pleasing the public—selling it goods it wants, advertising to it in ways it enjoys and understands. Selling OPA and its disagreeable but necessary work to the public is a job for experts.

We understand that Mr. Bowles wants suggestions. Here's one: How about imbuing *all* the local ration boards (not just some of them) with Bowles' own spirit of give-and-take, and of good-natured, polite, co-operative dealing with the public? These boards are OPA's points of actual contact with most of the public. It is essential to OPA's popularity that all these boards treat the public both fairly and pleasantly.

A CUP OF KINDNESS

And we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
—Bobbie Burns

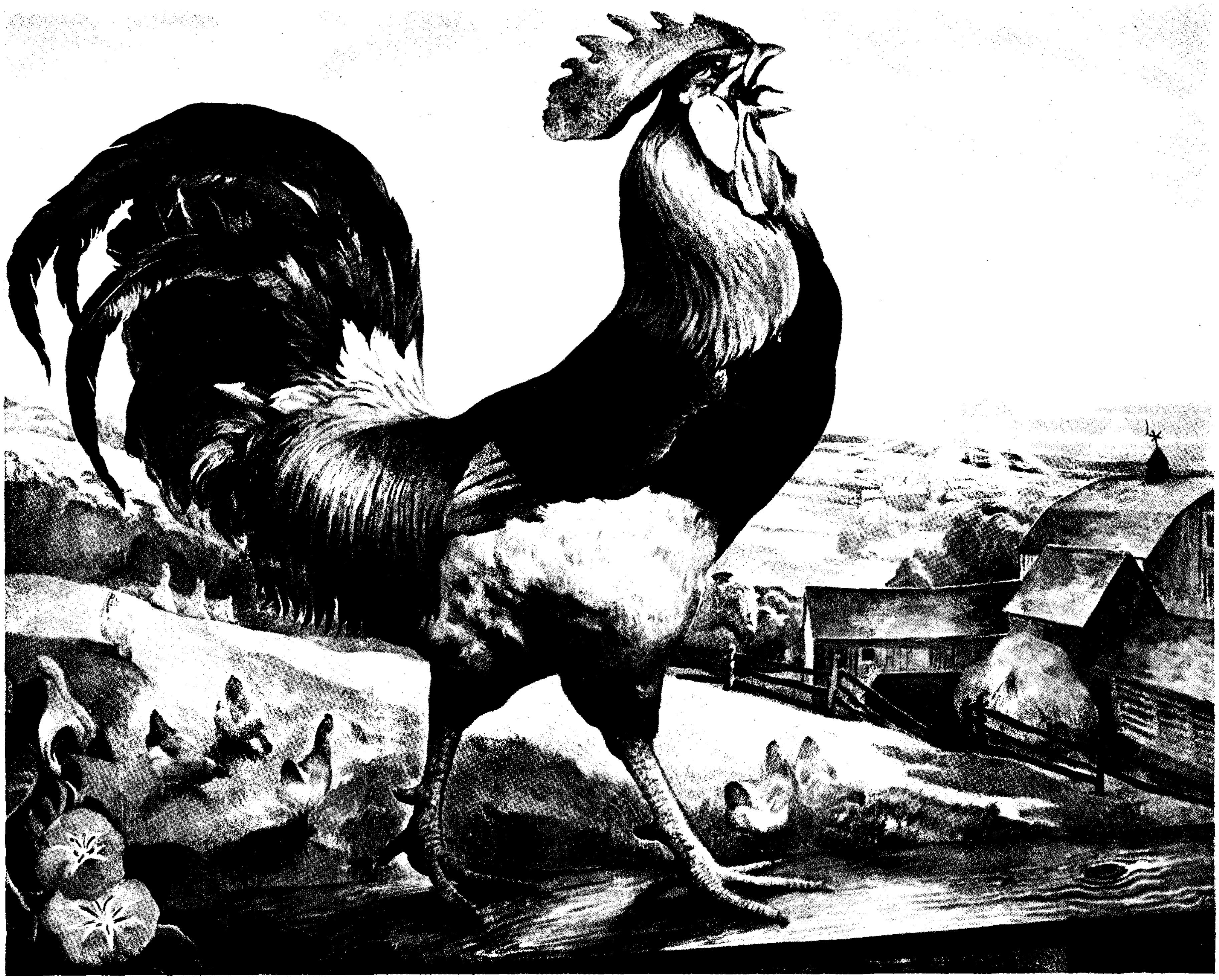
FROM Doctor Lin Yutang's new book, The Wisdom of Confucius (Modern Library, New York, 1943, 265 pp., 26 illustrations by Jeanyee Wong, 1 map, $1.50), we've just found out what Confucius' central piece of wisdom really was. The great Chinese thinker lived 551-478 B. C.

Solely and simply, Confucius' controlling idea was this: That if everybody in a country would do his or her best to be kind, generous and decent to everybody else, the sum total of this kindness, generosity and decency would produce in that country a kind, decent and generous social system, under which the largest possible number of people could feel that life was worth living.

On this central proposition is hung the entire philosophy of Confucius—who incidentally was no stuffed shirt or pompous jackass, and who had a sort of Mark Twain sense of humor.

Maybe there's something in it. There is at least this much in it: The individual, 999 times out of 1,000, cannot exert much direct effect on the great tides of force awash in his own time; but he or she can at least be personally kind, generous and decent in private life. It is no easy job. One of its hardest aspects is the matter of deciding what is the really kind thing to do in certain situations. But it can be achieved, and practice makes something approaching perfect.

Perhaps—who knows?—if the majority of us in the twentieth-century United States were to try out Confucius' approximately 2,450-year-old idea and stick to it for a few years, miracles would appear in our national life.



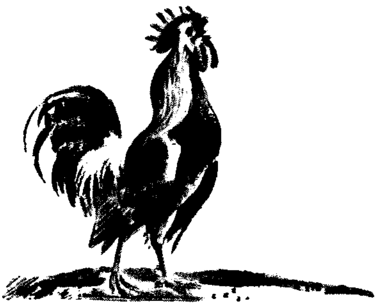
" h, What a eautiful orning!"

YOU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. But *one* thing *all* who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . *so mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. It's America's first choice among whiskies — SCHENLEY Royal Reserve — *because we made it America's finest!*

You'll taste the proof of it in your first highball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour . . . made with SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. Try it. *Soon!*

SCHENLEY HAS MADE NO WHISKEY SINCE 1942 . . . our distilleries are producing alcohol for war use by the government! Precious pre-war reserves must furnish the whiskies for Schenley Royal Reserve these days. But there is enough for the duration if used in moderation.

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!



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Royal Reserve

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ROYAL RESERVE
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BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

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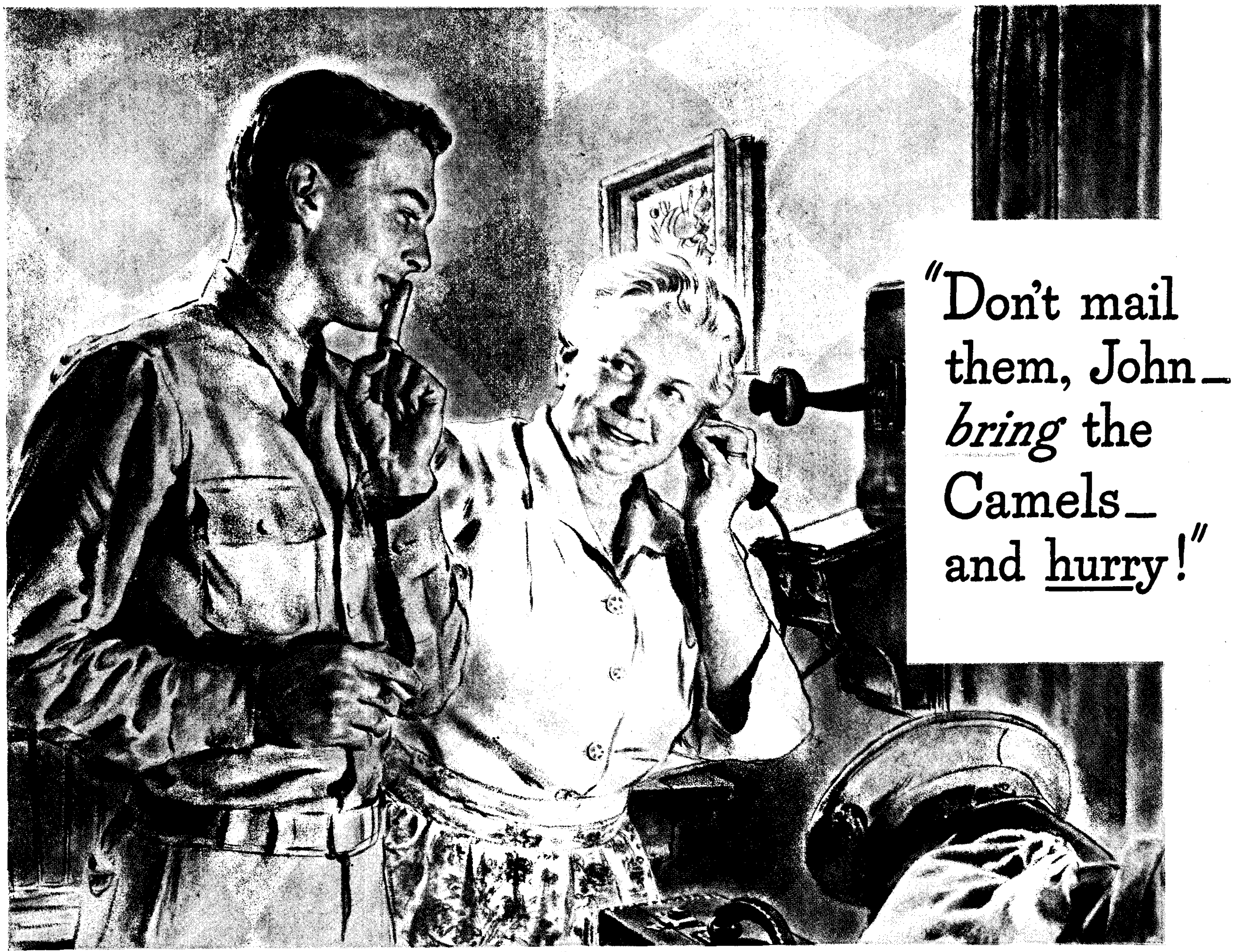
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"HOME ON FURLOUGH!"—what heart-warming words those are when you have a man in the service!

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